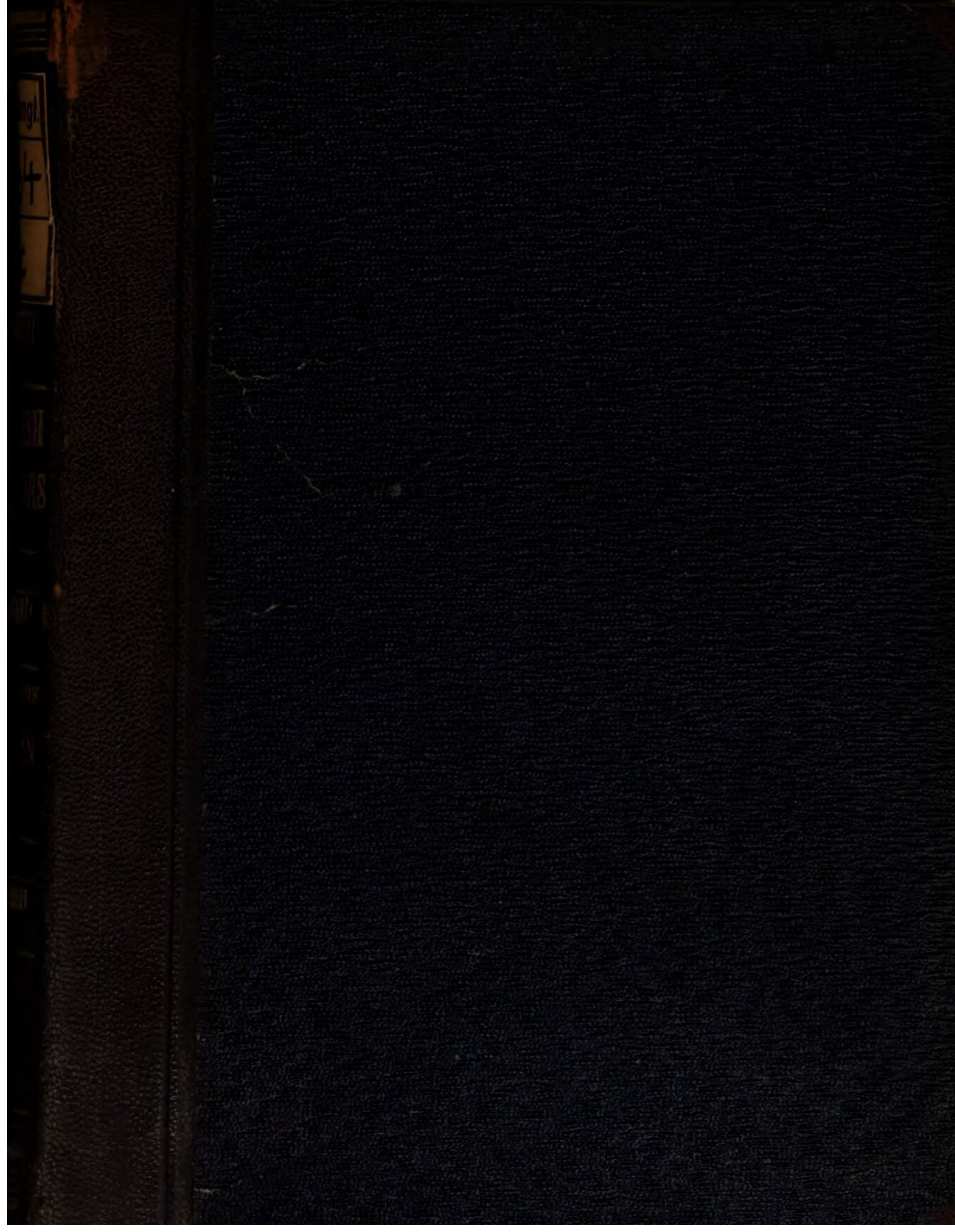
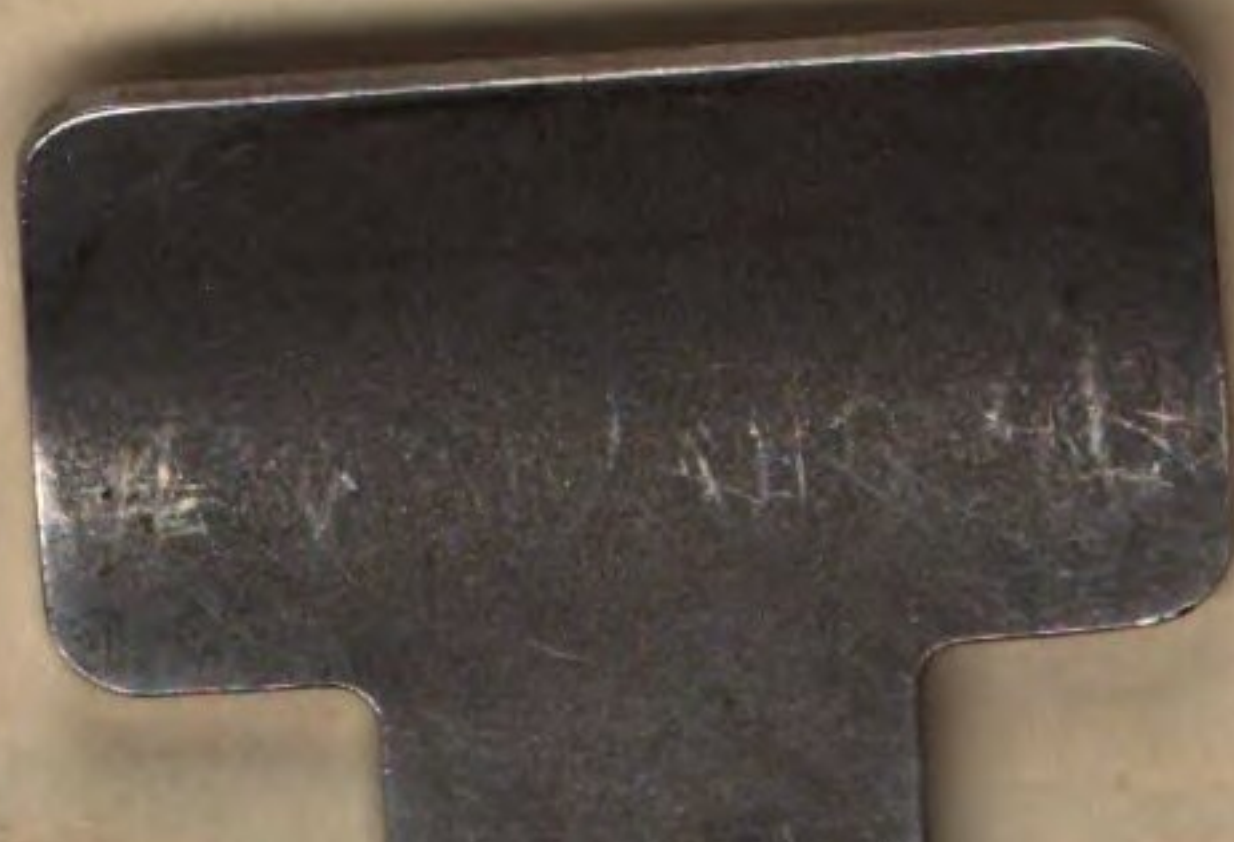




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Warburton



DARIEN:
COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS.

VOL. CCLH.

DARIEN BY ELIOT WARBURTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LEIPZIG
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1855

COLLECTION

OF

BRITISH AUTHORS

FOR

DEPOSITED BY ELIOT WARRINGTON

IN THE

VOL. I

DARIEN;

OR,

THE MERCHANT PRINCE.

A HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY

ELIOT WARBURTON,

AUTHOR OF "THE CRESCENT AND THE CROSS" &c., &c.

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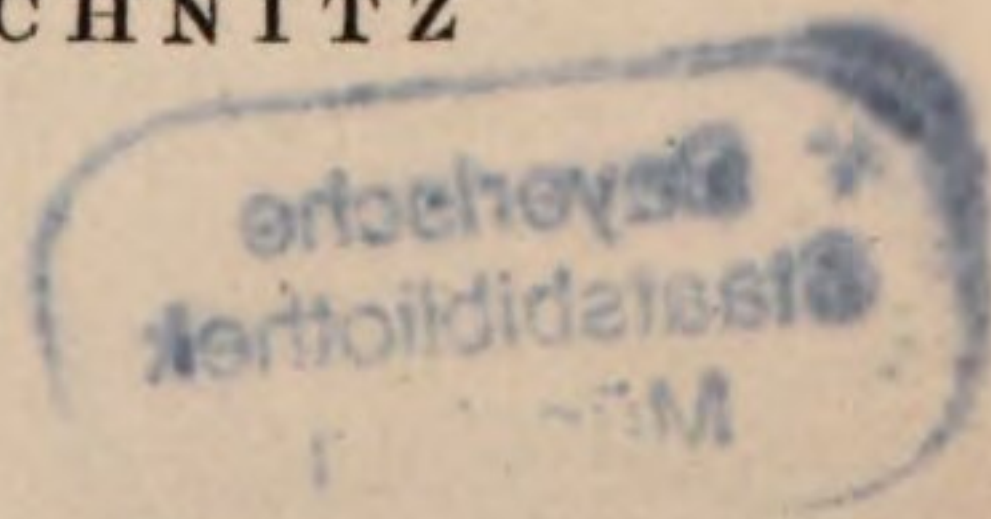
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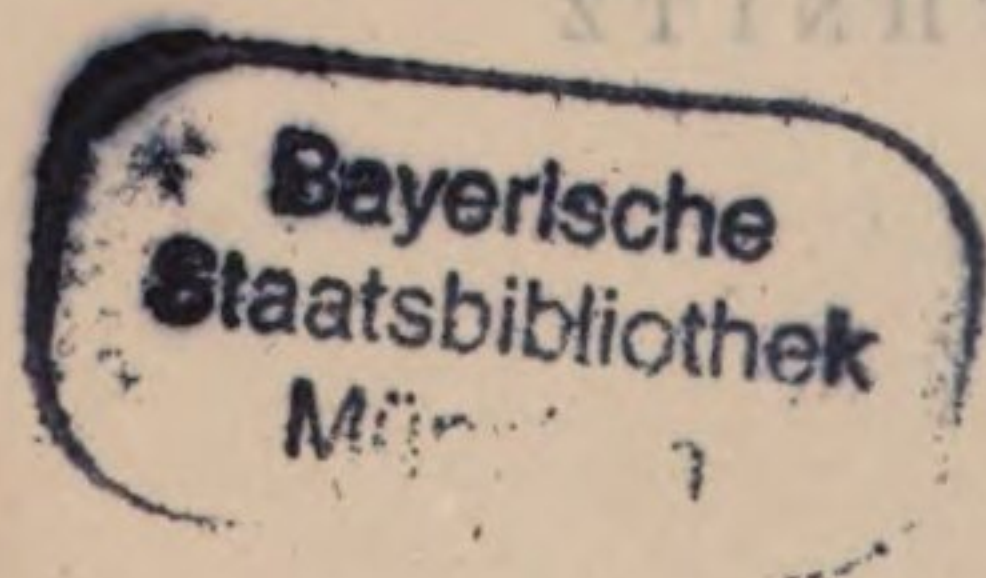
IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I.

LONDON

HERNIMAN AND TAYLOR

1881



TO THE EDITOR
TO
MY FRIENDS ON
TWEED AND YARROW;

THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED

IN GRATEFUL MEMORY OF A SUMMER PASSED
IN THEIR RENOWNED AND HOSPITABLE
BORDER-LAND.

BY

THE AUTHOR.

TO

MY FRIENDS ON

TWENTY AND YARROW

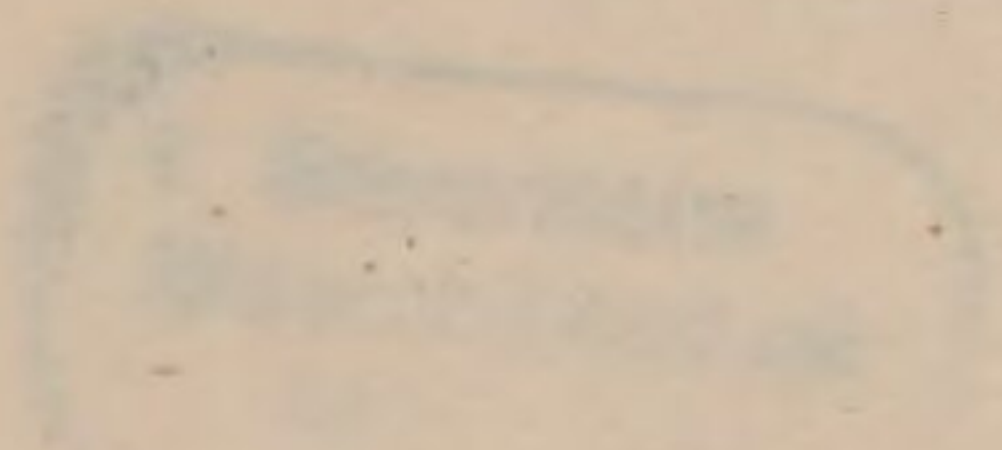
THIS WORK IS INSCRIBED

TO MY FRIENDS ON A BIRTHDAY

IN THEIR RESIDENCE AND HOSPITAL
BIRMINGHAM

BY

THE AUTHOR



TO THE EDITOR.

TIBBLE SRIELLS'S, ST. MARY'S LOCH,
20th August, 1851.

DEAR * * *,

From most of the various countries to which my vagrant propensities, from time to time, have led me, I have despatched to you some such bulky MSS. as accompanies this note. I began to fear, however, that Scotland, my present scene of wanderings, would prove a blank in this respect, — for into whatever period of its fertile history I looked, I found that its best interests had been already illustrated by the unapproachable beauty and fidelity of Scott's narrations. Though far from indulging in the presumptuous ambition of following in his steps, I was resolved to find some subject on which I might at least exercise the humble office of a compiler, — some task which, connected with Scottish history, would supply an object for my leisure hours and an interest in the surrounding scenery, — affording hereafter a pleasant memorial of the time I had passed there.

Such were my aspirations when I left London; but no sooner had I pitched my tent on Scottish ground,

and entered into the enjoyment of its scenery, its sports, its genial and generous hospitality, than my studious resolutions began to melt away with alarming rapidity. My idleness and self-reproach daily increased, but a passion for the mountain and the stream grew in like proportion; and I might have recrossed the Border with a blank note-book, had it not been for an adventure which at once recalled my vow, and gave me an opportunity of performing it. That is, if I can venture to say that I *have* performed it.

For when I consider the uncalled-for attentions that I have paid to grouse, partridges, and the salmonidæ, during the past autumn, and when I contemplate the immense mass of documents I have had to arrange, and the wide and tangled series of events from which I have endeavoured to elicit something like a consistent story, — I feel how much I must trust to the courteous reader's indulgence, and to the keen critic's generous forbearance. I can only hope to obtain from the kindest of both these classes the fiat of my highland friend concerning my performance, — "I am a plain man, and I plainly tell you, I wad I had placed my materials in abler hands; but I am sure you have writ honestly and dune your best."

With this ambiguous apology for many errors, I take my leave, and remain, dear Mr. Editor,

Yours as of old,

VIATOR.

INTRODUCTORY CHAPTER.

The wanderer then resolved
To pass the remnant of his days untask'd
With needless services, from hardship free.
His calling laid aside, he lived at ease.
* * Vigorous in health, of hopeful spirits, undamp'd
By worldly-mindedness or cank'rous care;
Observant, studious, thoughtful, and refresh'd
By knowledge gather'd up from day to day.

WORDSWORTH.

LIEUTENANT M'GREGOR served for many years in a gallant highland regiment. He had followed the colours over the world, and seen Australia's sun shining on their honoured emblazonry at the moment when "the lassie that he lo'ed" was nestling on her midnight pillow in Old Scotland. She slept more calmly, in a narrower bed, before her highlander returned to claim her for his bride. Meanwhile, he had had his triumphs in the field, and had risen from the ranks on glory's crimson steps to the eminence of a lieutenancy. But his dearly-won honours had been so associated with his dead love, that all their value seemed buried in her grave. He sold his commission; and in resuming the dress of a civilian he resumed also his native

dialect, which had been long painfully suppressed at the mess-table. The purchase of an annuity with the produce of his commission secured to him an ample supply for all his simple wants, and left him besides a wide margin for the charities in which his brave old heart delighted.

Among strangers who might arrogate superiority, the veteran assumed a sort of defensive stiffness of demeanour, but to those of humbler manner or condition he was exceedingly urbane and gentle. As he sat at the door of the inns (in which he passed most of his life when away from the highlands), children would instinctively draw near to him and climb his knee. To him the house-dog would first apply for scraps at dinner, however numerous the guests. Him the landlady never overcharged, and the chambermaid always gave a pleased look at parting, however moderate her guerdon. During his thirty years of service, all his relatives and old friends had died; he was alone in the world, but he seemed to diffuse amongst mankind the native kindness which no family ties remained to claim. The Lieutenant took up his headquarters in the old cottage where he was born. His kind chief had allowed him to purchase its humble walls, and adjoining heath-covered hill, for a mere nominal sum; and he was thus enabled to consider himself as one of the few landed proprietors in his county. A few score pounds repaired and furnished

his cottage, and fenced in his garden on two sides, the remaining two being otherwise guarded, — one by the cottage and its steading, the other by the mountain stream. A bed and chair, and small table, with a shaving-glass, about the size of a watch, hung up against the window-shutter, composed his chamber furniture. A couple of chairs, a small round oak table, and a glass cupboard containing stuffed birds and foreign fishes, sufficed for his sitting-room. In the recesses on each side the fire-place were two sets of shelves; one of these contained a Bible, whose leaves looked like old bank-notes, so thumbbed and thin were they; not only for the sake of the Divine words they bore, but for that of his old mother, whose parting gift long ago had been this treasured volume. In this old book's good company were about a dozen other volumes, such as "The Pilgrim's Progress," "The Christian Warrior," and "The Lives of Scottish Worthies." Over the fire-place hung an old musket, and a claymore with which his grandfather had hewn his way through Sassenachs from the battle of Cul-loden; that claymore was the veteran's only heir-loom, except an old chest full of older papers. On the wall opposite the fire were suspended two fishing-rods, dingy in hue, but in the best condition. The chest, with huge iron hasps and a padlock, stood in the only window, and with the addition of a few bottles, pewter plates and dishes, and such like necessaries, com-

pleted the inventory of the highlander's household goods.

In this "Ebenezer," as he called it, Lieutenant M'Gregor had made his residence for about twelve months after he had abandoned military life. During that time, while he employed himself in repairing and embellishing the cottage that would have been his wedded home, (for his Effie too had belonged to humble life,) he mourned as a widower. On Sunday, he walked more than a Sabbath-day's journey to the kirk which she had used to attend, and when service was ended, he would sit him down for an hour by the grassy grave, and rest where all that was mortal of his lost love rested too.

After his year's mourning, he wandered away from his cottage; and this habit, once begun, was never abandoned. Every autumn, however, when the anniversary of his lost Effie's death returned, he also returned to his native hills, and for a month or two pursued, in public, such sport as the stream and loch yield to the angler; in private, Heaven only and he knew how he occupied himself in his lonely shieling.

The veteran was about sixty when I first became acquainted with him. His appearance afforded an illustration of his life, strongly marked like everything else about him. His military bearing, which he could not quite disguise, added to a naturally commanding height. His hair was partially gray, some parts of it

being quite white, whilst other parts were scarcely grizzled. His hat was of a fashion peculiar to himself; as one may often observe how singularly hats *do* seem to adapt themselves to their wearers' character: it had a low crown and a very broad brim; but so far was it from the slouch generally attendant on such configuration, that it betokened, by its rigidity, a vivid recollection of having served under the Duke of Kent's rectangular *régime*. A shooting-jacket of dark velveteen, with a waistcoat of Sutherland tartan, bottle-coloured breeches, and long gaiters, formed his dress invariably, except on Sundays: then a formal suit of black became him well, and transformed him into the likeness of a minister with an easy benefice, or rather, perhaps, of a military chaplain. Such was M'Gregor's costume in England and in the lowlands; in the highlands he always wore his native kilted garb.

It was during one of his autumnal visits to his highland home, that I made the acquaintance of this personage. I had been fishing in one of the fine mountain lochs in Sutherlandshire; but the day becoming too calm and bright for the still water, I resolved to follow the stream that flowed from it, and to take up my night's quarters at some village, that was sure to occur by such a stream in the vale below.

As I was descending the mountain, casting my line carelessly from time to time, I came unexpectedly upon a pool, in which the stream seemed to rest itself be-

fore proceeding in its hasty descent. As I moved round this water, to get advantage of the wind, a small cottage caught my eye. It had an appearance of trimness and care that contrasted curiously with the wild scenery in which it lay. All round were heathy hills, piled in wave-like confusion, and varied only by three or four small tarns, flashing like gold amid the dark purple heather: while on the north, the mountains towered upward to Ben Crurig; to the south, they fell away into a range of lesser hills that excluded all view of the wide vale beyond. The cottage walls and porch were covered with some hardy parasite, trained by no woman's hand or taste, for its branches stuck out stiffly and formally, like a standard pear-tree. The little garden exhibited the same formal and precise taste, — if taste it could be called. The beds lay in hollow squares; columns of vegetables, and platoons of gooseberries, occupied the centre; three or four apple-trees stood for picquets, and the whole party, with the exception of an awkward squad of cabbages, seemed to stand at "attention."

I perceived at once that the tempting-looking pool had been artificially formed; so reeling up my line, I proceeded below the little hermitage, where I might feel free of trespass. I could not help turning round to examine the cottage again, however. Close by, the pool foamed over its artificial obstruction in a pretty cascade, and then ran smoothly by the garden. The

bed of the stream was planted with the broad-leaved water-weed that fishes love, and the water seemed literally alive with trout. They were so tame, that, as I walked along the bank, they remained playing on the surface, forming there a coruscation of purple, and brown, and gold, beautiful to look upon. A few hundred yards lower down the stream was another small but deep pool of great promise, and my fly had scarcely fallen upon its surface, when all my attention was concentrated on a mighty fish, "the monarch of the brook," which was bending my rod to the butt, and lashing the water into foam with his broad tail. While I looked about with some perplexity, (for the banks were all steep, and the outlet from the pool was by a precipitous fall,) I heard a deep, earnest voice behind me exclaiming, "Haud him gently; he's but lightly heukit; now draw his head doon stream, and ye maun e'en try the fa' wi' him. Weel dune! Now ye hae clear water and fair play, the twa o' ye. Now fish — now man!" the voice continued, half mocking, half in earnest: "Weel loupit speckleback! I thought ye had brak his haud. Weel humoured, stranger; ye hae a gentle hand. It's a' up wi' him now; slant him intill the gravel." As he spoke, I drew my exhausted prize softly on a shallow, where it was instantly seized in the nervous grip of a large bony hand, and the next moment lay panting on the heath. I had now time to look round, and I beheld Lieutenant

M'Gregor, even such as I have attempted to describe him. His attention was fixed upon the fish, whose beauty and high condition he was well able to appreciate.

"I kenn't him weel," he soliloquized; "but I didna think he was sae big. Four pund an' mair! The best troot I hae seen the season. I thought at first he was a fish." *

A less interesting incident than this would have served for an introduction to a Scot's hospitality in any part of the world, much more upon his native mountain, in the sight of his home. Before long I was seated in the cottage, my large trout smoking on a pewter platter, flanked by a dish of broiled grouse, and a bowl of mealy potatoes, that Tipperary might envy. We applied ourselves to these dishes with so exemplary an appetite that we talked but little. After a while, however, the eatables were transferred to an old crone, who lived in a sort of back kitchen, and formed my new friend's sole establishment. Then with a gusto, in itself a provocative to thirst, M'Gregor mixed a bowl of whisky punch of such flavour and potency, that our intimacy grew therefrom with wonderful rapidity. Before that bowl was finished, we were deep in each other's confidence; and so far from displaying what is called national reserve, my host had

* In Scotland salmon are fish *par excellence*: the inferior members of the salmon tribe are merely trout, &c.

told me almost as much about himself as I have ever learned since. Indeed, his heart was unusually open; I believe it was the first time that he had ever entertained a stranger under his own roof-tree, and that was an exciting sensation: he was proud of my praise of his mountain and his favourite stream; he had been long living quite alone, and, added to all this, the punch was strong, and his general habits were abstemious. For these reasons, it was with some difficulty that I escaped a second bowl of the glowing Glenlivet; but I found it quite impossible to refuse remaining in the cottage that night. I had some misgivings as to my host having to sleep on his parlour-kitchen floor, but into that arrangement I thought it was better not to inquire too closely.

The highlander then proposed we should take a stroll upon the mountain, and see the sun setting, "which," he observed, "was gay glorious in thae pairts, *whan ye cou'd see it*;" for he admitted that even at noon-day the sun was rather a phenomenon in that land of mist.

"But then, ye see," he added, with a sportsman's apology for his climate, "the saumonts are na ower fond of het water, and the less sun, the mair saumont — a gude exchange; to say naething o' the grouse and ptarmigan and deer, that lo'es the mysteries o' gloomy hills as well as Ossian himsel'."

So saying, my host led the way along the brow

of his own pathless hill at a pace that taxed my best energies, as well as vanity, to keep up with. I had no breath to spare for conversation, but the highlander continued to speak with a volubility to which, in after times, I looked back with surprise; his general habits in the Lowlands being silent and sententious. But he had now a guest of his own to talk to, and a stranger to enlighten.

He halted on a hillock about half a mile from the cottage; it appeared to be a mound of loose stones, and was vividly green with long grass and nettles, though all round, as far as we could see, was purple heath. I soon discovered that it was the base of some ruined tower, the rest of which had fallen in small fragments into the precipice which yawned on two sides of the spot that we occupied. I observed to him that it was a strong position.

“Aye!” exclaimed my host, proudly; “it’s pritty strong, and it’s a’ my ain, frae here till the cabin, and a bit ayont. A’ my ain; and purchased by the sweat and bluid of this puir body, and by the gude will of Providence and my lord duke.

“It’s no unlike the fortunes o’ my family,” he added, after a pause; “beginning wi’ this braw castle,” (he stamped his foot upon the mouldering ruins, and no doubt in imagination saw stately towers as aspiring as the sentiment that kindled in his eyes,) “beginning wi’ this castle, whar my forefathers wonned lang syne,

and just ending wi' the puir cottage that has sheltered my mither when a bride, and her son's gray hairs when a worn-out auld soger."

I wish I could convey a picture of the fine old man, as his form, cast in the largest heroic mould, stood flushed with the setting sunlight, and distended by the proud thoughts that those crumbling stones had conjured up. He gazed long and silently upon the glorious landscape spread far and wide beneath us; and then his countenance gradually assumed a softer expression, as his pride of blood passed away and became merged in admiration of the splendid view that filled his eyes.

"Behold!" he exclaimed, in a voice from which passion, and, strange to say, almost all national accent was banished; "behold how the sun, the apostle of light, is sinking softly and meekly, though crowned with preternatural glory, into the crimsoned sea. His light is shining not for himself, but for the earth, so darksome and so dead without his rays. Behold how many a loch and mountain gleam and gloom through the evening mist, as sunset invests them with rich gold and purple! Now he is gone; deep masses of indistinct shadow close over the silvering sea: and now, but for the rosy light that lingers on the sky and on Ben Laighal's brow, no trace remains of the Life-giver — the Creator's delegate. He is gone; yet nature mourns him not; earth and ocean, man,

bird, beast, and insect, secure in the faith that he will rise to-morrow; rise, with all his infinite effects, at the very moment which, if delayed, would cost the life of myriad myriads of rejoicing creatures. How weak and faltering is our voluntary faith compared with that which is instinctive! Yet is the moral sequence of events as consistent and as certain as those of night and day. Rebellious children as we are, we love, like our first parents, to stake the chances of small events against the certainty of great ones. The devil takes care to keep the bad chances just alive, but how greatly we are losers in the long run, we hourly feel — and shall feel far more when this life at the last shall thus close over us.”

The highlander became silent, and his eyes fell from their elevated gaze upon the ruins of the tower at his feet. He almost seemed to spurn them, as he turned and strode away across the darkening heath. The various hues of his tartan were now blended into one deep shade, and the stately form of the man looked colossal, relieved against the evening sky.

Neither of us spoke until we re-entered the cottage, which looked dark and dreary enough. The old crone, who alone served my host, returned every afternoon before the hour of warlocks to her own shieling, two miles away; and the silence and loneliness to which my highland friend had to retire each evening struck me as almost appalling. But custom

and his own native hardihood of soul, rendered him indifferent to such things. With ready hands he now lighted a fire of peat, which soon blazed up cheerily, diffusing light and warmth, and a chuckling, well-pleased sort of sound, that contrasted charmingly with the outer cold and darkness, and the wailing of the wind over the mountain; for the ruder the shelter the more one appreciates it. The highlander did not trouble himself to lay a cloth on his deal table, but it was soon otherwise covered with a stout piece of cheese, barley bannocks, fresh butter, sugar, drinking-horns, a corpulent blue bottle, and an empty jug, ornamented with a portrait of the Duke of Sutherland.

In making all these hospitable little preparations, my host displayed almost boyish activity and zeal, talking at the same time volubly in his northern dialect — so that I could scarcely reconcile him to my imagination as the same person whose solemn mien and sonorous words had impressed me on the mountain side.

“Dinna fash yoursel’,” he exclaimed, as I tried to assist in boiling the kettle, “wi’ thae things. Youth wad aye be trying to make water ower het, like itsel’, afore its time; maist likely spiling baith. Ow! if inanimate things war as wayward and capricious as human minds, the warld wad na long haud thegither. If I expose water to a certain heat, it ’ill bile; if I let a stane drap, it will fa’ straight; if I plant a kail

it will grow (wi' Divine permission); — but if I say to puir human natur' (my neebor' or my ain sel') 'Come, do me this justice;' or 'Flee that temptation;' or even 'Walk straight to your ain desire,' it's lang odds if my bidding's dune. A thousand sheep wi' ae impulse will seek shelter frae a coming storm, and ten thousand fish will migrate to the saut water wi' ae mind; — but pit a thousand, or a hundred, or ten, o' human kind, to do a business thegither, and they'll tak' every ane a different counsel; — if there be not ane strong mind, or ane strong will among 'em, to drive the ithers afore him his ain gait. I could tell a waeful story o' the consequence o' sic rebellious spirit, that ruined my fathers, and me, and mony a man else, and well nigh all Scotland beside, far awa', ower in America."

So spoke my host, with a volubility almost uninterrupted even by his supper. When that simple meal was ended, and our respective horns of toddy were steaming before us, I begged the highlander to tell me the "waeful story" he had alluded to. He waved his hand deprecatingly, and replied: —

"Na, na! its ower lang a tale for the e'enin. Its a buikful; and I wad hae ye see the sun rise, since ye joyed to see him set; and the morn will be clear; sae we'll jist hae a crack about ane anither, and gang to our resting."

To all this I gladly acceded, especially as my own

brief story afforded little but a blank, and I was very anxious to learn something of my singular host; who at one time declaimed in plain English, though somewhat grandiloquent; and at others spoke like a native shepherd. I therefore filled my glass, told my tale, and cautiously sipped my toddy, while my stalwart friend swallowed his vehemently. When I wound up five minutes' biography with the events of the day, and the motives that had led me to Ben Laighal, — namely, a desire to see something of true highland scenery, and, if possible, of true highland life, he took up the discourse:

“For hieland life, it's simple eneugh in externals. A childhood o' laneliness, and sma' share o' delights but what the happy heart finds in heaven abuve and earth beneath, as God made them; wi' the stars, and the flowers, and the burnie: and then, a manhood o' sma' hope, and mucklè hardship, whiles lichtened now and then wi' a happening shot at a deer, or a warstle wi' a saumont — (but there's little o' that now): and an auld age o' sma' creatur' comforts, but kindly reverence, and siclike cherishing as the puir can gie. But if ye wad ken the inner life o' a hieland man, ye must e'en live it; and, therefore, no Sassenach man can ever ken what is joy and what is sorrow in the mountain shielin'. ‘The heart’ there, as well as in the land o' the patriarchs, ‘kens its ain bitterness, and nae stranger intermeddleth wi' its joy.’”

“But,” I objected, “such a life cannot have been yours. You speak and act like a man of cultivation and experience in the world.”

“Aye — do I?” rejoined my highlander, not displeased.

“Weel, weel, — I was born, though not bred, a gentleman; and, as far as my sma’ light enabled me, I never wranged my gentle bluid. My great grandsire was a laird in thae pairts; and his, and his father’s, was the auld house I showed ye the e’en. Though there’s no eneugh left o’ it now for a corbie craw to nest in, it was ance braw and big, as my father tauld me; and I culd tell ye the very boundaries o’ the court and kail yard, and whar we keepit the kye afore sheep was ever seen on these hills, drivin’ awa’ the red deer wi’ their ghastly bleatings, and their pale faces.

“Weel, my great grandsire now and then, as I think just for diversion, took a drove or two of his mountain cattle to the Lowlands, and o’er the Borders; and in ane o’ his wanderings, he took to wife a Graeme o’ Trailflatt, wha was cousin to the famous Paterson. Just then, Scotland was all a flame wi’ the colonization o’ Darien in America, and my great grandsire, like the rest, caught fire at the scheme, and pit the whole heart of his fortin’ till it. I dinna blame him though, for he meant weel, and it was a grand thought, and wad hae

glorified auld Scotland amang the nations, and hae filled our sporrans wi' gude gold beside. But it was not sae to be. The Disposer willed otherwise, and my great grand-sire and many others was ruined; and though I hae nae doot his heart was a teugh ane, they say it clean brak' when he had to give up possession of his auld house, and saw the stranger's kye driven on till his native hills. His son listed for a soger, but took the other side in Forty-five, and focht his way out of Culloden only to die, leaving my father a mere bairn; he wandered homewards till the hielands, and fand the auld house in ruins, and the hill-side as bare as it was at creation; but he got leave to build this bit shieling, which I had the gude fortin' to buy clean out, wit' the hill-side, when I gave up the army. I sell't my pension to buy it, though I might have rented it at a mere trifle."

[The rest of my host's little history I have already narrated. It was only by slow degrees that I learned more than he had at first thus told me.]

"But now; its time to gang to rest, to be awake betimes; and, if its no' displeasing, we'll jist read a composing chapter of the guid Buik, and gang thankfully to rest."

So saying, the highlander took down the well-worn Bible from its shelf, and, after a few minutes' thoughtful silence, he read the beautiful twenty-seventh Psalm

in a deep and solemn voice that showed how truly his unsophisticated heart appreciated those ancient, but ever applicable words. When he had done, he began, unconsciously, as it seemed, to "improve upon it," after the Presbyterian fashion; and it was impossible not to feel touched by his earnest and solemn mode of treating his subject. Somewhat too metaphorical it might be; but his style of illustration was borrowed from the book he had most studied; and what struck me as remarkable, his native dialect was for the most part laid aside during his lecture.

The next morning, long before sunrise, we were wading through the mountain heather; morning's freshest breezes blowing merrily round us; the song of the soaring lark, the crow of the startled grouse, the scream of the curlew, and the roar of the distant sea, making a pleasant chorus. My host strode rapidly on, leaving me little time to admire the wide scenery below, or breath to express my admiration of it. At length, to my great relief, we reached the highest point of Ben Laighal, marked by a crumbling cairn. The misty view at first was very limited, but it became superb when the sun burst over the mountains that bound Glen Ullie; his beams instantly converted the mist into a prismatic lens, through which the wide-spread and varied country below glowed like one of Turner's glorified landscapes. Close beneath us was a mountain, darkly wooded to the summit, over

which an eagle was slowly rising from her nest: on the east, the mountain sloped in glistening emerald green to the shores of its own lake, which shone like gold where it was not subdued into purple by the reflection of the heathery hill beyond: north and west a succession of precipitous rocks and gloomy ravines stretched in savage grandeur to the sea. The woods and glades of Tongue Castle presented the only memorial of the subduing hand of man; all else wore an aspect of primeval solitude and wildness.

The highlander gazed on the magnificent view around him with a proud and affectionate look, until all other feelings seemed to become absorbed in devout admiration. He uncovered his head as if he stood in a holy place, and remained for a long time in silence, which I did not care to break: he seemed

“Rapt into still communion that transcends
The imperfect offices of prayer and praise;
His mind was a thanksgiving to the Power
That made him, — it was blessedness and love.”

At length he spoke in his usual tone, as he flung himself down on the rich heather.

“There’s aye something,” he said, “in these lofty places, that leads our thoughts far awa’. A mountain top will be a place for meditation whether we will or no. No for meditation on our ain small lot and its great vanities, but on matters wide and various as the prospects that fill our een. Elijah on Mount Carmel,

and that unfortunate Balaam on the hills of Moab, saw visions that wad hae been unco hard to see on a puir level plain. But of a' the *uninspired* anes, I think that Balboa, when first he saw the great Southern Ocean burst upon his sight, maun hae had the most glorious vision, — a vision of things that could no be uttered; a visible, vague, prophetic glory, — a good that was to come upon the earth in latter days. Nae doot, the avaricious auld trooper understood little eneugh what sublime sensation was swelling his mind, and thought it was mere gold — gold — gold! that fired his fancy with glorious images that he could na shape. But there was something grand, too, in how he hasted down to the New Ocean and rushed in till it, breast high, brandishin' his sword over his head, and shoutin' out,

'Inhabitants of two hemispheres! — Spaniards and Indians, both! I call ye to witness that I take possession of this part of the Universe for the Crown of Castile. What my arm hath won for that crown, my sword shall defend!'

"And sae, sure eneugh, for nearly two hundred years, did the bluidy sword of Spain wave over those countries, and the arm of Spain oppress them sairly. Then went forth our Scots, — pioneers of a new power, that, though quelled for the time, will yet rule those glorious countries wi' righteous justice and gospel law.

“Methinks I can see, e’en now, from this land-and-sea-commanding height, such shadowy likenesses as things to come cast afore them; for men’s fancies are oftentimes the mould in which a real futurity receives its shape. I can imagine my auld kinsman Paterson, standing upon a peak of Darien, e’en as we stand now upon Ben Laighal, but that his thoughts were doubtless too big for such utterance. That wide, sky-bounded sea beneath us wad be the great Pacific, in his fancy flecked wi’ mony a brave ship, fraught wi’ all that is precious amang men, except the accursed slave-freights. Within yon bay wad be the Isthmian city, — the emporium o’ the warld; wi’ its sister and friendly rival, New Edinbro’, on the eastern side — ower there ayont the hills. And a’ thae braes, and glens, and steepy hills, wad be the backbone itsel’ o’ the isthmus, trampled doon into roads fit for a leddie’s powny, by the million feet o’ prosperous wayfarers, to and fro travellin’, circulatin’ the gifts o’ heaven from the Auld warld to the New. —

“But it ’ll be e’en time for brakfast; and when we gang back to our bit shieling, if ye care for the grandest scheme that ever entered the uninspired mind o’ man, ye shall hae your fill o’ the Story o’ Darien.”

Up to this time, I knew little of the scheme of colonization upon which the highlander dwelt with

such enthusiasm, though it had ruined his family. I had had a vague idea, indeed, that about the end of the seventeenth century, Scotland sent out a colony to settle somewhere on the Isthmus of Panama; but all I knew more was that the colony had failed. Now, when the eyes of speculation and enterprise are again turned in that long-forgotten direction, I felt some curiosity to know more about the old scheme. I took a great interest, also, in my new friend, the Highlander, — as, I fear, will be too evident from the prolix account I have given of him. As soon, therefore, as our ample but simple breakfast was ended, I inquired with real interest about the Darien scheme, of which he might have been one of the projectors — so earnest and well-informed was he on the theme.

The old man pointed to the iron-fastened chest which I mentioned as occupying the recess of his only window, and observed, gravely, as he lighted his pipe —

“That kist, and yon sword of Culloden, are the only things I received frae my fathers, except an honest name, and a strang constitution. The steel tells its ain story; tho’ dinna doot but it wad strike for our bonny Queen this day, as truly and stoutly as ever it focht again’ her forefather a hundred years gane by. As for the kist, it contains all the story about Darien,

in notes and scraps, and diaries, and a sort of life of the Spaniard, the Marchant Prince, as they ca'ed him, wha befrinded Paterson, when a' else but heaven and his hopeful heart had failed him. Ye will also find the few buiks, relatin' to the business that ever was prented — puir meagre things in thirsel, but unco rare. There's those buiks, and some ithers, a wheen pamphlets, and a lot o' papers, partly originals and partly copies o' manuscripts lately published by Mr. Burton for the Bannatyne Club, from an auld kist discovered by his researches in the Advocates' Library in Edinbro'. In short, ye'll find amaist everything that can be learned on the subject, lies and a'; and it wull be ye're ain fault if ye dinna find interest in it."

To be brief (at last); I examined the matter, and I *did* find such interest in it that during that summer's retirement in Scotland I put together the story that forms the contents of the following volumes. If I should not be so fortunate as to please any other reader, I at least succeeded in gratifying my highland friend; though, as will be seen, he was as far from being satisfied as I was, with the justice rendered to his favourite theme. The domestic incidents, the homely thread on which historic pearls are hung, will seem to many to encumber the narrative; but others may be reconciled to such matters by being led, not uselessly, to trace for themselves the probably small

springs of great actions; the almost imperceptible peculiarities of character that shape what are miscalled the fortunes of a man, and through him the destinies of a world.

DARIEN;
OR,
THE MERCHANT PRINCE.

VOL. I.

BOOK THE FIRST.

CHAPTER I.

Long had the crimes of Spain cried out to Heav'n!
At length the measure of offence was full.

* * * *

Inhuman priests with unoffending blood
Had stain'd their country; * * * a yoke
Of iron servitude oppress'd and gall'd
The children of the soil. — SOUTHEY'S "*Roderick*."

SPAIN is the country, of all Europe, in which imagination most delights to wander, and on which memory most loves to dwell. Those who know it only by its romantic history and racy literature, can understand much of its deep interest; but those alone who have gazed upon its glorious landscapes, and breathed its delicious climate, can fully appreciate the charm it possesses for the mind and body.

No wonder that, in the adventurous olden time, this favoured land was fiercely fought for, and fiercely

defended. No wonder that chivalry was here carried to perfection — that poetry proclaimed its triumphs, — that art, in its finest forms, illustrated them, and that civilization, in its most gorgeous though least consistent shape, strove hard to find a shelter there.

But Rome, with her spiritual power, was more than a match for Spain with all her rich endowments. The Pope ruled in the person of her kings; priests held in their hands the conscience of her people. Never had the Church of the Seven Hills such power over any nation; never had any nation such a claim upon her blessings; for Spain was not only obedient but enslaved to her control. In the palace, in the prison, at the death-bed, by the bridal couch, everywhere, and at all times, the priest was present and predominant. There was the most triumphant career of the Inquisition. There did the Holy Office exercise its functions uncontrolled; there *Auto-da-fés* were celebrated with the highest pomp, and the Church's rebels perished by thousands in the flames.

With all these spiritual blessings superadded to her natural gifts, Spain ought surely to have been a perfect paradise. Yet it was not altogether, or, indeed, nearly so; and what matter there was of congratulation or honest pride, was little referable to the *imperium in imperio* which Rome asserted over the souls and bodies of her Spanish slaves. Striking and sad contrasts met the eye two hundred years ago as they

do now. Gorgeous cathedrals, encrusted by miserable huts; whole streets of monasteries swarming with mendicants; haughty palaces, surrounded with filth; orange groves, reeking with foul smells. The state of Spain was contemptible in the midst of its splendour and its pride, and its moral and political contrasts were equal to those of magnificence and squalor that were ever neighbours to each other. Despotic power vainly warred against petty rebellions; the Customs were set at naught by the contrabandistas; the richest of all nations, as regarded precious metals, was the poorest in real wealth; and even the terrible power of the Church was frequently evaded by the Jew and the Mahometan.

Beautiful Granada! Even at this hour there is an air of desolation over thy magic scenery, thy snowy heights, thy orange and myrtle groves, thy varied gardens, thy cities and thy palaces! Even at this hour, with faithful sorrow, thou seemest to feel the loss of the gallant and gifted race, banished by brutal bigotry and murderous despotism from the homes that they adorned and ennobled!

In other lands, and even in this England of ours, there are relics of splendid fanes and princely palaces, whose ruins alone attest the legends of their bygone glories; but around such monuments spread fertile fields and prosperous homesteads. Here manly energy

and patriot love were never wanting to the soil; here was no break in the national spirit which once raised strong places for stormy times, and which, when peace was won, diffused innumerable churches, and widely-scattered cottages, for its people; instead of the cathedral and the fortress, in which they were once concentrated.

But in Granada there is an abrupt transition from prosperity to prostration evident in all things. The Spaniard was unable to take up the scheme of social life which the Moresco had been forced to abandon; he would not, if he could, have imitated the art and industry of a heretic people, whom, in his ignorance and pride of heart he scorned; and so he left the state of his enemy to be an episode in Moorish story, — a fragment of national history unequalled in interest, and in monuments which attest its truth.

The few Morescoes who had escaped exile or the sword, under the persecution of Ferdinand the Catholic, clung with desperate tenacity to Granada and the adjoining mountains. Some of them did not scruple to obtain contemptuous toleration by a seeming apostacy: others, through ingenuity, or bribery, or poverty, acquired the same impunity without the same degradation.

Among the latter was the wealthy and once princely house of Ara-Medina. Its representative, towards the close of the seventeenth century, was a

merchant, named Alvarez, well-known throughout the commercial world of Europe; though his very name was almost unheard of in his native land, the fair province of Granada. Yet there, almost within sight of Velez Malaga, was his home. The oriental love of mystery common to all his race, conspired with motives of security to render his seclusion complete. The Retiro, the beautiful situation of which renders it at this day a favourite place of resort, was in the time of our story surrounded by a vast forest, except where it fronted towards the sea. The massive walls that enclosed its wide domain appeared dilapidated, and were so overgrown with ivy and other parasites, as to be scarcely distinguishable from the jungle that yearly encroached upon them. Granada was never at any time a favourite place of residence among the true Spaniards, and the forest of Malamnia had a peculiarly evil name. This, together with the mouldering and neglected appearance of the castle, had obtained for it an enviable neglect; the very existence of such a place was scarcely known to the indolent authorities of Granada.

Yet within those ruinous-looking walls, the Moorish merchant had built himself a palace, the magnificence of which was worthy of the palmy days of his people. The old castle had been originally designed for a mighty fortress, and contained within its wide circuit paddocks, gardens, ponds, and even vineyards; every-

thing, in short, that enabled a garrison to hold out a siege for years without communication with the surrounding country. To this ruin, Alvarez had been first attracted by its beauty and its deep seclusion. He had purchased the neighbouring forest, and claimed and obtained the castle as a valueless appendage to his purchase. Thither, during many years of an active and adventurous life, he often retired to repose; the charm of a home grew upon him; he took pleasure in adorning it as if it were a bride. Every vessel that arrived under cover of the night in his secluded bay, was laden with objects of art or luxury, and with crowds of Moorish artificers. And so a new soul, as it were, grew up within the carcass of the still mouldering and melancholy-looking walls that screened their inclosure from every Spanish eye, and even from suspicion.

By degrees Alvarez withdrew himself from the mercantile pursuits in which he and his father had amassed enormous wealth. Venice, Genoa, and Marseilles no longer hailed his arrival on their shores as a great event. His liberal and noble character alone was remembered among their Merchant-princes. He had vanished from public view, and in the deep retirement of his romantic castle had resumed the studies from which his youth had been reluctantly diverted.

There Alvarez tried to persuade himself that he was happy; and the persuasion became stronger when

he discovered a long-lost friend and grateful guest in a Moorish scholar, named Reduan, from whom he had been separated since childhood. The career of Reduan had been as strongly marked by misfortune as that of his early friend had been distinguished by success; and the world-weary scholar now found in the castle of the Retiro a welcome asylum. To him it afforded practically what to Alvarez it was only theoretically, — a philosophical retirement.

For Alvarez, when once he had exhausted his enthusiasm in preparing his new home, began to find the repose that he had so longed for, a little irksome; and in truth, his xebec bore him away from the Retiro more frequently than became a philosophic hermit.

His friend Reduan did not remonstrate against a restlessness which appeared as natural to his former habits as it was inconsistent with his present professions. Reduan, for his own part, had been effectually weaned by misfortune from a world which seemed to have nothing else in store for him; but he could easily understand how his friend and patron, upon whom the world had always smiled, should now and then yearn after a little more of that world's gilded troubles and plausible sources of inquietude. Nor was Reduan surprised when, at the close of a summer day, the evening breeze wafted the xebec into the little harbour with a lovely lady on its deck, — and that lady proved to be his patron's bride.

Donna Rachel was a Jewess, and she possessed all the high attributes so much more frequently found in the women than in the men of her Divinely chosen race. High intelligence, and brilliant fancy, and loving thoughts, were all expressed in the deep dark beauty of her eastern eyes, and broad forehead, and full roseate mouth. Her education had not been built on books, nor was it in any way the work of formal teachers. Her childhood had passed dreamily away, occupied only in such things as pleased her fancy for the moment; and though she sang exquisitely, and her countenance varied with every emotion conjured up by the sublime war-hymns or sacred love-songs of her people, she would have found it very difficult to express in prose one idea that inspired her while she sung.

But, unaccomplished as she was, she possessed a deep indefinable charm, together with quick perceptions, and a gentle, loving nature. From the hour of her arrival at the castle it was no longer lonely. She had married a husband of her parents choice; and to him she had been handed over in a manner that mere Europeans might suppose savoured of slavery. But it was the manner in which Rebecca, and Leah, and Rachel were given away long ago; and doubtless Jael, and Judith, and other heroines of her race had been similarly disposed of. In this case, at least, it appeared to be as wise an arrangement as many Christian marriages, — for Alvarez thenceforth wandered from his

home no more. In the course of time a son was born to him, and the measure of his happiness seemed fulfilled.

His boy grew up in the midst of everything that could develop his intellect, and in the absence of all that could lead warm youth astray. He was taught to consider the walls of his father's well-secured domain as the absolute limits of his range; but within this, he found means to perfect himself in most of the manly exercises. There he learned the old eastern accomplishments; namely, to "shoot, and ride, and speak the truth." In the castle's capacious library, the books that most charmed the young scholar were tales of adventure, and voyages and travels, to which the confinement of his life gave greater zest. Above all, the glorious and mournful career of Columbus inflamed his imagination. He dwelt with delight on the great discoverer's vivid pictures of the New World, its beauty, its capabilities, its future destiny. He drank in the inspiration that filled the minds of the old discoverers until it became his own. The hours of his recreation, instead of the usual pleasure-dreams that fill boys' fancies, were employed in framing schemes of daring enterprise; and when he returned to his studies, the same passion directed and warmed them. Navigation, geography, and modern languages were his recreation; and even arithmetic and mathematics, for which the Arab mind has a wonderful aptitude,

furnished welcome labour to his vigorous and undistracted mind. His father beheld his self-education and its progress with pride and satisfaction, though he often asked himself sadly in what fulfilment the bright promise of his son could end. In Spain, of all countries on the earth, there was no career open to a man of alien faith and blood; and yet, so dear to him was his native country, or rather the spot of it which he occupied, that it never occurred to his mind to change it for another. As years advanced, such a change became more and more impossible. His retirement became more dear to him; and, like a thousand others in all parts of the world, he left the bark of his fortunes to float upon the current of destiny which he could not, only because he would not stem.

When the young Alvarez was about twelve years of age, however, a momentous change took place in the government of Granada. The Viceroy of that province had hitherto been an easy, though avaricious, old noble; and the tribute paid punctually by Alvarez, together with a handsome present, had secured to his secluded castle the obscurity which was its best shelter from bigotry and avarice. The Viceroy, however, was displaced by some court intrigue, and a creature of the Jesuits was appointed in his stead. One of the accusations brought against the deposed governor was the uncatholic toleration he had exhibited towards heretics, and his successor was determined that no such crime

of leniency should be preferred against his government.

Granada thenceforth became fearfully agitated. Domiciliary visits invaded homes that had been long sacred to peace; spies of the Inquisition swarmed over the land, and many of the best and most influential of the Morescoes disappeared from time to time, none knew how, or, if they did, none cared to tell.

CHAPTER II.

Here didst thou dwell, here schemes of pleasure plan,
Beneath yon mountain's ever-beauteous brow;
But now, as though a thing unblest'd by man,
Thy fairy dwelling is as lone as thou:
Fresh lessons to the unthinking bosom, how
Vain are the pleasaunces by life supplied,
Swept into wrecks anon by Time's ungentle tide.

BYRON.

NOTWITHSTANDING the vigilance of the new Viceroy of Granada, the castle of Alvarez remained for a long time apparently unobserved. Reduan had in the first days of his residence there, perceived the importance that even an hour's defence might prove to his patron's stronghold; he had therefore gradually collected round its walls a number of his countrymen who carried on the not unpopular calling of contrabandistas, and who gladly availed themselves of such a shelter for their families. Reduan had also encouraged them to build a village of huts along the shore; and the lawless and daring character of its inhabitants rendered the neighbourhood more shunned than ever. To Alvarez, however, as clansmen to their chief, these outlaws adhered with devotion, and kept his secret with proud fidelity.

It was through the inhabitants of Mesquinez, as

this Moresco village was then called, that Alvarez and Reduan alone obtained information concerning the external world, — at least of Spain. Once a year, indeed, Reduan visited Granada, to pay taxes and various imposts levied on the forest of the Retiro and a certain property possessed by Alvarez in the Alpuxarra Mountains. As the late change of government was well known to him, Reduan set forth on his accustomed mission with some forebodings, though without personal fear. His disinterested heart was only anxious on account of his friends, the precarious tenure of whose happiness he too well understood.

Arrived in beautiful Granada, and at the Xenera-life, the exquisite "pleasure-house," of El Chico, he had long to wait before he was admitted to the presence of the Viceroy's favourite. Through that fortunate individual all business likely to be profitable was obliged to find its way before it descended to the actual official to whose department it belonged. At length Reduan was permitted to offer his present and his tribute. Then followed a searching examination, which proved to him that suspicions had been roused concerning his capability to furnish not a larger tax — but a larger present. After long and warily defending himself, Reduan at length offered to pay this fine of his own accord; but while he admitted that he set a high value on the possessions

purporting to be his, he endeavoured, and successfully, to divert the official's curiosity from the true quarter. He confessed that his flocks and his Quinta in the Alpuxarras were of increasing value; but on the other hand, he pleaded the ruinous and worthless state of the Retiro and its forest, which he prayed the governor to have examined, in order to reduce its rent.

The stratagem succeeded, and when Reduan offered to pay a considerable present on behalf of the really worthless property in the mountains, that which was valuable was neglected. So far the Moresco had managed to escape the civil authorities; but the report that a wealthy Jew, if not a downright pagan, had been publicly pleading in Granada, could not escape the knowledge of the Inquisition; its officials seized the man whom the governor had acquitted, and in the dark mysterious dungeons of the Holy Office the faithful Reduan suffered such things as have been scarcely ever revealed, or even whispered in open day.

Meanwhile as time passed on, and his friend returned not to the castle, Alvarez determined to seek him, if it were in the very arms of the Inquisition. It is needless to trace the steps by which fanatic villany worked on the Moresco's noble nature, and induced him to substitute himself for his friend;

but in fine, Reduan was set loose, or rather, was cast out, from the dungeons, apparently broken, bruised, and torn beyond all prospect of surviving; and Alvarez occupied his place in prison. The diabolical ingenuity of the torturers, however, failed to move his stubborn soul, either to conversion or confession. He would not embrace the path to heaven prescribed by means that hell itself might have suggested; he would not even reveal the secret places of his wealth, as that would have directed the search to his far dearer living treasures.

Suddenly, at last, he died, in the midst of torture which the officials thought he scarcely felt; so little of his agony did he betray to his tormentors' triumph.

Meanwhile the Señora Rachel and her son remained in ignorance of all that happened. A dread suspense, indeed, oppressed them; but fatalism and constitutional firmness prevented the prostration of despair.

One evening, as was their custom, the Señora and her son were watching, from the highest tower in the castle, each sail that the sunset breeze was wafting along the bright seas beneath them. But, as had been the case for months, the ships all passed by, and stood on for their various destinations, far away.

The lady of the castle, however, watched them unweariedly, as she lay, in her eastern fashion, upon

a pile of cushions in the deep recess of a western window. Her loveliness was scarcely faded, though her son was now a tall stripling, and premature shadows generally fall on the morning of an eastern woman's fervid beauty. Her apartment was furnished with all things that could delight and amuse her leisure, but her eyes were regardless of all except the sea on which her hope now, as once her fear, was rested. The window that she looked from, without was time-worn and ivy-tangled, — but within, its delicate stone tracery was carefully preserved. The light, green-tintured by the ivy and jasmine through which it streamed, fell on dark rich carpets of Ispahan or flashed on Venetian mirrors. A blazing fire of fragrant wood rose and fell fitfully in the great fireplace, which was overhung with shirts of mail and Moorish casques — arched above with Damascus blades, fancifully arranged and crossed in imitation of the oriel window, and flanked by Arab lances.

On the low table opposite the window where the Señora lay, stood a model of the galley in which Columbus explored the unknown recesses of the ocean; and maps and mathematical instruments and a few books lying round, showed that the chamber was also the favourite resort of the young Alvarez. Through some loop-holes filled with stained glass, you might have looked down upon the court-yard below, with its great fountain, foaming in black marble, supported

by four recumbent lions of the same material. The court itself was of tessellated pavement, from which porcelain steps led into the castle under a great arch. A lofty screen of stone, so delicately wrought as to resemble the work of the loom rather than of the chisel, separated the court-yard from the gardens. There, through the vistas of pomegranate and sweet lemon-trees, gleamed indistinctly flowers innumerable; especially roses of every hue and fragrance, from those of Sharon and Damascus, to that delicate pale flower of China, which seems impregnated with the breezes that linger among the tea-groves. The garden terraces rose in irregular succession, watered by many fountains and playful cascades, which at midnight made pleasant music for the nightingales. Far away, that maze of flowery brilliance became softened by the tender foliage of northern plants, and the rich gloom of orange groves; then it faded in the distance into the forest, which darkened over the vast wall that surrounded the whole domain.

The shades of evening had settled over all that charmed "pleasaunce," and the castle, and the silent, anxious watchers in the tower; when the door of their apartment slowly opened, and the mere spectre, as it seemed to be, of Reduan glided in.

His tale was soon told. Days and weeks passed by before the widow's woe and the son's wild grief

subsided into settled sorrow, and a stern thirst for vengeance.

Revenge to the young Moresco seemed a virtue,—the only filial duty towards his murdered parent that was still in his power to perform. His dark creed had never taught him otherwise, and native magnanimity could not reach the sublime height of forgiving more than selfish injuries, which, after all, are the lightliest borne when their first shock is over. Nor did Reduan attempt to stifle that deadly passion for revenge; he shared it too deeply: but he sought to instil a necessity for caution in its execution, lest it might only recoil upon the avenger, and lead to one triumph more for the Inquisitors.

And so the boy grew up, daily nurtured in hatred towards the Spanish nation; feeding that hatred with the dark history of his people's wrongs, and eagerly possessing himself of all the tragic stories of Spanish conquest, in America, and the infernal cruelties by which their own writers described that conquest as having been achieved. Thus the attention of the young orphan was further directed towards the Spanish Main, and the transatlantic empire, which was destined to be the scene of his future fortunes.

Meanwhile, except for the mourning hearts within it, all went on in the castle as before the fatal news arrived. At first, Reduan had endeavoured to prevail

on the Señora to abandon it for some country where the curse of the Inquisition was less heavy or unknown. But to this the poor lady would not assent. In an eastern woman's eyes her home is almost unchangeable. There she had long been sheltered and cherished; there she had known content and happiness. Beyond its high and gloomy walls the world seemed to her a mere wilderness — a vast and terrible arena, wherein wrathful and sinful men for ever strove, and where all that was loved and holy was sorely endangered.

But to Reduan's caution as to necessity for still deeper obscurity, the lonely widow almost gladly assented. Henceforth the old castle became daily more dark and gloomy, — more swallowed up by the surrounding forest, against whose encroachments the hand of labour no longer strove. As the fine exotics faded from the gardens, their place was left vacant; even the fountains, so delightful to the Moorish eye and ear, became choked up and silent, as if their play of waters was unwelcome in those solemn precincts.

Still, however, the rich arabesques upon the cornices retained their beauty, as their traces do even now; still the masterpieces of Velasquez and Murillo graced the walls; rich carving still swelled in bold relief beneath the gathering dust, and the cedar and the sandal-wood retained their perfume. As the radiant eyes and vermilion lips of the lady of the castle

contrasted with the gloomy weeds she always wore, so enough of splendour still remained in her dwelling-place to vindicate its former glories, and to grace its desolation.

CHAPTER III.

— His ambition,

Once the vague instinct of his nobleness,
Thus temper'd in the glowing furnace heat
Of lone repinings and aye present aims
Brighten'd to hope and strengthen'd to resolve.

Guesses at Truth.

OUR demands on happiness, (or at least, on pleasures,) contract and expand in a wonderful manner, according as they are indulged in or denied. It would almost seem as if it were but the first spasm of contraction that is painful, and the first sense of expansion that is truly enjoyable. The tradesman is indifferent to comforts that would be delightful luxuries to the labourer; the prince is unconscious of enjoyments that would be intoxicating to his page. Hence, as is most righteous, the man whose sources of pleasure are most scanty, has the widest range of possible delights; and he who possesses all that this world can bestow, has a fearfully narrow pinnacle to stand upon, all around him offering only a comparative privation. Herein is contained an important cause of the balance (more equal than we generally believe) between the lot of one individual and another, — between our own former and present state. The serenities that pervade the poor, the bereaved, the exiled, the sick, the dying,

are often beyond our comprehension, yet they may be any day within our reach and our experience.

Few would have been disposed to envy the Señora de Medina: with her youth and genius, and warm beauty, buried in a life-long seclusion; with no one henceforth to keep her company in that great and gloomy castle, except her son and his father's gaunt, care-worn friend, whose every movement, in its evident pain, recalled all the horrors of the Inquisitional tortures, and their victim, — her murdered husband. Nevertheless, time, with healing on its wings, and custom, with its petrifying influences, had removed almost all the pain of her new position, and left to it sufficient tender melancholy to render the prospect of a future life more dear. As one of her own poets says, — “The moss of contentment outlives the sculpture of pride that it entombs;” and the widow's happiness, if less vivid than once it was, was now more even and unbroken, and quite satisfied her chastened heart. Her life, indeed, would have been perfectly tranquil, but for her son, — at once her only hope, and her only fear. Little as she knew of the world, she knew that Alvarez could not long be contented to linger out his days with her; she felt that the home which was to her an asylum and sure refuge, was to him a prison. She therefore taught him to consider his seclusion as only probationary. She instilled into him her proud conviction of his future greatness, until

he shared in that conviction, and believed that it was at once his duty and his destiny to achieve it. He used his retirement, therefore, as mariners make preparation on a quiet shore for a long and stormy voyage; and in his preparations he was contented for awhile to forego their object. He accustomed himself, in the midst of luxuries, to ascetic hardships; and though surrounded by all that could enervate, he trained his limbs to athletic exercises. His greatest energies, however, were bestowed on the large library that had been his learned father's pride. There he sought the best substitute for worldly knowledge, the true elements of power. The sciences are said chiefly to have attracted him, even in his early youth, — especially that of numbers, and the doctrine of the chances, then newly expounded by Huygens. The certainties that lie hidden at the bottom of all chance, had a peculiar fascination for him, and long afterwards he turned his early studies of that mystery to profitable account. His lighter hours were devoted to history and travels, such as those of Mandeville, Marco Polo, Vasco Gama and Columbus.

Thus occupied, the young Alvarez found time pass swiftly. Grave and thoughtful even as a child, his natural tendencies were strengthened by his deep sorrow, by his brooding over vengeance, and by the lonely life he led. For his only friend was also his tutor, his father's contemporary, and now broken down

by physical suffering and mental anxiety. His mother, saddened as she was, afforded him the only cheerful companionship that he possessed. She was as yet quite able to fill all the woman department of his feelings, and he loved her with a fond and undivided affection.

And here I might enter into a disquisition of great length on the comparative advantages of public and private education, were it not that my pages may have already sufficient dryness, and to spare. The results of such a training as that of Alvarez would, of course, vary with the constitution of each character; but the chief danger of private education is doubtless the fostering of self-love and vanity, and the impairing of self-reliance. Whatever cause Alvarez, in after times, may have had to regret these defects, in his present life there was nothing to call out their exercise or betray their existence.

Reduan, who was now guardian, tutor, and steward to the widow and the child of his lost friend, became doubly anxious for his charge as the time approached when he must again appear before the authorities of Granada. He had long lived in hourly fear lest the Holy Office should discover the secret of the Medina palace, yet still he found it impossible to induce the Señora to seek for safety beyond the sea. He thought it necessary, therefore, to take his young pupil to Genoa, where his father had large invest-

ments and many friends; for he felt that his own tenure of life was very insecure, and if he were gone, that Alvarez would be as helpless as a child, from his ignorance of the world, and of his own affairs. This being resolved upon, Reduan and Alvarez took their departure from the Mesquinez, in one of the contrabandista's xebecs.

The boy soon forgot the sorrow of parting from his mother, in the rapturous sense of freedom, as he found himself bounding over the waves for the first time in his life. Even the magnificent country now spread out before him — the purple hills, the snowy mountains of the Sierra Nevada, had for him all the charm of novelty. He gazed with admiration upon the sweeping curves and the bold promontories which break that picturesque coast into such variety of beauty; and sea, and land, and air appeared all teeming with delight to the eyes and heart of the young wanderer.

And yet his warm heart soon gravitated back to its long-accustomed centre of attraction. His attention was withdrawn from all the bright world around him, which, to him, was as new and lovely as to Adam at his first creation. His thoughts and sight were soon concentrated on the dark forest, and the mouldering walls within which his mother watched and prayed for him: he would have exchanged all the promise of the future for a renewal of the past, once more to find himself by that mother's side, her only source of

happiness and pride: with his departure, both had deserted her, and a fearful change was close at hand.

But the galley sped on slowly towards the sea, moving along through the shadows cast in sunset by the wooded promontory that formed the northern arm of the bay. Looking for sympathy in his sense of loneliness, Alvarez sought the eyes of Reduan: they too were fixed on the old castle, but with an expression of alarm and surprise. Suddenly he shouted to the captain of the galley to put about, and return to the shore. The crew started to their oars, the sails were struck, and their little vessel was sweeping rapidly towards the castle, before Alvarez could make his anxious question heard.

"Look! look!" whispered Reduan; "see you not smoke rising from the Mesquinez? Hear you not the sounds of fight? Nay, it is over now, and all is lost!"

An interval of intense and agonizing suspense followed. The men held their breath as the xebec shot along the hissing waters. She was run ashore in a little creek a short distance from the castle. Reduan leaped ashore after Alvarez, who struggled wildly to rush away from the iron grasp with which he seized him. The crew of the xebec followed eagerly; they were well-armed, and seemed prepared for any act of daring. But Reduan, with strong self-control, restrained not only himself but his young charge and

his wild countrymen, who waited but his word to rush on the invaders of their homes.

All sounds of strife had ceased. Nothing but some columns of smoke curling quietly up in the evening air, gave token of any disaster. Reduan hastily climbed a cliff that rose almost abruptly from the sea; he could thence, in the bright moonlight, observe the broad sandy path that led from the castle-gate along the shore. The gates were thrown open, and forth issued a strong body of cavalry, followed by a column of musketeers and spearmen. Many prisoners evidently accompanied them, and in the midst could be perceived a sort of covered chair, such as ladies were then used to go abroad in, and close beside it rode four men in black — familiars of the dreadful Inquisition.

Reduan saw at a glance what had happened, and how hopeless it was to think of rescue then. He dismissed his crew to seek their own safety as they could; at the same time he almost dragged Alvarez away with him into a place of concealment, whence, ultimately, they reached the Alpuxarra mountains, the old and inaccessible refuge of the Moors.

CHAPTER IV.

I was an infant when my mother went
To see an atheist burnt: she took me there.
The dark-robed priests were met around the pyre;
And as the victim pass'd with dauntless mien,
Temper'd disdain in his unaltering eyes
Mix'd with a quiet smile, shone calmly forth.
The thirsty fire crept round his manly limbs, —
His resolute eyes were scorch'd to blindness soon.
His death-pang rent my heart; the insensate mob
Utter'd a cry of triumph; and I wept.
"Weep not!" my mother cried

SHELLEY.

REDUAN guessed that the Señora de Medina would at first be treated with consideration and respect; and most probably that she would be long detained as a prisoner before her trial was proceeded with. He justly judged that the Holy Office would use all its efforts to secure her son; and until that object was accomplished, that the mother's life at least was safe. There were sufficient captives of a meaner sort for the torturers to amuse themselves with meanwhile.

Sustained by these considerations, the faithful Reduan waited patiently in his retreat for news from the Mesquinez, devoting all his attention to soothing and restraining the miserable Alvarez.

At length one of the crew of the xebec arrived with intelligence of the late event.

It appeared that the Holy Office had for some time had its eyes upon the castle of the Retiro. The subtlety of its espionage had penetrated even into the lawless village of Mesquinez, and had soon ascertained that wealth, and luxury, and heresy were all lurking within the ruinous walls that had so long preserved their secrets. As soon as it was known that Reduan was making preparations for a voyage, immediate steps were taken to secure his galley as it was getting under weigh; and at the same time to take possession of the mysterious palace in the forest. It was known that the Moorish contrabandistas would fight for their patron, even against the dreaded officials of the Inquisition, and therefore such a force was despatched to aid them as might defy opposition. Reduan had unconsciously defeated this plan, as far as regarded himself and his young charge. He was one who did not love to have his movements known, and he had sailed an hour before the appointed time. The officials of the Inquisition thus baffled in their first design, had also to encounter a resolute defence by the contrabandistas before they could reach the old castle walls. These last were so undefended that they entered without difficulty. The courts, so long silent and secluded, now rang with the tramp of horses and the clash of arms. The familiars strode along the corridors, wondering at the splendour and signs of wealth that everywhere met their eyes, the only unmasked part of their

cruel and remorseless countenances. At length they burst open the door of the apartment before described, from the window of which the widow had been watching the progress of her son's galley across the bay. The poor lady uttered a shriek of terror as her eyes fell upon the dark figures of the officials, already familiar to her shrinking imagination, but immediately her fear was swallowed up in gratitude for the safety of her child. "He at least," she fondly thought, "may escape his father's, yea, and his mother's dreadful doom!" Thus the helpless lady sustained and comforted her woman's heart; then meekly she followed her grim guards away for ever from her home; and the old castle was left to silence and the guardianship of the servants of the Holy Office.

On hearing this confirmation of his worst fears, Reduan prepared at once to depart for Seville, for thither the dread procession of the Inquisition had been traced. The Moorish character and sacred spots of that delightful city had, early in his life, rendered it familiar to him; and he now hoped, through the agency of powerful friends, to compromise for the Señora Rachel's safety by the surrender of her unsuspected wealth.

Then, when left alone among the mountains, did Alvarez, for the first time, learn to deplore the retirement and ignorance of the world in which his youth had passed. Though naturally of a most resolute and

independent temper, he felt forced to rely entirely upon his tutor in the present great emergency. He had even allowed himself to promise that for one month he would await his return from Seville.

“So long as thou art at liberty,” Reduan had argued, “thy mother will be safe. Thy capture consigns her to destruction as well as to despair for thee.”

Then days and weeks passed by, and the son remained in miserable suspense. As the month drew towards its close, his impatience became almost ungovernable. In vain his kind though rugged countrymen strove to amuse his attention with the chase, or the old games peculiar to their race; in vain the dark-eyed damsels of the mountains strove to divert his sternly pensive thoughts. From earliest dawn to the last gleam of evening light, Alvarez watched from a lofty eminence the path that led to Seville. Whenever a wayfarer appeared in sight, he would rush down to meet him, and inquire, with a faltering voice, for the news that never came.

At length the month expired, and Alvarez was seen no more upon the mountains. Before the daylight dawned, he was already six hours on the road. Disguised in a vine-dresser's humble garb, he strode along towards the city with a noble bearing that might have betrayed him anywhere except in Andalusia. He was almost unconscious of all he saw — of everything

but his rate of progress. The darkness of night, the burning sun, were alike indifferent to him. Sustained by the fever at his heart, he scarcely felt nature's claim for rest or food.

At length he came in sight of Seville, half encircled by the Guadalquivir, proverbial for exquisite beauty. But no sense of beauty, no association with the proud history once enacted on those scenes, had any charm for him, distracted with suspense. Every object or sound that roused a thought spoke to him of his mother and his friend, and of them only. Everything living or moving seemed connected with their fate, — hurrying it on. The solemn bells of the distant churches, as they rose and fell upon the morning breeze — the great banners waving amongst the towers — the crowds that began to gather and hurry towards the city — all seemed part of some great drama, to which the subject of his woe was to furnish the chief story.

And his presentiment was true. He longed, yet feared, to catch the discourse of the moving multitude. It increased as they approached the city, — evidently, on that day, the scene of some high festival. At length the one prevailing sentence struck his ear, and ceased not to vibrate there. "*Auto-da-fé*" was murmured by the aged, as they panted along the dusty road: "*Auto-da-fé*" was joyfully pronounced by earnest men, as they pressed forward: "*Auto-da-fé*" was shouted by

boys, as they danced along in glee by their mothers' or their sisters' side: and "*Auto-da-fé*" was re-echoed by maiden and matron lips. All pressed forward, like faithful children of the Church, full of exultation for her approaching triumph, and of glee for their own anticipated pleasure.

Long afterwards, in a distant land, those countenances, inflamed with zeal and joyful anticipation, glared again on the Moresco's memory, when he witnessed the war-dance of the Caribs, as they rejoiced round captives about to be slain in honour of a demon god.

Alvarez did not suffer himself to believe that this horrible *Auto-da-fé* could affect those who were dear to him. He relied on his mother's innocence and angel purity with a faith that scorned all doubt. And Reduan, — the self-devoted, the high-souled Reduan, — what could the priests, or their bloody rites, have in common with such a man?

But still the young Moresco felt a dreadful sickness of the heart as he pressed onwards through the holiday-makers. His eyes had long vainly examined every countenance to seek for the slightest expression of truth. At length he observed a dark-skinned citizen scowling from the shadow of his doorway on the hurrying crowd. To him the wanderer instinctively drew near, and felt a throb of pleasure as his salutation was answered by a few low words in the Moorish

dialect. At the same moment, Alvarez was drawn into the passage, the door was closed, and inquiries were cautiously made, and fearlessly answered in a forbidden tongue. Then the wanderer was conducted to an inner room, and refreshments were respectfully and hospitably pressed upon him; but in vain. He was still impelled by a burning curiosity to follow the crowd, and to witness the terrible ceremony that attracted them.

Thirty "atheists," that is to say, Protestants and Jews, he learned, were to be sacrificed to God, as soon as High Mass was ended. Some of the victims, said to be "penitent," were, in the first instance, to be strangled; the rest were to be burnt alive!

Though still incredulous of this horror, from its apparent impossibility, Alvarez entreated his new-found friend's assistance in guiding him to the scene of the reported tragedy. With the rash candour of a bursting heart, he told him his motive — his whole story. The citizen listened with respect and deep compassion.

"On my head be it," he exclaimed; "thy servant's name is Hamet, a poor silver-smith. I know thy noble house, most honoured by our people. Thy wishes are my law. I know the way whither thou wouldst go but too well. The blood of my kindred has cried to heaven from its accursed stones ere now!"

As the idea that his mother might be among the victims about to suffer became familiar to his mind,

Alvarez felt a transition from his soul-sickening suspense to one of gloomy pleasure. He prepared himself to perish with her, and, in sharing her death-pangs, to avoid the worse agony of surviving her. Sustained by this resolution, he once more plunged into the crowd, now accompanied by Hamet.

As they approached the Plaza de la Lonja, where the scaffold was erected, they found the mob so dense, that they could scarcely penetrate it. By dint of desperate struggling, however, the men of business forced their way through the men of pleasure, and at length they stood beside the fearful theatre. The temporary stage consisted of a platform, a hundred feet square, raised about four feet from the ground. At one end, a space was railed off for the inquisitors, and there, too, was a pulpit for the preacher of the funeral sermon to yet living men.

A few familiars, dressed in the dark livery of the Holy Office, guarded the steps leading to the platform; their duty was easy; notwithstanding the excitement and the pressure elsewhere of the crowd, every one shrank with terror from the very eyes of these ministers of the Church's wrath; those eyes which scarcely seemed human as they rolled about in the black masks that left in mystery all the other features. Close to these men did Alvarez stand for an hour that appeared interminable to his passionate suspense.

At length, a distant hum was heard among the people; gradually approaching, it swelled into a sort of gratified roar; and then at last the straining eyes could discover above the crowd a body of mounted familiars, riding four and four abreast, all masked and in long black garments. These were followed by a band of the friars of St. Dominic, to whose direction belonged the fearful monopoly of these astounding atrocities. Then came "the penitents," those who by the Church's mercy were to be strangled before their bodies were committed to the flames; many of them, as they were driven along, betrayed in their staggering gait the recent torture which had wrung from them sufficient recantation to give the priests a triumph. Behind this wretched band comes another, also clothed in black, with flames of hell painted in vivid colours on the back and breast. But these are not the heroes of the tragedy, for their pictured flames pointing downward, show that they have been reprieved from death. By what treason, weakness, or murderous falsehood they have purchased life, Heaven and the inquisitors alone will ever know.

They pass; and a shout of execration greets their successors, the destined victims of the Act of Faith. The faces of these poor martyrs are uncovered: their dress is hideously grotesque; some sneering fiend seems to have devised it, in order to detract, if possible, from the sublimity of their martyrdom. A high

conical cap on their heads is emblazoned with tongues of flame and fiery serpents; their robes are ornamented in the same manner, with open-mouthed dogs and grinning devils in addition, which seem to writhe about on the human frames as they totter onward to their doom. Contrasted with their funeral attire, the faces of the martyrs are ghastly pale; and the torture has left many of them still distorted with the spasms of its dread agony. Yet some of the sufferers bear countenances as placid and resigned as if death had already shrouded them from further cruelty. In their devoted band there are all varieties of age; stalwart men, and drooping elders, and beardless boys, and female forms as full of loveliness as woe — all bound for the same fiery goal. Each is attended on either side by a Jesuit, who will not let the weary soul have rest, but makes continual clamour about repentance and the healing mercy of the Church.

This group also passes slowly on, with all its horror, visible and imaginative; and to it succeeds another troop of mounted familiars. Then certain higher officials, followed by the standard of the Inquisition, a blood-red flag, bearing for its device a cross between a sword and a branch of olive. Finally, the Grand Inquisitor himself approaches, mounted on a "pale horse," and attended by two familiars.

Every individual belonging to the Holy Office is masked and hooded. The whole procession bears as

little of the appearance of humanity as possible. On it moves, beneath God's radiant sunshine, in awful mystery and ghostly silence.

As it draws near, the most zealous bigots recoil instinctively from its contact; every voice is hushed, every heart beats hurriedly; the whole crowd seems to hold its breath; the sense of triumph is lost in awe.

If the unconcerned spectators were thus affected, what must have been the feelings of the son, who expected to see in every victim that approached, the pale image of his mother? It is true that "great sufferings have great strength;" but it is from the numbness, the overstraining of our faculties produces. Alvarez was almost stifled by emotion; he could neither hear or see distinctly what was passing before him; a dim sense of incredulity as to its reality — as to the reality of *anything* — was mingled with a desire to wipe away the mist before his eyes. His brain swarmed with fancies that adapted themselves to the various suppressed noises in his ear. But he could see literally nothing, while glaring with his large bright eyes on all that moved around him. He seemed only to *feel* the victims coming; each faltering footfall was audible, so to speak, upon his heart; but still his eyes refused their office.

Suddenly, as if broken by a spell, his darkness vanished; he saw supernaturally irradiated before him the wan but resolute countenance of Reduan, — of his

noble-hearted friend, — faithful to the death. For one moment the victim's eyes rested upon his, and were lighted up by a gleam of pleasure and affection; but the next, they were withdrawn, fearful of betraying him, and fixed resolutely as before upon the scaffold. Alvarez would have rushed through all the terrible array of the Inquisitors, and clasped that tottering figure, with all its flames and devils, to his heart: but Hamet, by a strong grasp and suggestion still more powerful, withheld him. Dear to the enthusiastic boy was the stout true heart that beat within yon hideous shroud; but there was one, for dearer still, who might be yet among the victims that succeeded.

Thus Alvarez waited, — waited as each sad form passed by, and at length, with a sensation of relief almost painfully exquisite, he saw the procession close, and his mother was *not* there!

The procession was soon re-formed on the scaffold. The prisoners, of all descriptions, arrayed in one dense mass; their priestly judges standing apart, and between the two parties a pulpit, from which a Jesuit fulminated the ireful censures of his Church upon her victims; for most of them, his words were the last ever to be heard from a minister of religion. Though he preached with all the fiery eloquence of the south, it was probably not appreciated by many there: his theme was the glories of the Inquisition, the best supporter of the Church, — how grateful its performances

were in the sight of Heaven; how blessed its agency on the earth; how merciful it was, how potent, how infallible!

After a long discourse, by way of peroration, the Jesuit read over the names and sentences of those who stood before him. Then, turning to the chief magistrate, he delivered his victims to his charge:

“The Holy Office,” he added, in a calm benignant voice, “hath now discharged its duties. The Church delivers these, her rebellious children, over to the arm of this world’s law, beseeching that their lives be not endangered and that no blood be shed!”

A deep-drawn sigh, and an ejaculation of thanksgiving burst from Alvarez, as he heard those words of mercy sounding through the solemn silence. His guardian, Hamet, seized the opportunity to lead him away, and persuaded him to give some repose to his exhausted frame. He assured him that he would do his utmost to obtain an interview with Reduan, and consult with him on what was best to be done. Lulled by these promises, and borne down with the fatigue of long travel and extreme excitement, the young Moresco was fain to retire to his new friend’s humble abode, and there in a few minutes, he buried all his sorrows in deep sleep.

Then Hamet hastened back to the platform. The soldiery had now laden the victims of the Inquisition with heavy chains, and were leading them away to

the place of punishment, without the city walls. It is unnecessary to say that the Jesuit's recommendation to mercy was a mere form — a cruel lie. The condemned were urged along as rapidly as their condition would permit; some, unable to walk, had their dislocated forms rudely borne along to the final agony. Hamet's struggles to approach the line of march were at last successful, and caught the eye of Reduan, who had been gazing on the ground in deep abstraction. A well-known secret sign revealed to him that Hamet was one of his own race: during the first pause caused by the fall or fainting of some wretch in front, the Moresco whispered to the Jesuit, who still accompanied him —

“I will embrace your faith if you will answer me one question satisfactorily, and first allow me to speak a word to my neighbour, that my soul may be more calm?”

The Jesuit, who believed that the sight of the funeral pyre, which they were now approaching, had converted his penitent, and that he only sought for an excuse to avoid the fiery trial, assented. Hamet, at a look from Reduan, approached.

“Tell Alvarez to be comforted,” whispered the dying man. “Tell him to seek out Edrisi of the Omarad, and to say to him, ‘*The emerald is broken.*’”

The silver-smith gave one look of intelligence and sympathy, and was lost in the crowd, endeavouring to

escape the chance of being recognised afterwards by any agent of the Holy Office. Reduan turned then to the Jesuit, whose countenance already wore a triumphant expression —

“Tell me,” said the Moresco; “are there Jesuits and Inquisitors in that heaven of yours which you offer as the price of my apostacy?”

“Unhappy that thou art,” exclaimed the priest, “to have, in thy blindness, to ask a question so profane! Doubtless those true servants of the Church occupy high places in that blessed world.”

“Enough!” returned Reduan, with a look of scornful defiance; “I will have none of it. You and yours would make a hell of Paradise. Lead on!”

The Jesuit recoiled in horror from his expected penitent; and though he could not help regarding with admiration his unsubdued courage, he called aloud for a gag to stop his blasphemy. That instrument was close at hand. A Familiar thrust into his mouth a small iron wedge with a band which clasped behind the head, and the Moresco’s voice was hushed for ever. But still with dauntless bearing he moved onwards to the scene of punishment.

And now that terrible arena is reached, and another roar of exultation rose from the fanatical crowd that thronged the space around it.

Within that space are thirty tall, stout stakes, each twelve feet high, and each furnished with a rude sort

of seat about eight feet from the ground. These stakes are disposed in two circles, one within the other; a heap of dried furze and firewood lies piled at the foot of each: in a small brazier, close by, there is a small but very lively fire. The victims, as they arrived, are hurried to their allotted stakes. Ten of them who had professed "penitence," are then quietly, and with horrible *sang froid*, strangled by the executioners; their yet warm corpses then hoisted up and chained on the inner circle of stakes. For the "impenitent" a more prolonged suffering remained. A ladder is placed against each stake, and the victim is compelled to mount it until he reaches the seat, to which he is bound firmly with wet cords, his legs dangling downwards towards the faggots. All this occupies a cruelly long time, though many zealous hands assist. At length all the preparations are completed; and, high over the heads of the eager multitude are to be seen the thirty forms of their doomed fellow-creatures — some swaying themselves to and fro, as far as their cords will allow, in agonized suspense; some proudly, nobly calm; and some, scarcely more tranquil, — the "penitents," whose sufferings are ended, and whose lifeless heads hang down upon their breasts.

They formed an awful group — those martyrs, or whatever else they were, elevated there; shined on, as if in mockery, by the calm setting sun; while their black robes, with the emblazoned flames and devils,

wave about in the breeze, and give an appearance of quivering life even to the dead.

But the people grow impatient, as at a bull-fight, when they thirst for blood and cry for the matador. Fierce fanatic yells salute the victims' ears, and, in a phraseology well understood by the frequenters of such scenes, some voices call out to — "*Beard them! beard the heretics!*" Thereupon, an executioner seizes a long lance, furnished, at the point, with a bunch of furze dipped in oil. This he lights at the brazier, and then thrusts it, flaming, into the nearest victim's face, pressing the thorny brand so closely to the mouth as almost to stifle the wild shriek for mercy that bursts from the sufferer's lips.

"Let us see him!" shout the multitude; "let us see if the bearding is well done!" The brand is removed, and, oh God! what a fearful change has been made in thy handiwork by that inquisitorial touch! So little of the countenance remained, that scorched, and shrivelled, and featureless, it seemed no longer human; the very organs of the voice were changed; the wretch's shrieks had settled into a faint, prolonged, and wild unearthly moan!

And now the fagots beneath are lighted, and the flames with forked tongues dart up and lick the victim's feet at first, and then his knees, which again contracting in his agony, double up and set fire to the serge upon his breast, which burns moulderingly

but kills not. And at the same time the other fagots are lighted, and thirty fires blaze up at once, and there are sounds most horrible to hear, and dark figures writhing in the flames most horrible to see, and overpowering smells of scorching flesh; and the people are yelling in fierce and frantic glee; and their inquisitorial priests hold up their hands to heaven and solemnly consign the souls of the departing sufferers to the last — the ghostly enemy of man.

The sacrifice is ended; the last heart of the heretics has ceased to beat; consummated is the triumph of the Church of Rome! Reaction from their tragic excitement has set in among the people, and the lust of pleasure has succeeded. The multitude disperses, they wander away in groups by the lovely banks of the Guadalquivir; they fling themselves down at the feet of the old cork-trees; the alforja — the wine-skin — is ready at a call; the tinkle of the guitar, and the thrill of the rebeck is heard through the pleasant hum of voices; faint perfumes from the orange groves are borne on the evening breeze, and many a cup of wine is quaffed to wash away the horrible savouriness that has been reeking in their nostrils. Sounds of mirth and revelry echo everywhere, and many a cloaked form is gliding along, side by side with the veiled beauties of Seville.

Suddenly, what would seem to a stranger's eye a miracle, takes place, — a solemn peal of bells arises

in multitudinous chorus from the distant city. The tones of the blessed Angelus come floating on the ear. At once those varied groups, men, women, and children, start from their wine, or love, or play, and with uncovered heads kneel down upon the ground in humble prayer. Wonderful is human nature, especially in Spain!

CHAPTER V.

Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn;
Thy peace destroy'd, thy laurels torn!

SCOTLAND'S TEARS.

WE turn with horror from such scenes as those by which the Church of Rome strove to maintain her supremacy over the minds and bodies of her Spanish slaves. We would fain repudiate all connection with the nature that submitted to such tyranny, almost as much as with those who made themselves its agents. We feel disposed to turn for relief to our own

"Inviolable island of the brave and free,"

and exult in the glorious Protest that struck the chains of a sanguinary and ruthless superstition from our English souls. But, alas for human nature! — for that nature which, hovering between fiendish and angelic elements, is ever ready to plunge into the former, and to revel in its darkest depths, until those who resist its impulses stand forth in almost supernatural brightness of relief. When we contemplate the diabolical scenes of persecution that crowd the theatre of history, the victims, laden as they may be with errors of their own, rise into sublime proportions, and attract our sympathies as they represent the nobler qualities of our humanity.

The men, both real and imaginary, with whom this present story has to do, were born in countries far apart, and as widely contrasted in climate, character, and institutions: yet they both became exiled in the New World, forced from their several homes by persecution. When I began to trace their respective narratives, this was to me an unforeseen coincidence. I had no intention of dwelling upon the scenes of horror that were then enacting in Spain and Scotland; for I feel that the exploits of my buccaneers will seem devoid of ferocious energy when compared with the deeds of the minions of His Most Catholic Majesty Ferdinand, and of James II., Defender of the Faith.

They are all passed away now from European experiences; buccaneers, and man-burning priests, and proselytizing dragoons; only their accursed memory lives on, immortal as that of their triumphant victims: their atrocities mark an age of ignorance and moral darkness, to which, by God's blessing, the mind of man can never stoop again. It was by a sure and cunning instinct that those who aimed at despotism, whether spiritual or political, condemned all Education for the People, and its exhalation, public opinion, holding a perpetual tribunal over public men. The village schoolmaster is the true regenerator of nations, as far as temporal influences can extend.

And now to our story. We turn from the sunny

banks of the Guadalquivir to the shores of the sombre Solway. The former is hurrying the ashes of heretics to the ocean; the latter is reflecting the watchfires of Drummond's dragoons. James II., in the plenitude of his power, has let loose his fiercest soldiery upon his Scottish people; or rather he has hounded them on to a persecution more unsparing than even his brother had enforced. His avowed hope is that the fertile counties on the Border may "become desolate." In solitude alone, like the Roman tyrant, he can hope to find peace. War is in every heart; wherever he has a subject, there he has an enemy.

The noblest, the best, and the wisest of his Scottish subjects are exiled, or sleeping in bloody graves. The gentry are ruined by fines, a perverted law, and extortions of a licentious soldiery. Every house is filled with mourning for what is past, or fear for what is to come. Gibbets are erected in the villages as memorials of the sovereign's power.

While death and ruin are thus hovering over Scotland's children, the fields look blithesome, and full of fertile promise as in happier times. The irrepressible energies of the farmer have tilled his fields, though he scarcely knows who shall make harvest there. And heaven's gifts are always the same; and the rivers flow, and the sun shines, and the wild flowers bloom in Eskdale and Nithsdale, as if there was no sorrow, or

humiliation, or despair, in the eyes that looked upon them.

The traveller who now explores the happy Border land, and surveys its peaceful fields, and manful, independent peasantry, can scarcely believe in this episode of their past history. No memorials of it now remain but in the traditions of the people, perhaps in some of the least amiable qualities of their character; and in names that convey but little intimation of their ancient application. The title of Cameronian, then signifying the most uncompromising enemy of the throne, is now borne by as loyal and gallant a regiment as ever belted on a bayonet. The Presbyterian, who then vainly sought permission to pray with his people upon the mountain side, now honourably enjoys the *Regium Donum* in his manse. Many a broad acre that was then wild moss or heathery-brae, is now the wheat-field or the green park. There is almost as much improvement in the country as in the sovereign; as great a difference as between James the Second, and Victoria the First, — whom God defend!

On the shore of the Solway there stands one brave old ruin, the castle of Caerlaverock, that has known but little change in all those changing times. Beneath its walls there stood, in 1685, a village that has long since disappeared; and the stones of which it was composed lie around, as if they had been applied to no human purpose since they fell from tower and

battlement long, long ago. Only one remnant of a habitation survives, and in that the antiquary can trace all that belonged to the best class of farmers' houses in the time of the Border wars. On the ground-floor there was one large apartment, which served for kitchen and parlour, and, indeed, all the daily purposes of life, in a mansion not pretending to the dignity of a spence. Adjoining this apartment, and only separated from it by the huge fire-place, was a sort of dungeon with a vaulted roof, one small window (or rather air-hole), and a door, barely high enough to permit a horse or cow to pass into what was at once their stable, byre, and place of refuge from the weather or the "reiver." Above this rose a square tower, of two stories high; each story containing one small sleeping apartment, to which you mounted by a narrow winding stair. On the top of the tower were rude battlements, in keeping with which, all the walls were pierced with narrow loopholes, generally stuffed with hay. The only remaining accommodation that the house afforded was a low "cock-loft" over the kitchen, which the maid of all-work shared with the poultry.

The last personage who inhabited this house, as our legends tell, was an old man, named Tam Graeme, or Graham. He had been originally a native of the adjoining village, having in early life joined the Covenanters in their invasion of England, under Lesley.

It was rumoured, after some time, that he had gone to sea; but as he had left the puritanical village of Sandilee in disgrace, few inquiries were made about him. When, at last, with a Scot's true instinct, he returned to his native shore, all his kith and kin had long passed away into their graves. He was soon recognized, however, by some of the elders of the village, though his deeply-bronzed visage, seamed with a deep scar, presented few traces of the red-haired boy who had been the bully of the village-green.

There was something suspicious about Tam Graeme's appearance altogether. His dress was rich and foreign-looking. His manner was reserved, even for a Scotchman, and he maintained a perfect silence as to his past life. But what most excited the curiosity of the villagers, was the beautiful little schooner in which he had arrived, and of which he was evidently owner. Her crew had been only taken in at Bristol, whither they soon returned, without giving any information about their vessel, except that she was the fastest craft that ever swam in British waters. That she was of a strange, outlandish build, was very certain; "no althegither canny," as some averred. There were marks upon her deck, as if it had once mounted a swivel gun; and some dark and ineffaceable stains, such as the vulgar imagine that human blood alone can leave.

Tam Graeme, however, cared little then about his

neighbours' civilities, and less about their surmises. He only remained long enough at his native village to lay up the Bonito as his schooner was called, in security, and then the cedar wood, of which she was principally built, imparted a strange fragrance among the fishy odours that reeked from the herring-boats around her.

Tam betook himself straightway to Edinburgh, where, as Master Graeme, he attracted considerable attention by his display of wealth, and his daring play. Gambling was then a passion among the people of pleasure, even in the austere metropolis of Scotland; and through its introduction, the adventurer obtained easy admission into what were called the best circles. By some means, while his popularity lasted, Tam contrived to marry a lady who was connected with the ancient and honourable family of Torwoodlee. Almost at the same time, however, he lost nearly the whole of his fortune by an unsuccessful speculation, and he was fain to retire to his native village of Sandilee. There he endeavoured to retrieve his fortune by smuggling, and his character by field-preaching: he soon succeeded in acquiring a fair share both of money and reputation. Nevertheless his wife, though good and gentle, and loved by all who knew her, did not seem happy. She soon died, and left behind her an infant daughter, named Alice.

The rugged old smuggler felt far deeper grief than

he appeared to do, for the loss of his meek wife. He became more daring in his contraband enterprises on the sea, consumed more whisky at home, and considerably intermitted in his self-imposed duty of "holding forth upon the hills." But a better result of his sorrow was his increased affection for his lonely child. His patience, though by no means proverbial, was to her inexhaustible, his indulgence unbounded. As she grew up he fondly taught her all the little he knew; and she learned quickly, for she chose her own time to study. Before she was ten years old, she knew the Old Testament almost by heart, and not a little of the New. She was well versed in tales of shipwrecks, the wars of the Jews, and John Knox's opinions on Church and State. Moreover, she could hold the tiller of the Bonito when under easy sail, mix toddy, mend nets, make pretty ornaments out of sea-shells, and sing like a little mermaid.

In the exercise of such accomplishments, Alice Graeme was growing up into womanhood without suspecting that there was any higher sphere of grace or learning than her own, when her father was summoned away to Bristol. The summons was made by an old friend with whom he had been somehow connected beyond seas; the friend lay in prison on suspicion of piracy, and it seemed that Tam's evidence might prove so serviceable that his friendship was invoked by the offer of one hundred pounds sterling.

Whether it was friendship or profit, or that other matters induced him to leave Scotland at that time, it would be difficult to say; but he determined to accept his friend's offer, and in the meantime sent his daughter to the care of a maiden sister of her mother's, who was living at Annan.

That good lady had been vehemently opposed to the marriage of her young and blooming sister with old Tam; but the dead easily obtain the pardon that concerns them not, and the orphan found in her mother's sister a warm welcome. The child's beauty and winning ways, and her very wildness, soon obtained for her own little person all the interest with which her mother's memory at first invested her. She became to her aunt "as the apple of her eye," as a subject, moreover, for many educational experiments which Aunt Maggie had hitherto longed in vain to try on human nature in order to its perfection. The good lady's system, if such it could be called, vibrated between the sternest discipline and unbounded indulgence. No punishment could be too severe for errors, no solace too great to atone for their punishment.

Alice Graeme became in consequence more wayward and capricious than ever, and it was a fortunate incorrigibility that induced her aunt at last to send her to a neighbouring school.

Meanwhile Tam had returned from Bristol, accom-

panied by his friend, a broken-down and weary man; whose shaking hand and glassy eye betrayed that he had suffered more from excess than from all the hardship and trial to which his life had been long exposed. During the Cromwellian persecution, while yet a mere boy, he had been transported to Barbadoes as an apprentice. Unable to endure the cruelties to which he was there subjected, he had escaped to one of the neighbouring islands, and after many strange adventures among the Indians, he had at length joined himself to the buccaneers in St. Domingo. Finally, either struck with remorse, or believing that his end was approaching, he withdrew himself from his wild comrades, and repaired to England with some small savings. But at Bristol, where he landed, he had been recognised as a pirate by some English sailors, and thrown into prison. On his trial, Tam, with a high character for piety and respectability, had appeared in his favour, sworn to an *alibi*, and brought him off triumphantly in the Bonito, whose skipper he thenceforth became.

Sandie Partan, as this unhappy man was named, was possessed of some qualities that might have made for him a respectable name under more favourable circumstances. He was fearless and truthful; though a pirate, he had a sensitive conscience, and though his manner was rough, he had a kind heart beneath it. The fatal habit of intemperance, in which he had at

first sought refuge from accusing thoughts, had now overmastered him; and he had no friend to encourage him to strive against his tempter. Tam, indeed, prevailed on him to place in his respectable hands all the money that remained to him; but that venerable smuggler never withheld the means of getting drunk; these were given for reasons of his own, as well as from a strong sympathy in the indulgence — one of the few that Tam possessed with anybody.

Strengthened by the acquisition of this new ally, who was a first-rate seaman, Tam extended the sphere of the Bonito's operations. Her speed caused her to be in great request in those times of political intrigue; and more than once Tam received large sums for transporting great personages from the country in which their lives were held in forfeit.

This was an anxious line of business, however; and while it lasted, the old smuggler was well contented to have the care of his daughter off his hands. By degrees, years began to tell upon him; various infirmities of his youth, as if watching their opportunity, assumed strength as he grew weak. When they first "lodged a detainer on him," as he expressed it, other diseases poured in their claims. Tam held out as long as he could, but at last was obliged to confess himself their prisoner, and saw no prospect of release except one, which he was in no hurry to invoke.

Then it was that the old man felt what a blessing

he possessed in his daughter. Desolate indeed are those who, in old age, have neither children, nor those recollections of worthy acts which are the worthiest posterity.

Alice Graeme was summoned to her uncouth home upon the Solway's shore, just as she was dawning into womanhood. She had to part from many hopes, many sources of enjoyment, and many youthful friends, to say nothing of her benefactress, auld Aunt Maggie.

When the hour of her departure arrived, two mules, under the care of Partan, drew up at the wicket that led into Aunt Maggie's small trim garden. Partan was very sober, and proportionably gloomy; the mule he bestrode, and that which he led, looked desperately hopeless; they belonged to an English carrier, and their ordinary solace, a collar of bells, had, as idle gewgaws, been stripped from their necks for the Puritan's service; whilst a gaunt gray mare that bore two fish-panniers for Alice's luggage, looked almost spectral in the dark misty morning.

When the parting with Aunt Maggie, and the solemn lecture that accompanied it were over, Partan saw the house-door open and two girls approaching slowly, locked arm-in-arm, and lingering in their farewell. Alice had hair as black as midnight, with starry eyes beneath it, of uncertain lustre, that shone or flashed as her changeful temper was stormy or serene. Her friend was golden-haired and blue-eyed,

with a soft dreamy air, and grandly-arched eyebrows, that spoke of sentiment and romance. These two girls had been zealous friends at school, and the contrast between them lent to their intercourse almost all the mental charm of a differing sex.

As these two fair girls approached, Partan' felt himself bewildered with admiration. Such a vision took by storm, as it were, an imagination that had never been prepared for such assault: there is no one like a sailor to feel the force of beauty. The old pirate perceived some undefined sense of blessedness come over him, and a suddenly awakened faith in heretofore incredible things. The sunshine that shone upon his heart dispelled that traveller's cloak which many a storm had only folded round him more closely. He thrust an extra quid into his mouth, and received his charge with a look of welcome that was almost affectionate. But Alice was too much absorbed in her own emotions to regard those of the rugged sailor or the woe-begone mule. It seemed to her that such a parting with her Isobel must be a final one: nothing less than such a presentiment could account for its deep pain. Isobel was the first to speak.

"Alice!" she sighed, rather than exclaimed; "here you part at once frae girlhood and frae me! You will, I fear, see neither of us again, ever more. You will soon marry some hero or bold adventurer, who can place a crown of glory on your bright brows. I shall

pass away into calm seclusion, seeking to imitate, as nearly as may be without sin, the convent life of the Romanists."

"Ah, Isobel!" sighed back Alice; "you ken weel that it is not in such manner we shall be separated. I am just sinking into the obscurity of a poor village lassie, and maun soon be forgotten; while for you, Edinburgh, and all the admiration of this bright admirable world wait wi' longing eyes!"

O youth! how enviable are your prophecies, compared with their fulfilment!

CHAPTER VI.

And thou great god of aqua vitæ!
Wha sways the empire o' this city,
(When fou we 're sometimes capernoity,)
Be thou prepared,
To save us frae that black banditti,
The Royal Guard.

FERGUSON.

THE village of Sandilee was composed chiefly of fishermen's huts; Tam Graeme's small "peel," and a public-house, were the principal exceptions to the mud system of architecture. A common, which was green in summer, with a duck pond in the middle of it, formed the centre round which the hamlet lay grouped. Two or three houses in one spot, four or five in another, and so on, shared the shelter of a few gaunt trees, and possessed a common labyrinth of pig-styes and little kail-yards.

The common was fringed by the Solway's pebbly shore, which rose steep and high from the water's edge, and yet when the fitful Frith was lashed into anger by the west wind, it would send its foam and spray far and wide over and among the fishermen's cottages. A rude sort of harbour had been constructed where the Nith flows into the Solway, and in its shelter were drawn up about a dozen fishing-boats,

with the hardy little Bonito, which in her old age was ready for work as ever.

Such was the scene that greeted the dark eager eyes of young Alice Graeme, as she rode into her native village, after an absence of many years. Her journey, though beguiled by Sandie Partan's dimmallest stories, had seemed very tedious. Her imagination had clung to the past, had dwelt upon Isobel, and even upon the kind though stern Aunt Maggie; it rather shrank from the future. Her recollections of Caerlaverock were not very brightly tinted; but now, as she found herself entering its weedy lane, she found the reality still less attractive than she had pictured it. The whole place looked smaller, the cottages more mean, the paths more dirty, the Solway more sombre than she had imagined them to be.

Her father was not at home when she arrived. He was away about some business at Tinwald, the manor-house and small-adjoining tract of land belonging to the laird of the village. Wherefore, as soon as the young traveller had changed her riding-dress, she set out to meet her parent, still accompanied by Partan, who felt too proud of his charge to relinquish it prematurely.

When Alice had last looked upon the old manor-house of Tinwald, its apparent grandeur had filled her childish heart with astonishment. Its tall gables, its flanking towers and connecting line of battlements,

its wide hall-door approached by several steps, the dark pine-wood that rose behind it and stretched away up the hill — all these things had impressed the village child with an idea that very great and precious things must be contained within walls so thick, and precincts altogether so extensive. She now smiled at her early fancies, as she recognised their origin in a formal old house with half a dozen narrow windows, exclusive of the glazed loop-holes in the towers.

A stone bench ran along the walls on either side of the hall-door, and on one of these was seated the old laird himself, a venerable-looking personage, with silver-white hair falling from beneath his wide brimmed hat. On one side of him stood the burly figure of Tam Graeme in the act of returning a leathern purse into his capacious pocket; opposite to him, was a comely young man, holding the reins of a horse accoutred for the road, and with hat in hand, evidently taking respectful but affectionate leave of the old laird.

Alice and her companion paused by an old hawthorn tree to await her father, and it so happened that this tree was close to the path that the young traveller must take in departing from the manor-house. It stood only about two hundred yards off, and Alice could trace in the dumb show of the neighbouring group all that passed between the young laird and his sire. She saw her own father retire to a respectful

distance; she saw old Tinwald lean forward, as his son, with old-fashioned piety, knelt to receive his blessing; and then the young man mounted, and rode away slowly, so far as he was followed by his father's eyes; as soon as he reached the hawthorn tree he was about to start forward at a more rapid pace, when his eyes caught those of Partan. The old sailor advanced respectfully to meet his greeting; a few words were exchanged, and the traveller passed onward, having made a slight bow of courtesy to Alice, whom he did not recognise.

Neither could she trace in the tall, pensive man, the features of that boy whom she had known long years before; who had found her on the shore playing with sea-shells, and had helped her to make a grotto in the rock for her doll; who had often afterwards sought her out, and given her little presents, and one wondrous book with coloured plates. Since those days, her memory had often reverted to the handsome melancholy boy, but she still thought of him as he then appeared, with long curling hair, a beardless lip, and eyes generally fixed upon a book.

Partan gazed after his retiring steps, observing, as in soliloquy, —

“Yon’s a braw chiel for a’ that he’s sae douce like. I hae seen him aboard the Bonito, in a gale o’ wind, when the sea was curling in ‘green’ ower the deck, and the spars bendin’ like a whip, and the

craggs o' Bute unner our lee; and he wad be as calm and more grave than ye're ain bonny face wad look in kirk time. An' it's my opinion he lo'ed the danger for its ain sake. But here comes your father, and I doot he has been furnishing mair siller to the auld laird to speed the young ane's travel."

Alice felt pleased and proud at the suggestion; the natural heart of man, still less of woman, conceives not the mystery of usury; and the embrace with which she welcomed her father was warmed by respect for his benevolence, and, perhaps, by gratitude for having assisted her early friend. It was assistance dearly purchased, however; for the old laird, who kept the state of his affairs, through mistaken kindness, a secret from his son, had already heavily mortgaged his estate to the crafty smuggler.

That evening, Tam's house shone with a look of joy and festivity that it had not worn for many a year. The best of his provision smoked upon the large oak table, the brightest of fires roared heartily in the chimney, the most venerable bottles of whisky, and mildewed jars of schiedam studded the board. Tam's tough old heart had been opened at its only tender place, and gave forth its feelings to his weather-beaten visage, which glowed with the novel joy.

Oh, woman! — whose absence was felt to be a want even in Paradise — how far more necessary is your ministry to fallen man! He may scoff at you,

betray you, trample on your love, — nevertheless, whatever be his treatment, you rise his guardian angel still. Whether it be, indeed, your nature that refines ours, and creates a standard of purity and honour, — to which all but fools or villains aspire, though they may never reach it, — or whether it be a fortunate superstition that invests you with such powers, — in either case, you preserve or deliver us from our coarser selves; you give us somewhat to hope for, something worthily to toil for: be it honour or mere bread that we strive to win, the daughter or the mother, the mistress or the wife comes between us and selfishness, and ennobles our labour. We may be ungrateful for this, among other blessings, and disparage the gentle heart that is nearest ours; but still, the very worst of us believes in woman in the abstract, and her ideal haunts us as the one earthly object that our souls ever yearn after!

It was curious to see poor Alice Graeme sitting at the father's table, agreeably surprised at a decorum and propriety that she knew not was of her own creating. Tam spoke like an elder of the kirk, though such was not always his habit amongst his confidential friends. Swilltap, the publican, was either silent or content to echo the opinions of his neighbour. Partan remained heroically sober; and even Blackbuckit, the captain of a wind-bound collier, did not emit a single oath. And yet, notwithstanding the absence of all the

recognised elements of conviviality, never had Tam's table appeared so cheerful, or his smoky rafters re-echoed such merry laughter. Alice was amused by the novelty of the scene, and excited by her newly assumed importance as the manager of her father's house. She was actually happy at finding herself under her own roof-tree; and gratified by the kind, proud, manner in which her father received her sprightly sallies. Her high spirits were infectious; every one brightened up, and even poor Partan half forgot his gloom.

When Alice retired for the night to her chamber in the tower, however, I do not mean to say that her memory was sufficient to maintain her influence. On the contrary, I fear that the potent spirit, like that in the "Arabian Nights," unimprisoned from bottle and jar, soon got the better of their deliverers; and that in toasting the health of fair Alice, the toppers made considerable inroads on their own.

Those were times in which hard-drinking was carried to an extent incredible to us, though not perhaps to our grandfathers. Imperfect as are the statistics of the seventeenth century, they testify to a consumption of ardent spirits greater than what is now consumed by a tripled population. Civilization and refinement are fatal to the Still; they create an infinite variety of small interests, and dissipate into a thousand channels those violent passions for which savages can only find

a vent in debauchery or war. Scotland, however, is geographically, a spirit-loving country, notwithstanding the staid respectability of its inhabitants. A little further north, and alcohol loses much of its effect on the oleaginous organs of its devotees; a little further south, and the fiery spirit becomes unfitted to the climate, and unacceptable. Ireland, like Scotland, is in a most trying spirit-latitude, and the misery and the high mettle of its people increase the temptation of the joyous Lethæan dram. Some of us can remember when private stills were appendages as natural to an upland farm as a wine-press to a vineyard, and poor Ceres too often lost caste, and sunk into a Bacchanalian drab.

The people of the "western counties," as they were called, passed their lives in times of sore anxiety and cruel excitement. All great national afflictions used, somehow, to produce great intemperance; and the government of Charles II. — still more that of his bigoted and cruel brother — was afflictive enough to justify any amount of whisky in the eyes of those who sought its dangerous comfort or support. Drummond's "Dragonnade" was then in full force in Galloway and the adjoining counties. Hill-preaching was proscribed as one of the deadliest sins against the State; and not only the preacher, but any of his hearers, were liable to military execution while they fled, and to a drum-head court-martial when they were arrested. Their

sentence was decided by officers imbued with the lenity of Lauderdale, and the decorum of the Cossack, in whose school their Drummond and Dalzell had fitly prepared themselves for the service of King James. Their troopers lived at free quarters on the peasantry; and the slightest resistance to their inordinate desires was punished either with the destruction of their humble cottages, or the infliction of the lash, the boot, or the thumbikin upon their bodies.

Tam and his guests, however, had just now forgotten, in conviviality, this and all other sources of vexation, when the tramp of horses was heard, and the hilt of a sabre almost immediately afterwards thundered at the door. A volley of fierce oaths followed, and Tam was fain to rise and open to those who thus came to demand entrance "in the King's name." A non-commissioned officer, with half-a-score of troopers at his heels, burst in, cast his eyes round the room as if to examine the inmates, and then called to "his scoundrels to begone and look to their horses; he would see to their quarters by the time they were done stables."

The sergeant then, moved to suavity and good-humour by the savoury smells that greeted his nostrils, gave Tam a friendly poke in the ribs that sent him spinning to the far corner of the room, damned all his guests for a set of white-livered Puritans, and seizing a bowl of toddy, applied it to the mass of moustache

that concealed his mouth. That orifice must have been capacious, or capillary attraction very strong, for, after a brief application, the bowl was laid down in a reversed position without wetting the table.

“That’ll do well,” exclaimed the trooper, approvingly; “it’s just what my fellows like. You may make a bucket-full of it now, at once, to save time. For you,” he added, turning to the guests, “I would advise you to get home, for you’ll find yourselves wanted there.” So saying, he pointed to the door, and the fugitive toppers could observe there were recent stains of blood upon his gauntlet. That discovery added to their haste, and they withdrew, each to find his house occupied by guests similar to those they had left with their friend Tam. Partan alone lingered about the farm-house; he had no particular sleeping-place, except the fore-castle of the Bonito; and now, half-sobered by alarm and indignation, he determined, as he said, to keep “a spell of watch.”

The rest of the sergeant’s party were soon seated with him at Tam’s table. They told truculent stories with high glee — addressed each other by the name of various fiends, (in derision of the Puritans, who assumed sacred names,) and quickly dispatched what was left of the interrupted banquet. They then began a deep carouse; pledging loudly the health of King James, and confusion to all that their host held in veneration. Meanwhile, that personage looked ruefully

on from his chimney-corner, thinking, in his (comparative) innocence of heart, that such drinking must soon bring itself to a conclusion. A sudden thought at length seemed to strike Sergeant Blastus, as his comrades called him, —

“After business,” he exclaimed, “we may think of pleasure. What base satisfaction it is (after the first bowl or two) to be content with drink alone, when woman’s crowning company may be had for asking. Harkye, old cadaverous, I saw a light in your window up there, and could twig there was a pretty figure inside of it. Jump, you old dogfish, and produce her, or, by the soul of the king, I’ll give you three inches of this carving-fork by way of spur.”

Tam was by no means what could be called a worthy man. On the contrary, in his youth he had seldom lost a chance of committing any pleasant crime, or in his age, of over-reaching; but he had a stout Scottish heart for all that, which was now sustained by generous whisky, and by the novel sense of a father’s responsibility.

“Young man,” he said, firmly; “I will not. Ye hae devoured my substance, and set at nought a’ the right of a free-born Christian, which I wadna say ye be justified in. But before ye affront my child’s hearin’ wi’ your blaspheming immorality, ye’ll hae to trample on her father’s corpse.” And, so saying, he set his back against the door that led to her apartment.

The sergeant laughed, contemptuously — “That’s a simpler matter than you think for, old surly,” he said, grimly. “But, come — we’ve had enough of that sort of thing this afternoon, and I want to forget it in pleasant company; so, if you won’t do the honours of your house, why, I must help myself.” Having thus said, he strode towards the door; when ‘Tam called out at the top of his weak voice, —

“Ailie, child! pit the double-bars anent your door, and whatever ye hear, I charge ye, on your soul, stir not till morning — and —” Here he was interrupted by the grasp of the sergeant on his throat; the next moment he was flung under the table, with such force as to render him insensible. The sergeant then ran up the stairs, and attempted to force the upper door, but it was proof to his strongest efforts. Alice, meantime, shrieked loudly for assistance through her narrow window: but, alas! there were similar cries from other houses, and the whole village, now lighted up by the flames of a poor fisherman’s thatched cabin, presented the appearance of having been given up to pillage. The baffled sergeant was met by the jeers of his now drunken comrades. Swearing a tremendous oath that he would not be balked, he snatched a burning fagot from the fire, and applying it to the stairs, called out to Alice to come down quickly, or die the death of a witch, as she was. Already the smoke had entered the poor girl’s chamber, and she thought that her last

hour was come; when, suddenly, the window was dashed in, and Partan's voice called eagerly to her to escape. She did not hesitate; and the sailor, carrying her in one arm as if she were a little child, let himself quickly down by an old bowsprit, which he had found lying before a fisherman's hut, and had hastily placed against the wall below her window.

Just then, as the sailor was hesitating which way to fly with his charge, an officer, accompanied by a young man in plain clothes, galloped into the village. A trumpet sounded its loud call, and immediately troopers, in various states of inebriety, were seen issuing from the houses round, hastily arranging their dress and accoutrements as they fell into their ranks beside the trumpeter. Great as was the licence of that soldiery at times, their discipline was of the sternest description, for every man well knew that Drummond's provost-marshals did their work without appeal. Scorning all other control, their own officers were generally most promptly obeyed by these men.

The officer who thus summoned his wild followers was a young man, scarcely turned of five-and-twenty. His dress displayed all the richness that the costume of the time permitted, and was of the peculiar fashion then worn at the Court. His countenance, though now flushed with anger and the light of the burning houses, was naturally unused to any display of passion, frank and kind; but the sight that he then wit-

nessed, — one evidently new to him, — was enough to rouse all that was stern in his nature, even if the young man by his side, who was pale as death, had not eloquently adjured him to restrain their course of ruffian violence. There is something more sad in the wreck and ruin of poor men's homesteads than in the sack of the stateliest houses. The latter have something of the air of a fortress, and in their violation may be something of power overthrown; but in the ruined village everything pleads for pity, everything seems helpless, hopeless; the beds, so bare of furniture, flung out upon the road; the naked children, the piteous infirmity of the old, the poor little stock of provisions, the bit of firewood, — all that in daily life lies hidden in sad secrecy, now rudely exposed, wasted, jeered at by pampered and bloated bandits, — we dare not call them soldiers.

The troopers from Tam's house, as they were the most drunken, were the latest to appear, — the sergeant last of all, and in a ferociously bad humour.

"I knew it," he muttered to his comrades, as he reluctantly buckled on his sword; "I knew that whey-faced courtier was no more fit for us than a cow for a bull-fight. Here's the second time he has spoiled our little amusements, but by —" He was interrupted by a voice of thunder, commanding him to fall in; but some evil spirit seemed to have taken posses-

sion of him: he looked round upon his comrades, and received a faint cheer for his resistance.

“Cornet Seignory!” he exclaimed, “I protest against this interference — against men being thus distur —”

“Fall in!” was again shouted, in a voice which every man but the sergeant felt was ominous.

“I tell you, Sir,” he exclaimed again, “by —” He was again interrupted.

“Seize that mutinous rascal,” shouted the young officer; but his men hesitated to obey.

“Then his blood be on your heads!” said the cornet solemnly, as he fired his pistol, — and instantly the tall, powerful trooper fell from the stately attitude he had just assumed into a mere heap upon the ground. His fate had been deserved, even in a military point of view, for the drunken troopers had already begun to waver and murmur; and in such a case mutiny soon spreads. The effect of the sergeant’s punishment was instantaneous; the troop instantly formed into as strict order as was possible in their reeling state. They were struck, not appalled, by their young officer’s determination. They had not believed him capable of it, and he rose immensely in their consideration as, with his remaining pistol in his hand he rode slowly along the line, to mark if there were still any waverers.

Alice gazed on the whole scene with dread and admiration. The young Cornet appeared to her school-

girl imagination in the light of a hero; yet the same hurried glance was able to comprehend his companion, young Tinwald, in its admiration; for his self-possession and his self-command seemed to her almost supernatural. Her next impulse was to look round for her father, but he was nowhere to be seen. Tinwald anticipated her thoughts. He earnestly requested that the troopers might be employed in extinguishing the flames, and he himself rushed into the Peel-house to seek for the old smuggler. He found him slowly coming to his senses; and by the time that the old man was able entirely to recollect himself, the village was restored to some sort of order, and the flames extinguished. The troopers who had refused to arrest their sergeant, first dug for him a hasty grave; and then all, except a strong patrol, headed by the young cornet himself, were allowed to return to rest in the least obtrusive manner they could assume.

CHAPTER VII.

Francesca, sweet, innocent maiden! 'tis not that thy young cheek is fair,
Or thy sun-lighted eyes glance like stars through the curls of thy wind-
woven hair;

'Tis not for thy rich lips of coral, or even thy white breast of snow,
That my song shall recall thee, Francesca! but more for the good heart
below.

Goodness is beauty's best portion — a dower that no time can reduce!
A wand of enchantment and happiness, brightening and strengthening with
use!

One the long-sighed-for nectar, that earthiness bitterly tinctures and taints;
One the fading mirage of the fancy, and one the Elysium it paints.

D. F. McCARTHY.

THE next morning, long before the *reveillée* sounded, the village was astir, but no one yet attempted to repair their damages. Daylight dawned upon a lamentable scene, which was then too common to excite much commiseration, though Sir Standon Seignory, the young cornet, was new to such spectacles. Deeply moved by the misery of the poor villagers, he rode from house to house, dispensing out of his purse such liberal comfort, that most of the fishermen would have welcomed another assault but for the humiliation of it. They regarded with astonishment an officer who, though clad in the king's dread livery, appeared to feel pity and sympathy for the people. His own soldiers, had they witnessed their officer's liberality, would have looked upon him with contempt.

Before long, the troop was mustered and rode away; their cornet being the last to leave the village, followed by the reserved, but deeply uttered blessings of the people. Young Tinwald accompanied him for a short distance, and expressed his admiration of his conduct very heartily.

"I have no doubt, however," replied the young officer, "that old Drummond will look upon it in a very different light. His favourite expression is, that the mettle of soldiers should never be checked, as it cannot be restored. It may be so. I was set upon this service against my will, and I care not how soon I leave it, if I can do so without dishonour."

"And may I ask," said Tinwald, "how you, with your gentle, generous feelings, could ever have become engaged in this bloody service, especially as you have a high position, and a large fortune that must make you independent of any favours to be obtained from king or courtiers?"

"You know," replied Sir Standon, "that my father was a zealous courtier, and before he died, rejoiced to see me settled, as he thought, in the late king's favour. Somehow, one gets accustomed to like a life of courts, — to think everything outside its sphere insipid. I found some favour with King James, and might have held my appointment in peace; but one day I happened to express my surprise at the extreme measures pursued against this unhappy country. My

speech was reported to our king, (whom Heaven preserve!) and his majesty took umbrage at it. The next day I received an order to repair to this my regiment, in which I had long held a commission, though I had never seen it. As it was on actual and somewhat dangerous service, I could not hesitate to join. Last week was my first experience of military life. The day before yesterday I was sent on detached service, in order, I suspect, to try me; and that poor devil of a sergeant was employed as my bear-leader; so perhaps I was wrong in visiting his offence so severely. But I felt that I had no help for it; and besides, he richly deserved such a fate for his unsparing cruelty to a wretched set of Cameronians, whom we were called on yesterday to disperse. I think he cut down half-a-dozen with his own hand, after I had had the recall sounded."

"He was most righteously punished, in my opinion," replied Tinwald; "and if my humble testimony can avail anything, I pray you command me."

"To say truth," said the officer, "it would do me no service, though I thank you for your offer. Nay, though contrary, perhaps, to the strict letter of my duty, I will confess to you that your name is on the list of the suspected. You have been 'delated' of harbouring rebels, and abetting their obstinacy. For the sake of old acquaintance, I must conjure you to be cautious about this matter in future, for our rulers

are as insatiable in fines as they are ruthless in other respects. With this I must bid you God speed, for I have to meet my commanding-officer at Traquair by noon, and I must press on my people to be in time."

He joined his troop. They moved on rapidly over the hill, across the Lochar Moss, their steel caps and brilliant accoutrements glittering in the morning sun. Tinwald gazed after them, and then, as he turned his horse's head towards home, exclaimed, "Pity that such a brave pageant should suggest nothing but deeds of oppression that sully their cause, and cruelties that degrade their valour. And yon poor youth, their leader, with his fine but unstable character, how much he is to be pitied in being condemned to such a service!"

Sir Standon Seignory, who was thus compassionated, was a baronet of ancient family and large estates in Yorkshire. He had visited Edinburgh as page to the Duke of York, during that prince's brief but odious government of Scotland. One evening, the page with another of the Duke's attendants, was set upon in the streets of Edingburgh, and had been rescued by Tinwald and some of his young associates at college. Thence sprung an acquaintance which, after a long interruption, had been renewed on the previous day. As Tinwald was journeying from his father's house, he had met the advancing troop commanded by Sir Standon; the latter had courteously explained his

commands to quarter for the night at the old Manor-house, and Tinwald had consequently returned to do the honours of his home. The uproar in the village had alarmed them just as they were retiring to rest, and hence their sudden appearance in the height of the disturbance.

On his return to Sandilee, the young laird found the people busily engaged in repairing the disasters of the night before. They wrought cheerfully at their work, especially the fisherman, the flames of whose cottage had lighted up the scene. He now boasted that he had himself set fire to it, rather than endure the insults and sinful language of the troopers, which he feared would bring the rafters down about his ears. "And two hundred pounds Scots" (£10), he added, gleefully, "that the man of sin paid me, will make her a bonnier shieling than she ever was afore."

Old Tam was sleeping off his terrors on a temporary bed on his kitchen-table, and his daughter was sitting alone on the sea-shore. There she meditated ruefully on what seemed to her like a troubled dream, and wondered whether every night in the country was like the last, and whether people's rest was always broken by such demons, and the disturbance atoned for by such heroes as the cornet and the young laird. How grand they had looked, as the fierce fire-light glared on them, and all the angry faces of the soldiers! What a story it would all be for Isobel!

While thus she was musing, the fatigue of the past night gradually prevailed over her. The waves were murmuring softly and monotonously at her feet; the soft south wind played upon her cheek, and stirred her tresses gently on her breast. Sleep crept over her senses, and gradually relaxed her attitude into that which harmonized best with her fairy-like figure. Beautiful as a dream herself, she softly entered into the land of dreams.

The way from the village to the Manorhouse lay along the shore; the tramp of Tinwald's horse produced no sound from the silent sand. The rider dismounted, and approached Alice unperceived; he was at first alarmed on finding her there alone, so pale and still and unconscious. But as he gazed breathlessly on the unexpected vision, he saw with delight a faint colour flushing through the whiteness of her cheek, whether it was the warmth of sleep, or a dim dreamy sense of his presence that brought it there. He bethought him that it was — that it might be — right to watch over her for a little; perhaps to offer his services, or at least to inquire how it fared with her after her recent escape. While these thoughts were passing through his mind, some strong and subtle spell seemed to steal into his heart. He had never before felt the existence of that organ, except in its beating. He now recognized a sort of aching sense pervading it; something palpable seemed to press upon

it. According to the rigid mode of education that then prevailed in the sect to which he belonged, he had been almost as much secluded from female society and presence as if he had been a monk. All the vague intuitive thoughts concerning women that had from time to time visited his imagination, now assumed a visible and most lovely shape. The fascination rushed in upon him at once, like the Solway's tide, breast high.

Meanwhile the sleeper's rest became troubled; her spirit became conscious of the presence of the earnestly-gazing eyes that were invisible to her corporeal consciousness. Tinwald, with a strong effort, retired softly, and at last rode away, leaving a dream behind him with her, who returned to deep sleep when she felt that nothing but earth and sea and sky were round her.

The old man was overjoyed to find his son returned; still more so when he professed himself contented to remain at home, and take care of the household gods. For the lad had been ever prone to rambling, and at times had even betrayed longings to visit distant regions of the earth, that in those days appeared to be surrounded by unspeakable dangers. This erratic tendency was "the only ae thing he ever faulted in douce Willie," in whom he vested all the pride that his old heart could hold.

And well might he be proud of him; for Scotland,

in all her brave array of worthies, boasts no peaceful name more honourable than that of William Paterson. All vulgar fame of him was soon lost in the misfortunes that clouded over his bright star; but the star itself shines on for all eyes that will seek for it, in its own high region of pure and benevolent speculations which float above the world's bewildering and misty atmosphere.

But it was not for his genius, or his grand conceptions, that the old laird honoured as well as loved his son. It was for the spotless purity of his life, for his high sense of honour, his disinterestedness, his self-control. His learning was extensive, but unostentatious and unpretending, as becomes the true dignity of a scholar. His sobriety was such that he was never known to taste any beverage but water,* and yet his energies were indomitable as they were concentrated and calm. The absence of all selfishness seems to have been a positive defect in his character; it involved the want of that ever-earnest, striving, combative spirit, that "o'ermastering will" so generally essential to the advancement of all worldly interests.

The personal appearance of this singular man was, as it were, an index of his moral qualities; tall and upright in figure, with clear blue eyes, a forehead high rather than broad, an energetic nostril, and a

* See Dalrymple's "Memoirs."

grave benevolent-looking mouth. Such was the man who revealed to the poorest and most persecuted nation in Europe the most brilliant colonial speculation that ever engaged the human mind.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nature never made
A heart all marble; but, in its fissures, sows
The wild flower Love; from whose rich seeds spring forth
A world of mercies and sweet charities.

BARRY CORNWALL.

TIME passed on, and all traces of the trooper's visit to Sandilee had disappeared. Rumours of dark atrocities, such as the execution of the "Christian Carrier" * and the "Two Margarets," from time to time reached the village; but its own remoteness and

* John Brown, of Lanarkshire, received this appellation from his religious life and irreproachable character. His only crime was non-attendance at the public worship of the Episcopalians. Claverhouse himself found him, as he was at work upon the moor that surrounded his lonely cottage. When examined, he confessed the fact of his nonconformity, and Claverhouse ordered his instant execution. The poor fellow knelt down upon the ground before his own door, and prayed earnestly; his wife and little child shrieking for mercy at his side. For once, even that soldiery shrank from the office of executioners. Claverhouse in a fury drew out his own pistol and shot the "Christian Carrier" dead before his prayer was done.

The "Two Margarets" were aged, one eighty years, the other only eighteen; but they had the same constancy. They refused to conform, and were hurried away to the Solway shore, where the tide rises very rapidly. There the older woman was fastened to a stake near low water-mark, and the maiden to one higher up, — so that she saw her old companion first slowly and painfully drown: but she would not recant. As the water rose to her own knees, and on to her bosom and her throat, she still sung psalms and refused to listen to the voice of those who conjured her to yield. At length her voice was hushed by the waters. Then, half-drowned, she was dragged on shore and once more offered life, but in vain; she was still firm, and was flung into the Solway to perish.

insignificant population saved it from similar visitations.

Tam Graeme had never wholly recovered from the sergeant's rough handling, and now seldom left his house. He withdrew from all active business, and it is believed that his professions of piety were no longer hypocritical. Whether it was the presence of his daughter, or the serious considerations engendered by the nearer view of death that produced this change, might be uncertain even to himself.

But though his outward life became decorous, and his habits of intemperance reformed, the Tempter still retained one strong hold in his heart. The passion of covetousness increased as others lost their strength, and the poor sinner's meditations were shared between future gain and past guilt. Partan had unintentionally increased his craving after gold into a passion. In one of his drunken fits of confidence, he had revealed to the old smuggler that he knew of a certain rich treasure buried by the Spanish Main; and visions of that treasure haunted Tam's imagination perpetually. Indeed, but for this, he would probably have separated himself from Partan altogether, as disreputable, and a bar to his progress in well-doing; for Tam was selfish even in the most unselfish of all things—his Christian creed.

Partan, therefore, not only maintained his seat in Tam's chimney-corner, (though he never darkened the

kirk door,) but, unfortunately, was still supplied with an unlimited allowance of his fatal beverage, in the hope of eliciting some further revelation of his important secret. However, he preserved the most profound silence, saying, when pressed upon the subject, "that it was the deil's treasure laid up by the deil's men, and wae wad he be that howkit at it now." Moreover, he had made a solemn vow never to cross the seas again, "and sae, there was an end on't." Tam was of another opinion.

Meanwhile, young Tinwald had adapted himself to the habits of country life, and divided his time between his favourite studies and the care of his father's farm. The old laird observed this with infinite satisfaction, only chequered by fear that his son would become acquainted with the embarrassment of his estate, and lose heart under such a discovery. His hope had once been that his son would enter into holy orders, and thus secure for himself an independence, as his grandfather, who died Bishop of Glasgow, had done before him. Episcopacy was still the law in Scotland, and promised preferment for one so rarely qualified to support it as William Paterson. But the young laird was not thus minded, though some of his meagre biographies have represented him as a preacher. He had too much sympathy with his suffering fellow-countrymen, to join himself to such a body as then disgraced their sacred calling by perse-

cution; and so, though a true son of the Church, and, moreover, grandson of a bishop, he preferred retaining his layman's independence.

Besides all this, the love of travel, — the most unquenchable of loves, — had taken possession of his heart. He pined in the narrow limits of his native parish; and desired to enter on a wider sphere of observation, with a longing that nothing but filial piety could overcome. As he saw more of Alice however, another feeling began to weave round him an almost imperceptible coil, and rendered the air that she breathed, the soil that she trod, more endurable — nay, more precious in his eyes. He often found himself strolling by the sea-shore with Partan, though he ceased to make long voyages in the Bonito. He had always listened with avidity to the buccaneer's stories of the distant lands which he so desired to visit, and now he took a greater interest in the old man, because he was almost domiciled with Tam Graeme's fair daughter.

In short, the young student was more than half in love, and more dangerously so, because he was unconscious of it.

Partan, at this time, enjoyed a double share of popularity, for Mistress Alice was also fond of listening to his wild stories of the Spanish Main. That romantic region was then a fertile source of dread interest, for few Britons engaged in lawful pursuits had ever ap-

proached it with impunity. But the village girl knew nothing of the crimes associated with its very name, and she was keenly alive to its romance.

The Bonito was now laid up upon the shore, and Partan's chief occupation consisted in watching affectionately over his favourite "boatie," and occasionally repairing her delicate frame. Often in summer, while thus employed, Alice would carry her spindle to the shore, and as she spun, would listen to the old sailor's stories until she had wormed out of him many an adventure that was never intended to be known beyond the bright blue sea or palmy shore on which it had occurred. By degrees the names of Morgan and the fierce Olonois, and the exterminating Montbara, and other buccaneers, became familiar to her imagination as undoubted heroes. Of course their atrocities were passed over, or closely veiled by their reformed follower, and only their supernatural bravery and occasional fits of generosity dwelt upon. At times the garrulous old sailor (for he *was* garrulous to Alice, though silent and surly to most others) introduced young Tinwald into the category of his heroes, and described how he united, in his own nature, all the glorious qualities of a buccaneer, and the excellencies of a "gude Christian."

The frequent introduction of this personage into Partan's stories, by no means detracted from their interest to Alice. Every young heart is as a shrine

which feels a painful sense of vacancy until some image, real or imaginary, is enthroned there. Partan's hero was at once raised to that sweet perilous position by the village beauty; and having so adopted him, she was never weary of hearing his praises sung by the old seaman — "Sae wise was he, and sae gracious; as bauld as a gamecock and as gentle as a doo."

It was thus that Partan himself soon became an object of interest to the lively and imaginative Alice. He had the reputation of being misanthropic, — a character of all others least intelligible to a young and kindly heart overflowing with love to all created nature. He was an object of mystery, too, for no one knew whence he came, and his accent alone betrayed his Scottish origin. In his youth he must have been a man of large and comely proportions, though premature decay and dissipation had bent his frame, and a wound or some other accident had almost disabled his left leg, and given him an ungainly gait. He was never known to converse willingly with any of the villagers; when not employed, he would sit for hours on some solitary rock, gazing at the sea: those who at such times caught glimpses of his countenance, declared that it wore an aspect of ferocity — they might have said more truly, of despair. In outward observance, the old seaman's life seemed blameless, but for the one old fault, which in those days was

scarcely deemed a vice. He could not resist the temptation of strong liquors, whenever, or by whomsoever offered; and this was scarcely to be wondered at, for, under their false support, he would rise out of his usual despondency into the bold and manly bearing that once must have been natural to him. To the thoughtful eye, such lucid intervals were sadder than his darker state.

Tinwald, who exercised a sort of missionary vocation amongst his people, had often tried to rescue his humble friend from this besetting sin, but of course in vain. Such a reformation can only be effected by the sinner himself, and requires energies on his part that he can command no longer; hence its hopelessness. Nor was our young philosopher's mind altogether at ease on its own account. A vague sense of remorse haunted all his thoughts connected with Alice, and he had few that were not so connected. It appeared to him just possible that she might come to care for him; and if so, what might be the consequences? His father's pride would never listen to his son's marriage with the child of a disreputable and obscure old sailor; and his own irrepressible yearning to travel imposed another obstacle, though not so strong a one.

Many swift-footed months had gone by, and notwithstanding all these considerations, the young laird found himself growing daily more intimate with Alice Graeme, and gradually became a frequent inmate of

her father's house. Unrestrained by any of the prudential considerations that disturbed his mind, the village girl gave herself up without reserve to the pleasure of his society.

A lovely, loving child of nature was this Alice Graeme: agonised by trifles, heroic under trials; scornful of the restraint of others, timid and diffident where her own sense of delicacy was concerned. Longing to love and to be beloved, yet severe towards herself and wayward with her lover, when an object worthy of her aspirations was discovered: yet she only saw him through the colouring prism of imagination that has beguiled so many, from Eve downwards. She saw Tinwald moving upon the earth as one superior to all mankind; his figure, appeared to her too noble to be disguised in the common garb of mere humanity; his far-ranging thoughts, his grand conceptions, were the standard by which she measured his soul, and its dimensions seemed to her though graceful yet gigantic. Had his manner towards her been lofty and condescending, she would have bowed before him in deferential love. But her woman's pride and sense of privilege was awakened and cherished by Tinwald's humility towards her. Why should she not accept the crown that a heart like his would place upon her brow? Why not ascend a throne which such a sovereign spirit had offered her? In short, she felt inclined to play the queen — the tyrant — if

only for the power of descending hereafter from her high estate graciously to bless her subject.

And strange to say, this treatment suited Tinwald. It gratified even *his* chastened pride to feel that his allegiance was accepted by one who bore herself as if she had a right to receive it; whilst it absolved him from the painful sense of having won affections that he might never be able lawfully to claim. "Let what may betide," thought he, "it is I alone who can suffer; she looks on me with condescension, or at most with compassionate sympathy. I am free to act as my destiny seems to dictate, without incurring any penalty but that which my own heart may suffer from abandoning what is loveliest to it of all earthly things."

This sad security of her lover was the price that Alice paid for the gratification of her vanity and waywardness; and such will be the case oft recurring whilst the world endures. These two young spirits were each awed and deceived by the fancied superiority of the other; and therefore Tinwald, the young philosopher, thought he might freely enjoy all that he could obtain of the society he loved, and do no wrong. Reader! did you never labour under a similar delusion?

One summer Sabbath evening, Alice had wandered forth upon the shore, to watch the sunset and enjoy the contemplative silence of an hour when all earth

and sea seems settling to repose. On passing a projecting rock, she came suddenly and unperceived on Partan. He was leaning moodily against an old anchor that had almost crumbled away in its own rust. The sunset was shining softly on his weather-beaten visage, and threw the shadow of his gaunt figure in strong outline on the sands.

Alice was struck by the picture that he presented. But she soon ceased to enjoy its picturesqueness when she observed the pained and sullen expression of the features on which Heaven's loveliest light was shining so serenely. That worn old face, however, lighted into a welcoming smile when Alice approached him: making a rude sort of reverence, he said "that he had just been thinking to seek out Mistress Alice and to ask her advice." Then without further preamble he proceeded to say, that he was getting old, and sometimes very infirm, and he did not know the hour when he might be released from earth.

"Noo, leddie," he continued, "amang mony a darker secret, I hae ane that might belike turn to good, an it came frae other lips than mine. Your father, leddie, wad gie his ears to hear tell o' a treasure which I ken lies buried in a certain spot in the West Indies; but it might be better for him, seeing he is sae auld, not to larn what wad fash his avaricious saul, and unsettle ony bit o' peace he may hae found." — Here he was interrupted by Alice,

who exclaimed indignantly, "You may mean well, but you strangely forget yourself."

"Would God I cou'd! — would God I cou'd!" exclaimed the old man with passionate bitterness. "Weel, I mun crave yer pardon, leddie. I 'm little wont to gie or tak' saft words; and if yer pure heart see nae harm in't, I'll e'en tell your father the nicht, and let him do as he wull wi' it. 'T wad harm him less, may be, to trade awa' the bit boatie to the West at ance, than to be smuggling on these coasts and not mak' as muckle in a hunder year as I sall pit him in way o' winnin in ae hour. An' he kens something o' t already."

"Speak not of it this night, at all events," answered Alice; "it is the Sabbath, when all earthly thoughts should rest."

"Aweel, aweel, leddie, be it sae; gude is it for sic as *can* rest; I'll just bide a bit, and consult the young laird about the matter first."

Soon after this interview, Partan and Tinwald met at the old smuggler's house. The latter was ostensibly detained there by the weather, which, until lately, he had been accustomed utterly to disregard. The tempest howled without, and the Solway roared; but within, the cheerful blaze rose high, and the old seafarers, one in each ingle nook, smoked their pipes, and sipped their toddy, and spun old yarns of such storms long ago upon the high seas. In front of the fire sat Alice,

spinning at the humble yet graceful wheel, which paused from time to time in its pleasant whirr whenever the laird joined in the old men's talk. Gradually, however, the young people became absorbed in their own conversation, and the old seafarers fell into more and more confidential chat.

"And sae," muttered Tam to his comrade, "ye wull no tak' the bit boatie ayont the seas to the Lugies and seek for the buried gowd? You're aith, heh! I hae heard eneugh o' that aith agen crossing the line. Ye wad no be sae strict 'gin it were agen whisky ye war pledgit:"

"I'm no an elder o' the kirk," retorted Partan, "or aiblins I might counsel ye to hae mair respec' to a sworn aith. But an ye maun hae the grave-gold howkit up, ye maun e'en do it yersel'. I will specify the spot till ye, and a sma' pairt will aye content me for my share. I get auld, and hae few wants the now, forbye what the aits and barley can supply at a sma' rate."

Tam filled the old sailor's beaker to the brim with the fiery spirit that had made a wreck of as stalwart a form as ever trod a plank. Partan looked round a little bashfully, but seeing Alice and Tinwald's attention engaged with one another, he extended his trembling hand to receive the delusive poison. As he gulped it down, his dimmed eyes recovered their lustre, his hand ceased to shake, his voice sounded no longer

hollow from his sunken chest; he looked, spoke, and perhaps felt like a man. His destroyer had given him a lucid interval, as usurers from time to time feed the extravagance of their destined victims.

CHAPTER IX.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Hath never pass'd away;
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

COLERIDGE.

THE wind now blew a gale, and the Solway roared more fiercely beneath its fury, but the fire only burned the brighter, and Alice's sweet voice was carolling an old ditty to Tinwald, whose ear was deaf to every other sound. Tam was too intent on the topic of the buccaneer's buried treasure to heed either song or storm, and Partan, already in the seventh heaven of intoxication, was carried back in imagination to the scenes of his youth upon the Spanish Main. So busy was he with these crowding memories, that Tam found it necessary to recall him to the subject of the treasure.

"How was it, comrade," said he, in a low confidential tone, "that you never spoke clearly to me o' this matter until last nicht?"

"I never thocht to have telled it till ony ane," replied Partan; "but somehow, when I was in my drink, I got thinking on yon bonnie lassie, and how that that evil treasure might turn to gude in sic hands

as hers; an' if I died this nicht (and I'm but a puir broken down carle, God help me!) the knowledge of it wad be lost a'thegither; and now that my heart's open, I'll tell you, Tam, what cost me a fearful exper'ence to larn; an' when I'm gane, or when ye find an able and willin' callant to do your wark, he'll just find the treasure as easy as he'd find the North Star on a frosty nicht.

“Ye'll mind that the French buccaneers were aye a shuperstitious set o' de'ils. I wot na weel which were waur, their profanity or their papistry. Now, ye yersel' took but a short turn amang us, and did na learn half their ways. One trick they had, that if a man got hold o' ony considerable treasure, he wad hide it on some lanely spot until he was free of the Brotherhood; and could seek it in safety to gang awa' till Europe, and spend it like a Christian amang wine and women. Now, ye'll see it wasna easy to hae this treasure watched by the living, sae they were desirous to hae it in safe keeping o' the dead; and I often heard tell that they made their Ingian slaves, or some Spanish pris'ner, dig the hole and bury the gold, and then they cut his throat upon the spot, and his wraith was believed to haunt it for aye after. Ah, Tam! I ken some spots that, far frae papish as I be, I wadna come near by nicht for a' the gowd aneath the sun, — spots that, by day, look all green and lovely like; but by nicht, ah! they be peopled wi' ghaists, moving to

and fro, shadowy-like, and sounds unearthly and faint to the ear, as the shadows to the een. Many a man has laid down treasure there, but few have ever howkit it up again.

“But to my ain story. I dinna muckle like to think, far less to speak on’t. But ye’re a bauld chield, Tam; and gin ye hae it aince, ye’ll keep it safe eneugh, I reckon. Ye ken where the Gulf Stream rins weltering amang the string o’ islands and rocks by Gracias? — Weel; east by nor’ o’ the Cape, there lies a wheen sma’ rocks, called Caxones, or Kakonies by the Ingians. There’s five o’ ’em stand thegither, like the pops on a die; and the sea rins in whirl-pools a’ round the inner island; and the jagged coral gies it a bluidy look; and the deadly blue sharks, and the cruel cat-fishes, and the slimy tangle, are a’ shimmering in the welterin’ waters. The centremost island isn’t aboon half a mile ower; it’s shaped amaist like a coffin, and covered o’er wi’ a ghaistly gray sand, and a few stunted trees twisted all shapes, in agony like, by the hurricanes. One of them is a cedar-tree; and jist a dozen yards east of it there lies sic a skeleton as man never saw afore.”

Here the old buccaneer bent forward towards his friend, who shuddered in mere sympathy, as the former dropped his voice, and continued:

“That skeleton has neither leg-banes nor arm-banes, yet it lies jist sic as life left it; an’ its gruesome teeth

are clenched on the neck o' another skeleton lying crosswise by its side. Eh! that I should tell o' what has been haunting me this mony a year!"

"But the treasure, Sandy," interrupted Tam, who was by no means a slave to imagination; "what the de'il hae the uncanny banes to do wi' the treasure?"

"The accursed gowd lies buried aboon thretty paces off, bearing south by west fra' the skeleton. Him that hid it could gang nae farther wi' that deadly grip upon him.

"In those days I sailed as boatswain's mate in the Black Bess; we was about half English and half French aboard; and if hell's a waur place than that same ship, the deil maun hae a sair berth o't. Our surgeon was a Frenchman, I believe; if he was ever born naturally at all, for never a man had less o' woman in him. He was an awfu' bein', and the men were mair afear'd o' his curings than o' a' the enemy's wounds. He wad examine a puir fellow's banes and quivering flesh as if it was a pretty pictur', and no leevin' nature; and yet nae man dare question him. One day we took a Spaniard, and, as we thought, a' her men had walked the plank. The medicine kist, wi' ither spulzie, fell to the surgeon's share; but when it was opened, he found nought withinside save a miserable mulatto that had hidden himself there. Well, he was dootless sair vexed, but he only laughed a horrid laugh, and said to the tremblin' creetur, 'Ye

needna fear, friend; ye're fa'en into gude hands. I'll na kill ye, I'll only operate on ye.' The puir soul thought o' naething but the saved life, and fell at his knees, thanking him wi' tears o' gratitude. That day the surgeon let him alane, for he had wark eneugh wi' our ain wounded; and sae it was the next day. But at last, he wanted amusement, and sae he just cut off the mulatto's right leg, to try some new experiment. Weel, he war a cleever chiel, wi' a' his devilry; and he soon made his patient sound agin. But the voyage was a lang and weary ane; so, to try some ither experiment, he cut off the ither leg o' the cretur. I winna tell ye how the mulatto looked, nor what he said; but we aboard the ship war nae chickens, I promise ye, and yet we were terrified at what used to pass atween them twa; ane wi' the tongue, and the ither wi' the knife. I dinna rightly ken a' the ways that the surgeon had o' takin' his diversion at intervals, for we a' got as far out o' the way as we could whenever he went nigh the mulatto's berth. But, when we were near Tortuga, on our return frae a long cruise, the mulatto was naething but a mere trunk only; arms and legs a' gane, and yet wi' devilish art and cruel skill he was still keepit alive.

"At last it happened as we were cruising off the Caxones, that the captain had a tulzie wi' the surgeon; the haill crew was lang sick o' him, and when the captain proposed that he sud be marooned on yon

islan', every man in the ship shouted for joy; a score o' hands hasted to hoist out the boat. Even the Mulatto body tried to cheer, and the surgeon heard it, and smiled on him ance mair.

"*We* won't part, at all events. By the laws of our Bròtherhood, I have a right to my own property, Captain Morgan,' he said; 'and I claim this my prisoner and patient, with my chest.'

"Sandy, that surgeon was a bauld man! He was quite willin' to go to that lanely islan' laded wi' the curses o' the crew, and only that puir ruined body to keep him company. This deil incarnate then went below, and pretended to pack up instruments and papers, and things in his kist, but I watched him closely, and know that there was a sight o' gowd and precious stanes there; besides biscuits, and brandy, and fish-hooks, with ammunition and pistols; and for all they gi'ed him but five minnits for the job, he packed his kist as cannily as though he had ta'en a month to do it. Weel — we landed him and his kist, and though we tried hard agen it, we were forced to land his Mulatto creetur' too: — for, you see, if we broke one part o' the Brotherhood's rules, there wad be nae hope for the rest. So we lifted the kist up against the lonely cedar on the island, and set the Mulatto doon hard by.

"I dinna like, to this day, to think o' the last look he lookit at us, as we gaed awa'. Wad ye think

it? I kissed the puir pale laddie (as I couldna shake him by the hand), and I was tempted to put my knife intil him for mercy, but I daured na; I feared that surgeon deil, sitting there on his kist, looking round that lanely isle, independent o' us a', and — as we thought — of doom itself. We hurried to get away. I was the last man leaving the land. I dinna ken how it was, but, just as tho' the deivlish surgeon had the ordering o't — for all he could not see us where we sat — the whilst I was casting off the painter, the boat capsized in the surf; the water was all whiskit into foam; the sharks were thick as herrins; my three shipmates went down, and I never saw them mair. Oh! it was terrible to be left, coming on nicht, upon that island, with the fearfu' surgeon and his prey. But I was fascinated to keep them in sight. I crept along the sand, and under the shade of the mangroves, inch by inch, until I got a better view o' him. There he was, fancying we were a' awa'; for he was thinking 'o' himsel' alane, and never lookit after the boat. He had emptied the chest, and was sorting its contents — biscuits, powder, gold pieces, doctor's tools, jewels and pearls by handfuls, pistols and books — sic a confusion! He had, afore this, digged a hole, well nigh as deep as himsel', in the saft sand, and into this he tossed all the gold and precious stanes, leaving just room eneugh for a body, and a wee bit sand to lay o'er it. He then sat him down to enjoy

himself wi' a biscuit and a drap o' brandy; then, lighting his pipe, he turned his uncanny een on the Mulatto. 'I 've nearly done wi' ye,' that look seemed to say; 'but ye maun serve me ae gude turn mair. I 'll finish you here, and you 'll jist haunt this 'spot till I can come back for what's in it, at my leisure.' The Mulatto did not look daunted as those terrible een keeked into his face; the bitterness of death was passed wi' him, nae doot; nor yet when the surgeon lifted him (he was light eneugh!) upon the sand near to the treasure. The creatur weel ken't for why he was put there. 'Deevil!' he moaned out, faintly and defiantly, 'you 've but a short time longer to torment me; I hear the death-rattle coming now.'

"The surgeon bent down his ear close by the dying man. I saw the fire o' vengeance flash into his glazing een; his dismembered body bent for a moment, like a fish springing fra the ground; I heard a husky noise. The surgeon strove to loup an' get himself on his feet, but the Mulatto was fast to him, and lifted ~~thrott~~ wi' him. He had seized him by the thrapple wi' his teeth, and when the surgeon tried to pu' him awa', he only tore his ain flesh. I couldna hae gaed up to them if I would. I buried my face in my hands and ran away. But a dreadful sound was in my ears, lang lang after those who made it were still eneugh. It was then a' but dark. I dinna ken how that terrible nicht was past. I believe I was daft; I kept

pacing the shore, till the boat frae the ship took me off the next day. When I came to mysel', I told it to the captain, and wanted him to go back, but he said we were unco far awa', and bade me speak o't to naebody. I believe he thocht to seek after the treasure himsel'. I was landed, soon after, at Tortuga, sick o' brain fever, or sommut, and the Black Bess foundered, in a hurricane, with all hands. Years passed by afore I could manage to get back to Dead-man's Isle, as we ca'ed it, wi' a canoe and a couple of Indians. I found the maimed skeleton lying alongside o' the perfect one, whose banes war' stretched in a' directions as if still in agony. The gumless teeth of the ane were still clinched whar' the throat o' the ither was ance; but the red ants had picked a' the lave o' them quite clean. I left the Indians in the boat, and worked sair at the treasure, but a sun-straik fell on me, and I was carried awa' by the Indians, half dead; and, before I recovered, I made a vow never to approach that island ony mair, but to leave to the deil the deil's spulzie."

"Hoot, toot, man," exclaimed Tam, as he refilled his pipe, "ye war wrang there; if it war a righteous deed to make spulzie o' the Egyptians, because they were enemies o' Israel, muckle mair blessed wad it be to make spulzie o' the deil, whilk is the enemy o' all mankind, and o' gospelling Scots in particular."

Partan made no reply, his spirits were exhausted,

and his chin fell upon his breast. Alice, with horror in her looks, gazed on the old buccaneer, and with almost equal fear on young Tinwald, who seemed fascinated by a story which transported him to scenes that he had long dreamed of. Tam, too, felt influenced by the tale in his own way. Nudging his drowsy comrade, he whispered, "Ken ye about, man, what might be the amount o' the surgeon's treasure, or an average on it?" But Partan was asleep; in a few minutes he sank down at full length upon the settle; and, from the restless state of his slumbers, the lookers on might well guess that his dreams were haunted by no good angels.

Tam, seeing that nothing more could be got out of his comrade at present, lighted his little lamp, and limped off to bed; wishing the young laird a "Gude nicht," and enjoining Alice to put the fire out, and see that the door was fast. Still Tinwald lingered, though he had risen to take his departure. Alice looked at him timidly, and then said, as she turned away towards the fire, —

"I see — I see, that your mind is still fixed on those dreadful countries beyond sea. Yet they seem accursed of God and man; and what can be their attraction for you, who care not for gold, and abhor violence? As well might the red deer seek to harbour with the mountain wolves, as you with such men as

poor Partan seems to have risked his soul and ruined his body by consorting with."

"It is pleasant to me to think that you can care what becomes of me," replied Tinwald; "but I feel that sooner or later my destiny lies among those people. From my very boyhood I have longed to visit them, and, if it may be, leave some token for good behind me when I am gone. I know not whether it be what is called a missionary zeal that impels me; but sure I am that it is no selfish or avaricious spirit that has thus prompted me to forego my country, and all that is dear to me. Yet the Western World is not the purgatory that you believe. Each of its islands is a paradise of beauty, and of all other things that heaven indulgently bestows, and man seems destined to pollute. It must be by some hideous mistake that Christian men first plunged those once happy islands into misery; and, going on from crime to crime, have themselves arrived at a pitch of wickedness which staggers credulity. But fierce and cruel as those buccaneers may be, they are still human. There must be some virtue left where there is such heroism; and what an innocent glory it would be to recall even one of them from ruin, and by degrees to regenerate the beautiful and wretched countries they oppress!"

In this manner the enthusiast continued to dilate upon his hopes and plans; rather for the sake of continuing his conversation with Alice on a safe subject,

perhaps, than from any hope of converting her to his views.

It was almost daylight when he reached his home. His father had taken it into his head to be uneasy about his absence, and had sat up for him. As soon as he presented himself, the old man's fear changed itself into wrath; nor was his indignation allayed when he discovered the cause of his son's dissipation. "He might," he said, "have long suspected it; but he never could bring himself to believe that a son of his could stoop to the prospect of a low and sordid alliance; or, to what was so much worse, that he would not name it." All this and much more did the old laird utter and anathematise.

The next day, his son gravely and respectfully renewed the subject; confessed his desire to make Alice his wife, and endeavoured to argue his claim to have some voice in such a matter.

If the old laird was silent during this long address, it was only because he was half choked by indignation. When at length he found words, they approached too nearly to a ban upon his son, and his son's choice, to be unnecessarily repeated. Suffice it to say, that Tinwald went forth from his presence, discomposed for almost the first time in his life; yet, with "auld world" filial piety, resolved to sacrifice his happiness to his father's will.

CHAPTER X.

To thy noble heart

The harder would appear the truer duty.

SCHILLER.

IN man's labyrinthine relations with woman, there is no path but one, which does not, sooner or later, lead to the Minotaur of self-reproach. And of all these, there is none more perplexing than the means of inoffensively withdrawing from affections of which you have no right to presume yourself possessed. In this, as in other cases, the most sensitive and honourable minds, are, unconsciously, the most cruel: they will not act so ungenerously as to elicit proofs that they are loved; they will not run the risk of placing themselves in a false position by assuming it. And therefore they betake themselves to a more cruel course than either; they try to starve out the garrison, which not having openly revolted from, they may not storm. They withhold all the nutriments that the old love lived upon — kind words and kinder looks, and watchful attentions; they stop up all the many channels by which one heart pours itself into another. Thus, it is presumed, it was with Tinwald. He would not humble Alice by repudiating her love, which only in the most secret recess of his own honest heart he allowed him-

self to suspect. He tried by distance and cold demeanour, to turn it into indifference towards him, or even into indignation. He arrived at this resolution with no slight effort; but having once convinced himself on which side his duty lay, he allowed no feeling to parley on the other. He felt in the depths of his soul the value of this love — that first, purest, and truest, that either might ever know; but he would not, for all that love's sake sacrifice to it what he considered to be the welfare of its object; his only remedy was — estrangement.

He therefore withdrew himself from the village and its little interests. He devoted all his time and energies to improving a tract of land called the "Lang Farm," by newly-invented modes of draining and embankment; and he once more began to mingle in the private meetings which frequently took place in Dumfries, to concert measures for resisting the intolerable persecutions that then prevailed. On one of these visits to the county town, he encountered Sir Standon Seignory, no longer wearing the king's uniform.

"Yes," said the *ci-devant* officer, in answer to his look of inquiry, "the cockade is dismounted. Claverhouse has given me my *congé* as I expected; and I only await here the issue of a court-martial which I have demanded, before I retire into private life. Now let me warn you once more, that you are observed and tracked by the bloodhound spies of Government;

if you are once arrested, Barbadoes or the thumbikins, to say nothing worse, is your inevitable fate."

Tinwald thanked his friend, but, in the spirit of the time, felt only nerved to bolder measures by the warning. Sir Standon then went his way, and many years elapsed before the young laird again beheld him.

That night, Tinwald returned through one of the autumnal tempests that sometimes visit the vale of the Solway with peculiar fury. His course was considerably impeded by the violence of the wind, and the night had far advanced when he reached his father's house. Having stabled his good steed, he looked out upon the storm before retiring to rest, and became conscious of an unusual stir in the village. Fearing lest it might prove to be another inroad of Drummond's troopers, he hastened towards Sandilee.

Almost instinctively, he made his way first to the Peel-house, where he heard the well-known voice of a fisherman named Madden Ray, calling to Tam and Partan to "come out and hearken; for there was gruesome sounds from the sea, and minute guns that were stilly now." Tam was neither disposed nor quite able to move from his warm bed at such a summons; but Partan, who now habitually slept in his chimney-corner, staggered out into the storm, and down to the shore through showers of salt spray. Tinwald and Madden accompanied him, and beheld a sight that was terrible even to their practised eyes. The sea, thrown

mountains high, and tortured into strange awful shapes by the force of the whirling wind, was lighted up at intervals by a wan moon, as the black, rushing clouds for a moment revealed her pallid face within its shroud. Most of the villagers were assembled on the green; some driven from their fragile homes by fear of the falling rafters; and others, attracted by sympathy for the ship perishing in their wild and fatal waters. About a mile from shore, there was a sand-bank heading a long range of quicksands, to this day well known by mariners. On this bank some asserted that a ship had struck; others, that she had passed it by, and that they had heard her guns far to leeward. The mountainous seas, blinding spray, and uncertain light rendered it almost impossible to distinguish any object. All that could be seen, even close at hand, was but by glimpses; all that was heard were but ejaculations. Partan, after a few minutes, seemed thoroughly recalled from the effect of his potations. One excitement counteracted the other, and he was now roused into a seaman's interest in the scene before him. He lay down upon the shore and kept his eyes steadily fixed in the direction of the sandbank. The first gleam of light that passed over the sea revealed to him that the black hull of a large ship was stationary in the midst of the tossed billows.

"To the boat! there's a brave ship struck!" he cried, as he started to his feet with wonderful alacrity,

and limped away towards the little harbour. But none followed him. The fishermen continued to gaze in awed silence on the stormy sea, which every moment appeared to grow more furious, and to shake the very shore with its mighty waves.

"Is there nae Christian man amang ye that will run a risk to save a sailor's life?" exclaimed Partan, reproachfully.

"Here 's I for one!" shouted Madden Ray, the fisherman who had first summoned him, and whose children were crawling about, trying to steady their tottering little feet in the storm.

"Hoot awa, man!" screamed his wife; "the chiel's daft, an' sae are ye, to face the wrath o' Heaven in sic a nicht!" and a pair of stout arms were folded round the volunteer's neck, while two or three smaller pairs encircled his legs.

"Is there nae ne'er-do-weel amang ye?" shouted Partan again, "that will take chance wi' me to save yon puir perishing folk; and maybe women and bairns amang 'em, in the waves?"

Swilltap, the publican's son, stepped forward at this appeal, but was instantly knocked down by his indignant sire. Tinwald then raised his voice and conjured all for the love they bore him, for the honour of old Scotland, for the sake of heaven, not to leave strangers to perish on their shore without one brave effort to save them. "We want but one," he con-

tinued, "but one who can hold a helm or pull an oar."

"It's nae use; it's nae use;" sternly exclaimed the oldest fisherman; "nae boatie in Scotland could live in sic a sea. It's God's wull sent the creatures into yon extremity; God's wull be done!"

"His will be our speed then!" exclaimed Alice, who had only waited to muffle her delicate form in a plaidie, and had joined the group. "'His will be done!' as Master Ray says, and let *us* do it. Partan, 'the battle is not always to the strong;' you ken weel that I can hold a tiller, and if you and the young laird row, we may yet be in time to save!"

The villagers had remained impassive to the adjuration of mercy and of heaven, but one electric impulse seemed to stimulate them all as Alice spoke. The old fatalist was the first to fling off his doublet, and thrust it in his wife's face; all down — young Swilltap followed his example and moved towards the boat.

"Not sae, not sae, bonnie leddie!" was the cry; "there be hands, though not hearts here, better fitted for sic wark." They seized upon the largest of the fishing-boats, and were about to launch her from the blocks when Partan interfered:

"Not her," he shouted; "as Master Ray says, she wadna live; but the Bonito boatie will swim as long as twa planks haud thegither. Come! wi' a will, lads;

heave all!" and the gallant little craft was hurried from her rest into the water that leaped and foamed even in this sheltered cove. Tinwald jumped on board, and others would have crowded after him, but Partan stopped them, and chose only three of the youngest and stoutest.

After a little preparation, they were off, followed by a cheer that stuck in the throats of friends, parents, and lovers who tried to utter it. In a few minutes, a bit of a spritsail was run up, and the Bonito, after some impatient curvets in the calmer water, bounded like a gallant courser into the raging sea. As she rose over the first few waves, her tiny sail was visible above the foam, but then became lost in the dark confusion of the elements.

The minister of Sandilee had by this time reached the scene of action, and readily availed himself of the occasion to summon his little flock to prayer. Only snatches of his words were heard through the storm, but the full hearts around him could well supply the rest.

He was yet speaking when the first streak of dawn appeared. The face of the preacher became distinct; then the shore, and at length the tossed sea, opened to the view. Every eye was turned towards the sand-bank, and the hull espied by Partan's practised eyes at night was now visible to all. The Bonito was nowhere to be seen.

But soon the shouts of her brave crew were heard. She had performed her daring task, and returned to the little cove just before daybreak. The result of her adventure had been a single man rescued from the wreck; and as he was found with hand-cuffs on his wrist, the old superstition against the rescue of drowning men revived in full force. None of the fishermen, hospitable as they naturally were, showed themselves desirous of receiving so suspicious a guest; so with one accord they bore off the exhausted and half-drowned man to Tam's house. There Alice procured for him all the assistance in her power; for her father was snug in bed, and was determined not to be disturbed. Tinwald attempted to force some spoonfuls of brandy down the stranger's throat; when suddenly coming to himself, he rose and cast a keen, quick, fearless glance around him. Then seizing the bottle of brandy, he poured out a beaker-full, and tossed it off, to Partan's great admiration, if not envy. The draught seemed to restore him almost instantly. He first made a graceful acknowledgment to Alice, and then thanked his deliverers in a few well chosen, manly sentences, though uttered with a slightly foreign accent. He glanced as he was speaking, down upon his wrists, where the mark of the irons was still visible, and added, as if in explanation:

"You have saved not only my life, but my liberty. The ship that I commanded was wrecked near the

Azores about a month ago. I escaped, with some of my crew, in a small boat, and after some days we were taken up by one of our enemies. We were ill-used; one night we tried to retake her. We failed: my comrades were hanged, and I was only reserved to grace the yard-arm of the Spaniard, when she entered Cadiz. A gale of wind came on; we lost our rudder; scudded before the wind for a week. It grew calm; we got an observation; found ourselves at the back of Ireland; steered with a spar, to give it a wide berth, hoping to fetch the Texel, and refit. Another gale; this time from the nor'ard. Ran before it; luffed up for shelter into this river, or whatever you call it; found it worse than the open sea. We struck; all hands took to the boats; I only left; boats swamped; crew lost; I, thanks to your gallantry and kindness, only saved."

This explanation was given with such apparent frankness as to impress all present with its truth. Partan alone seemed to have some misgivings, but said nothing. Weariness soon put an end to further conversation. Alice retired to her room; Partan to his berth in the Bonito; the fishermen to their several homes; and the stranger accompanied Tinwald to the Manor-house as his guest.

CHAPTER XI.

Nothing he does or seems,
But smacks of something greater than himself.

SHAKSPERE.

MAN scarcely affords a wider range for development in his intellectual, than in his physical nature. There is hardly a wider moral difference between the mature philosopher and the schoolboy, than exists physically between the town-bred, lounging dandy, and the seaman, inured to effort, hardship, and danger from his childhood: the former suffers acutely from a scratch or bruise, the latter seems almost insensible to any external injury short of that which maims him: he has become, as it were, annealed in the fire of adversity, and is indifferent to sufferings that would be agonizing to untried nerves. In the history of the buccaneers, we find curious proofs of the invulnerability to which the human body may be brought. The great majority of these men no doubt perished in the ordeal of their probation, but those who survived it almost realized the fable of Achilles. Impassive to climate, disease, and hardship, indifferent to wounds, capable of enduring incredible abstinence from food, they faced the wild bull in the forest, the shark in the seas, and

made sport even with the deadly alligator. As for their exploits among their fellow-men, they seem to transcend all fiction. Huge galleons captured, and their crews destroyed by the demoniac strength and resolution of half a score of them in an open boat; wealthy, well fortified cities sacked by a ship's crew; whole provinces laid waste and plundered by a mere handful of these desperadoes. Such facts abound in the naval histories of the time, and would be incredible if they were not borne witness to, as well by their enemies as their friends.

There is a striking anecdote of them which is told by Oexmelin in his peculiar manner, and which Partan described with the veracity of an eye-witness. In illustration of the foregoing remarks, it may as well be mentioned here, as it was the rescued stranger who succeeded in eliciting it from the old sailor. Partan held aloof from this man as much as possible, and took no pains to conceal his dislike; but this was so much a habit of his, that it was scarcely observed. The stranger seemed resolved to ingratiate himself, however; and though Partan was unapproachable either when fairly drunk or quite sober, there was an interval between these states, during which he was so much disposed to communicativeness, that he was often induced to converse with those most whom he disliked. The stranger, whether from real interest in such things, or because they made Partan amusing to him, delighted

in "drawing out" his reminiscences of the West Indies and the Spanish Main.

One day the stranger inquired if it was true "that the Caribs were cannibals, and whether they really did use to cook the brain in the skull, and the rest of the victim in joints from day to day; throwing what your butchers call 'trimmings' to the children."

"Hech, Sirs, its ower true," rejoined Partan; "and it's often I heard that some o' their Christian captives was glad to git a bit o' the same trimmings, — screeds o' flesh and banes that 's wastrie frae the flesh in makin' the meal tidy. I hae heard that when Edward, the Bruce's brither, was invadin' Ireland, his foragers were sae sair famished, that they, too, cookit the flesh o' the slain Irish kerns in skulls."

"I have no doubt," rejoined the stranger, "that those Scotch savages were barbarous enough for that or aught else; but thou must know, oh cunning antiquarian! that skull was a word then used for a steel cap, or helmet, and often was applied to such auxiliary purposes, without disparagement of its nobler use. Your 'skillet' and 'scullion' are derived from that."

"Like eneugh; but I heard the cannibals ate the great buccaneer, L'Olonois, alive: tyin' him till a tree, and cutting off his flesh and cookin' it before his eyes; an' if e'er man deserved such entertainment it was that incarnate de'il. But I mind a Portingale flibuster that was partly devoured, and saved after a'; but then

it was only by a crocodile, or alligator, as some ca's them; sae he was saved the idea of bein' consumed by cannibals."

"What's that cock and bull story?" inquired the stranger; "let's have it, by all means."

"Hear till him," replied Partan, "wi' his cock and bull! It war na sic thing, Sir; but a crocodile and an honest Christian that was in it. It was lang ago, in the year seventy-nine, when Ironhand was making a raid into Hispaniola; we had some unco dour kintra to cross, and mony dark, suspicious braes, wi' uncanny looking streams below. Weel, for the maist pairt we marchit well thegither, for we ken't that all creation, man and beast, war as well keepit at a distance; but now and then a daredevil would rin out of line to pu' a banany, or speer after the Indian lassies, or some siccan refreshment; and one Bacalho, a Portingale, strayed away a bit, and thocht to make a short cut to join on to us. When we campit for the nicht he was missing, however, and some of us went to look for him; and after a long time searching about, we heard him swearing, as usual wi' him, but only in a faintish voice. At last we fand him, by the aid of moonlicht, on the bank of a deep stream. He had dragged himsel' by his arms (for his legs were spoilt) to the foot of a tree, and pullin' a dice-box out o' his pocket, he was playin' one hand again' the other to amuse himsel'. A great crocodile was lying

near, quite dead; and eh, Sirs! but the Portingale was vera proud of having killed him. Afore he said aught of himsel', he just began to glorify in the death of the beastie. It ran after him, he said, and caught him by the legs, and tried to carry him to the water, munching his legs as he went along for refreshment: and the Portingale stabbed out baith the beast's e'en; but it wadna let go, and sae it dragged himsel' almost to the water edge; when the Portingale, getting really vexed, driv' the point of his dirk, by a great effort, into the creetur's brain, and so he killed him. 'But,' he added, 'I doot me I have paid sair for the fun.' So when we carried him to the camp, the surgeon found the legs chewed away, sae that he could na tell the bit banes from the flesh, nor the marrow frae the fat. Puir fellow! naething could be done for him but to make his end pleasing, and it took twa quarts of rum to effect that, for he was aye hard to liquor; but fortunately he had a strang thirst upon him by reason of the fever of his wound."

Partan had many such stories, which seemed to prove that the buccaneers were very unlike the rest of the human race in power of passive endurance, as well as in more active bravery.

The stranger who had been rescued from the Solway would have been qualified to belong to such a band, if one might judge from the appearance of hardihood exhibited in his countenance, and of *hardness* (as

that term is used in hunting phraseology) in his frame. There was mingled with all this, an air of grace and courtliness that contrasted curiously with the sterner characteristics of the man. He evidently was not wanting in that refinement which is only acquired by intercourse with polished society. His usually reckless confident manner he could change in a moment into one of winning softness; and his scornful and sarcastic tone into those of sentiment or tender passion. He had evidently seen much of the best and worst of life, and was qualified to play his part in either.

Such was the character of a man, very celebrated in his day: his portrait represents him with a profusion of light brown hair and moustaches, dark piercing eyes, and a figure of the most exact proportions consistent with great strength.

Tinwald, like most generous, unselfish people, was prone to what is now called hero-worship. He was easily blinded, by what seemed noble and magnanimous, to the specious vices that often lie hidden under those magnificent masks. The gallant bearing of this stranger, his courtesy to the old laird, his active and energetic mind, and above all, his familiarity with foreign lands, gave him at once a deep interest in the young student's eyes.

"L'esprit léger impose toujours sur l'esprit méditatif," says a cunning observer of human nature; and the truth of the aphorism was manifested in the case

of these two men. The stranger soon perceived his advantage and endeavoured to turn it to good account. His practised observation assured him that Tinwald, though young and inexperienced, possessed a mind of no common order; and, though, with far different aspirations, it was as active and ambitious as his own. For some days he appeared to be quite contented with his new friend's companionship, while at intervals he would give himself up with characteristic ardour to field sports. He was an unerring shot, and soon was able to kill a salmon with any angler in the stewartry. His excursions became longer each day; and at the end of a fortnight, Tinwald was not quite well pleased to hear from Partan that he had become a frequent visitor at the Peel-house.

"In truth," said the sailor, "I wad we had left yon chiel upon the wreck. He's na gude company for auld Tam, and waur for the young leddie. But the interlouter has got hold on Tam's weak point, and says he'll gang ower sea and fetch for him the buried treasure, and what not."

"And who, or what do you suppose this singular man to be?" Tinwald inquired anxiously.

"I suppose just nothing," replied Partan; "I'm weel sure it 'ill be ane o' the Brethren o' the Coast, as they ca' themselves; he kens the Spanish Main and the Indian islan's as weel as mysel' amaist; and there's other tokens that I'm no free to spak' on."

"Then the sooner he goes after this treasure the better," observed Paterson. "What can he find to delay him in this stricken country? it must seem dull enough to a man who has seen so much of the world and lived so stirring a life as he has done."

"Aiblins he thought of some ither treasure;" groaned Partan. "It's no aften in gay places that gay gowd lays hid."

It occurred now to Tinwald that somehow or other it was his duty to see how his guest was going on at the village. He had been instrumental in any danger that might accrue from the presence of the stranger there, and misgivings as to his true character began to suggest themselves. In short he loved Alice as well or better than ever he did; and though he had resolved to sacrifice that love, and even took a certain stern pleasure in trampling down all insurgent happy thoughts of her, he still persuaded himself it was his *duty* to watch over her!

It was quite time that her father should have some assistance in that office. The stranger had been heartily welcomed to Tam's chimney-corner; for, fond of money as he was, the old man had never been able to rid himself of his native Scottish disposition to hospitality. The stranger availed himself of this with frankness and heartiness, and appeared to feel as perfectly at home in Tam's house as he made himself everywhere

else. An air of superiority, however, manifested itself in everything he did; and if Tam, notwithstanding all his own shrewdness, stood in awe of the unassuming and courteous Tinwald, still more was he impressed by the off-hand commanding manner of his new guest. This was laid aside whenever he addressed Alice: then his observations were more pointed, his voice subdued; and all his bearing towards her evidenced an appreciation of her sex in general, and of her own peculiar excellence.

Shortly after their first acquaintance, Tam, anxious to fathom his guest by the soundings he was best acquainted with, challenged him to a potent bowl of Glasgow punch. The stranger willingly accepted the invitation, and Tam soon found himself beaten at his own weapon. Unconsciously won upon by the stranger's conversational powers, he forgot his usual caution; he first grew garrulous, then very drunk, and his guest obtained from him all the information he desired. Partan had still sooner succumbed to his evil genius; and before an hour, the stranger left both the old seamen in a state of unconsciousness; gazing at one another across the table with an air of stupid reproach, as their conqueror walked off without the slightest apparent result of the deep potations he had quaffed. He then sat down by Alice, who was spinning in the porch, and soon engrossed her attention by stirring narratives of many a wild adventure, related as if they had

been matters of every day life, which indeed they were, to him.

After that evening, Tam tried to resume his caution and reserve, but it was too late; his guest spoke with unreserved freedom of Tam's affairs, and even of the Deadman's Isle. He offered to take the Bonito and to pick up the buried treasure, in the most frank and easy manner imaginable; declaring there was no more difficulty in the expedition, than in a cruise across the Solway, and that it would afford but a slight return for his preservation and kind reception.

The stranger thenceforth had become a favoured guest at the Peel-house; and it soon appeared that in his confident attempt at conquest, he had himself been conquered, notwithstanding all his experience and knowledge of the world, by the simple village girl. He devoted himself to her whenever he obtained an opportunity. He addressed her in his most earnest and impressive voice; he sought to invest his very ambiguous profession with a chivalrous and romantic interest in her eyes; and he sung to her wild but melodious sea-songs, that had already won many a heart for him in far other scenes.

Alice, however, was amused and interested, but nothing more. The brilliant stranger won her attention and innocent admiration; but her inner thoughts were still with the gentle and melancholy student; all the more, perhaps, because he had now withdrawn

himself almost wholly from her society. Formerly he had been used to visit the old castle of Caerlaverock every evening at sunset, but he was now no longer seen there. And Alice, pained and surprised, but helpless, grew gradually pale and pensive; whilst the stranger claimed in his heart her pallor as the white flag of surrender to his suit.

Thus matters stood, when Partan communicated his suspicions to Tinwald in the manner we have described. The old sailor considered the matter of so much importance, that he made it the occasion of his first visit to the Manor-house. As he was returning to the village, rather the worse for whisky, he met the subject of his suspicion, who at once turned with him and joined his walk.

"Master Partan," began the stranger, "you and I have met before, in a very different place. Is it not so?"

"Perhaps," was the laconic reply.

"And you know me?" resumed the stranger.

"Come, speak up, man, and don't be afraid."

Partan looked at his questioner with a glance, for a moment, as haughty as his own. "Afeerd! — and why for? I would I had sae little to do wi' my fear, as to throw it awa' upon sic as you, or any mortal man. I *do* ken ye, CAPTAIN LAWRENCE; and I ken ye for as bauld and bluidy-handed a chiel as ever sailed 'neath the Red Flag."

The stranger answered with a light-hearted laugh; and giving Partan a familiar slap upon the shoulder, turned along the cliffs which there overhang the Frith. The old sailor limped rather unsteadily along the narrow and dangerous path, forgetful of all things but that which now filled his mind.

"Yes, yes!" he resumed; "I mind ye ower weel. I mind ye when first ye joined us, a pretty lad, wi' a saft singing voice; and years after, when ye joined us at Tortuga, as captain of the 'Tiger;' and at the plunder o' Vera Cruz, whare ye carried aff that puir bonny Spanish lassie, and hid her awa' in the woods there. An' I mind muckle mair, too, that I wad hae tell't lang syne to ithers but for the aith of the Brotherhood, whilk I'm fule eneuch to be bound by — but no too far; and I tell ye the now, Captain Lawrence; that if ye darken this puir village langer than ye need to provision and gang away in the Bonito, I'll pitch the aith back to the deil wha deveesed it."

"Nay, nay! old friend," rejoined the Captain, "you had better go and deliver back your oath in person!" And so saying, he flung the old seaman from the cliff into the sea. As he fell through the air, he uttered no cry; but his look of despair struck even Lawrence, who crossed himself whilst he followed the body with his eyes.

"It's strange," he muttered to himself, as he strode

away, "how living ashore corrupts men. I remember that old caitiff as bold a flibustier as ever handled a cutlass. He can't have been above half-a-dozen years here, and yet he has learned to preach like a Puritan, and die with a look that sickens me. 'Drunken dog! he tumbled over the cliff in his liquor,' the honest bumpkins here will say. No one saw us meet, and I shall resume my *chasse*."

The stranger turned inland over the hills, and pursued his sport. Partan had truly recognized him as Lawrence, the most youthful, daring, and successful of the buccaneering captains of his day. Born in Paris, of good family, he was endowed with great talents, and had acquired all the accomplishments of the time; he had fallen into bad society, committed murder, been condemned to die; reprieved on account of his high birth, he was transported, and sold as an *engagé*.* He had soon acquired sufficient considera-

* The *engagés* were a sort of apprentices. They were generally criminals whose punishment had been commuted to transportation to the French colonies in the West Indies. If they happened to be sold to the planters, their fate was generally cruel enough; and the mortality, caused by their forced labour under a tropical sun, was very great. But those sold to the buccaneers led a life of incredible hardship and suffering. Slaves of the most reckless irresponsible tyrants; sharers in all their desperate encounters, and only permitted to feed on the offal left after their banquets, their lot was far worse than that of the dogs whose condition and estimation they shared. Nevertheless, having served their term of apprenticeship (generally three years), their masters were bound to furnish them with a dress, a knife, a musket, and ammunition. They generally then became buccaneers on their own account, and, as they must have had extraordinary stamina to survive their probation, they often became renowned ruffians.

tion to become a buccaneer, and his career thenceforth was one of uninterrupted success. His daring was conspicuous even among the desperadoes of the coast, and an approach to chivalrous feeling and conduct which he had occasionally displayed, gave romance to his character. He loved music and poetry, and had always a band of trumpets and other instruments on board his ship. After a brilliant career, he had been decoyed to Holland by his rival freebooter, the celebrated Van Horne, who made his wife write to invite him thither. He had been forced to fight the injured husband, had killed him, and was being transported to slavery in one of the Dutch settlements, when he was wrecked in the Solway. He is now pursuing some wild-fowl on the Nith, while his victim is lying on the Solway shore; and so we leave them.

CHAPTER XII.

* * * How hard it seem'd to me
When eyes, love-languid, through half tears, would dwell
One earnest, earnest moment upon mine;
Then not to dare to see! When thy low voice
Faltering, would break its syllables — to keep
My own full-toned — hold passion in a leash —
And not leap forth and fall upon thy neck!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

It was fortunate, perhaps, for the supremacy that Tinwald still possessed in the affections of Alice, that he had entirely withdrawn himself from her society. He did not, therefore, enter into personal rivalry with the accomplished stranger; and the being of her own imagination was naturally superior to any actual individual, in the esteem of the young village beauty. If she ever appeared to lend a willing ear to the stranger, or too willingly permitted his companionship, it was in the dangerous hope of re-awakening in the young laird the interest with which he had, until lately, regarded all that related to her. Still he held aloof from her. She was never absent from the old castle at sunset, but he was never there; and it was strange how lonely the absence of one person could make it feel! Then she found out that he was often there at other times, and she thought it was not, per-

haps, altogether for the ruins' sake that he still haunted the old trysting-place. She thought if she could only once see him, that all would be right again. She could not account for his estrangement; but with her faith in the nobleness of his nature, she would not attribute it to any reason that she ought to resent. Therefore she, too, began to frequent the old castle at unusual hours. In the innocence and singleness of her own heart, she saw no wrong in seeking the presence of one who possessed it wholly. Wayward and wilful she was, and perhaps not without a spice of native coquetry; but in her love she was simple and truthful as a child.

Partan had left Tinwald in an uncomfortable mood. He then felt more keenly than ever the sacrifice he had made in resigning Alice. It was one thing to give her up romantically; and to fancy, in spite of himself, that she was sharing his regrets; but it was quite another matter to give her up practically, and to see her become perhaps the bride of an unworthy rival. Yet he had no right to interfere with, or even to advise her. He resolved to see her once more, and to judge for himself before he decided on what course to take. While thus musing, he found himself at the old castle, which lay between his home and the Peel-house. There he sat down in a window-niche, and tried to think dispassionately; but the associations of the place were too much for him, and

instead of meditating on the affairs of Alice, he thought of herself alone. How strange it is that a real presence can rudely displace an imaginative one. An ideal Alice was at one moment cherished by Tinwald, and seated by his side. Alice herself, tangible, beautiful, and warm-hearted, stood before him, and instantly the lover was displaced by the philosopher. The grass-grown courts and ivy-muffled walls of the old castle yielded no echo to her light footsteps as she glided in, doubtfully and diffidently, now that she knew the young laird was there. The setting sunlight threw his shadow on the sward, though he himself remained unseen. She could distinguish his shadowy arm supporting his shadowy head, and both were as motionless as the broken arch above him. She too stood still, hesitating, and doubtful how to approach him. At length she tried to sing a note or two of one of her old songs, as if she thought herself alone; but her voice failed her. Her heart beat painfully; she clasped her hands upon her breast to hush it, and the rustling of her plaidie, in the stillness of all around, roused Tinwald's attention. He looked up, and saw struggling in her lovely countenance love, disappointment, fear. Her pale silent lips, and tearful downcast eyes, told more than voice could have done, had it been in her power to speak: her whole cause, such as it was, was pleaded in a moment. The young philosopher, from his child-

hood, had practised the sternest self-control, and even now his heart did not betray its life-long discipline. He stifled its strong passion, all the stronger because so repressed; and the hand that was placed on that of Alice had no tremor in it. A meaner mind would have indulged in the luxury of a lover's sorrow, — would have professed its passion, its sacrifice, its despair. He could not doubt that her love was his, but he seemed as if he knew it not.

“Alice,” he said, “you and I have long been friends, very kind friends together; but you are no longer the pretty child that might wander without observation wherever and with whomsoever she chose. You are now a comely maiden; the eyes of all our people look up to you and admire you: their tongues, too, may be busy about you if you be not circumspect, and more too; as becomes a young and lovely woman who, having no mother, must be her own guardian. All this means, Alice, that we ought not to meet alone, pleasant as it is to me; and kindly as it is on your part to be content to share your society with one who only waits for an opportunity to leave his own country, perhaps for ever.”

By the time that the young stoic had ceased to speak, Alice had recovered herself. Pride came to her assistance; the thought of the wide difference in degree between her and the laird for the first time flashed across her mind, and she answered proudly, —

“Your words sound like reproof, but wherefore, I dinna ken. I am here to-day; I was here yesterday. This auld ruin has always been as free to me, or any other village lassie, as to any laird or scholar in the land; but if ye think I am trespassing, not on this spot, but on yourself, dinna fash yourself, for mony will be the day before I come again into your cauld shadow. As to your ganging awa’, — if you suppose that every lassie that comes to Caerlaverock Castle is rinning after you, you are quite right to escape from them ower sea.”

Having thus expressed herself, as she thought, very heroically, Alice, with a proud toss of her comely head, fled from the presence she had so earnestly sought. But quickly as she went, Tinwald could hear the sobs in which her feelings soon found relief: yet he remained motionless.

Ta While this scene was enacting, Lawrence was sitting in Tom's chimney-corner. He thought he might as well hasten his departure, for fear of any possible discovery of Partan's violent death. He now formally proposed to Tam to sail in search of the buried treasure, as soon as the Bonito could be made ready for sea. She had only to run down to Bristol in the first instance, and there she could easily procure a crew and whatever her longer voyage might require. To this proposal Tam assented with a readiness that surprised the buccaneer. But in fact he was impatient

to see his guest under weigh; there was no use in refusing him, for Lawrence already knew where the treasure lay, and he was not a man to be baulked of his purpose. And then, as his infirmities increased, Tam's caution gave way to his covetousness. Besides all this, the levity of the stranger, and the unwonted festivities of which he was the occasion at the Peel-house, began to disparage Tam's reputation in the eyes of the serious villagers. Therefore his assent to Lawrence's proposal was given; the latter offering to pledge himself "on the dagger," the buccaneer's most binding oath, for his fidelity and quick return.

"And you know, old friend," he added; "that whatever our pretended faults may be, WE never deceive. But there is one important part of the bargain. I love your daughter to distraction. If I bring back this treasure, I must have your leave to marry her — I know what you would say — provided that she's willing, of course. I like her, as I've said; — I like her: I like your country here, your grouse and salmon, and everything in short, except your sermons. That article, however, won't prevent me from settling down here, and buying a few lairdships; and by keeping clear of the cursed Covenant (I beg your pardon), and taking the sermons in a mild proportion, I think I may prove a very edifying character after all."

Tam was not taken aback by this bold proposal. He desired greatly that his daughter should be a

"leddie," and able to hold up her head amongst her mother's haughty kinsfolk. He thought that Lawrence was the most perfect gentleman in the world; and if he had only the possession of the treasure which lay buried in Deadman's Isle, to back his dashing manner and appearance, Tam did not see why he should not hold up his own and his wife's head, with those of any in the land.

"To be sure," he thought, "the man drinks a hantle spirits, but he never confuses his head; and then he swears in an awfu' way, but it's only the habit of the seas; and he lo'es na the kirk, but then that's for lack o' knowledge, and nae doot he'll take to it weel gin he is mair sib wi' it. After a', if the lassie dinna like him, no harm's done; and he may as weel gang to sea in a gude humour wi' us a', to bring him back agin."

Hereupon the bargain was ratified as usual with a deep carouse. Lawrence sallied out of the smuggler's house in high spirits, flushed though not flustered with the potations which had scarcely left his host sense enough to guide him to bed. As the sanguine sailor strode along the lane, shadowed by sweetbriars, that still leads to Caerlaverock Castle, he beheld Alice, sorrow-stricken and dejected, returning home. In such a state, woman's mind becomes plastic, her wounded pride is grateful to the first healing words of kindness, and flattery cannot spread her meshes at a more dan-

gerous moment. The sailor approached her with ardour, tempered by sympathy for her distress, to which, however, except by his manner, he made no allusion. He little guessed or cared for the cause, but his knowledge of human nature told him it was favourable to his views. He instantly subdued his own nature to Alice's mood; his daring eyes were downcast, his manly and sonorous voice was sunk to a low deep tone, his usually reckless bearing was exchanged for one of diffidence. For some time he walked by his intended victim in silence; then he apologised almost timidly for having intruded on her privacy, but added that he was about to leave Scotland immediately, and sought for this opportunity to take leave. Then, seeming to gain courage as he proceeded, he hurried into an eloquent rhapsody of love, declared that he had her father's permission for doing so, spoke of himself as a lost, wild, hopeless wanderer, who might yet be saved if one pure and noble spirit would take pity on him, feel for him and — and *pray* for him! Alice was so completely taken by surprise that she did not venture to speak, or even to look up; if she had, she would have detected an ironical curl on her lover's lip, as he wound up his appeal to her mercy and her love with that last word.

But poor Alice in her simplicity believed it all; it was too much in accordance with what was in her own truthful heart to be doubted. It was the sort of

appeal which most surely comes home to a woman, — for she delights in conversion, the darker the criminal, the greater of course the triumph. Moreover Lawrence was handsome, daring, brilliant in conversation, and full of that fire which is catching as the real element. To sum up in a few words the result of a long dialogue, Alice consented to his suit she scarcely knew how or why. Poor child! such revenge was her one weapon against him she loved, and she madly used it; — though like the bee, its power of inflicting pain was purchased by its own destruction. If Lawrence's keen observation had ever detected any kindly feeling on the part of Alice towards a rival, he now forgot it, or appeared to do so. He went straight to Tinwald. He told him joyously, and in the same breath, of his betrothal, and of his intended expedition; at the same time he urged his friend warmly to accompany him to the Spanish Main; to visit that new world of which he had often spoken with such enthusiastic desire to behold.

There is a wide difference between voluntarily abandoning an object, and having it wrested from us without hope of recall. This Tinwald now keenly felt; though he might have expected that Alice at some future period would become another's wife, he was not prepared for such a sudden transfer of her affections. In his ignorance of woman, he could not imagine that Alice's acceptance of Lawrence, only proved, however paradoxically, the strong recoil of her affections when

flung back from himself: a great passion is far more unmanageable than a petty one.

Tinwald paused before he replied; and when he spoke, it was of the expedition only. In the bitterness of his heart, he grasped eagerly at the remote and romantic danger and excitement of scenes he would formerly have sought in a philosophic spirit. The political efforts in which he had taken part, for the renovation of his country, seemed now unavailing: Fletcher of Saltoun, and the other leaders, had expatriated themselves. For all these reasons he assented to the buccaneer's proposal, provided that he could obtain his father's permission to do so; and he thus completed Lawrence's triumph. The sailor not only appreciated the assistance and the society of his new friend, but he secretly did not quite relish the idea of leaving him behind with Alice.

A day of anxious thought and painful presentiment followed for Tinwald. A wide gulf seemed suddenly to have yawned between his past and future life. He shrank from the thought of leaving his father, but his destiny appeared to him to demand that sacrifice: he might return ere long; he might have it in his power to repair the fortunes of his house, which he had recently learned were utterly broken. At length evening was come: it was the rich, mellow evening of a Scotch autumnal day. The sunset illuminated with its glory every spot on which it fell — firth, glade, woodland,

and promontory. All that lay in light was golden; all that lay in shadow was purple or deep violet. Even the formal old Manor-house grew picturesque, as the last rays of sunlight ruddily flushed its narrow windows, and threw its high gables into fantastic shadows. Behind this mansion rose a lofty hill, purpled towards its summit with heather, and flecked lower down with corn-fields and patches of oak and birch copse. Below, lay the Solway, now stilled into sympathy with the calm sky above it and gleaming like silver, except towards its southern margin, where the undulations of the English coast were mapped upon its surface.

The old laird was, according to custom, sitting on the stone bench in front of the Manor-house, his frame bent forward, his hands resting on his cane; he seemed gazing on the vast and magnificent view that lay spread before him, but he saw nothing; his whole soul was turned inward to its own sad visions, as he hearkened to his son's earnest pleading for permission to enter upon the life of adventure towards which his inclination drew him. This was a sudden change for the old laird's prospects to undergo. He had persuaded himself that his son had become reconciled of late to the country life he led: he even hoped that he might still enter the ministry: when suddenly that son reveals to him that his heart is as strongly as ever set upon the pursuit of a vague and distant career, full of danger and obscurity, and that the opportunity of commencing

it is even now impending. In a few short moments the father was called upon to cancel the schemes of many years, and strive to rebuild them upon a widely different foundation. He reflected, however, that the youth's heart was in his words; that it still smarted from his contradiction of its dearest wish; that he had himself exhausted his patrimony, and left to his heir the necessity of making his own way in life. And the poor lad's prayer was modest; it was only "to be allowed to seek his fortune; to go forth upon the world unfettered, and free to follow whatever path destiny might open to him: he trusted that a short absence might suffice, and that he might then return to his father's home, happy with the glory of having done some good to those distant nations who had long possessed his sympathies; and perchance be blessed, moreover, with such worldly wealth as was needed to restore his family to its ancient condition." This plan, which the young man's ardour already thought was consummated, his father received with such sorrowful misgivings as years and disappointment had instilled. The more glorious the visions of the sanguine youth, the more gifts and capabilities he displayed, the more did the old man mourn for the waste to which he believed them doomed.

To be brief. The force of youth and of paternal love prevailed over the father's weakness and the father's fear. The consent was obtained. The youth hastened

away to make his preparations; his thoughts, in their tumultuous career, trampling down the memory of Alice, and unmindful, because ignorant of the broken hopes and well-nigh broken heart of him whom he was about to abandon. Thus it has always been, and thus it must ever be; otherwise there would be little progression in our race, and youth's active energies would be bounded by the narrow orbit and cautious slowness of old age.

The old laird watched with mournful eyes his son as he strode forth, endeavouring in some measure to disguise the buoyancy which gratified desire imparted to his steps. Suddenly some kindred feelings of hopefulness gleamed across the old man's care-worn countenance, and his son was called back.

"Willie, lad!" he exclaimed, laying his thin hand upon the strong arm, that he hoped would have been as the staff of his age; "Willie, I hae been thinking that aiblins I was wrang in crossing your luve for Alice Graeme. She's a bonnie lassie, and douce and gude; and tho' by her father's side she has nae gentle bluid, she may hae as muckle gentleness in her heart as wad make her husband happy; for it's a' gentleness that does it. What need we mair, Willie? Tak' her now, wi' my blessing, and ye needna fash yoursel' anent the kirk, but bide till Heaven, in its ain gude time, gie ye a ca'. And ye sal just hae the Lang Farm to begin wi', and try your new fangled practices

wi' the iron pleugh and a'. On siccan land it maun do na less than keep ye the untill your ain gude brains sal make ye better means. What need o' mair? Stay wi' us, my laddie, in our auld house, and be happy. And gie up yon fearfu' sea to sic as be ca'd of Providence to its fearfu' venture. There, now, gie us your hand, Willie! We'll hae your kind and winsom lassie amangst us yet; and ye'll be true till her, as ye hae been to me, and your comely face will shine on me thro' the gloamin' o' life, and it will licht the dark passage o' death for your puir auld foolish father."

The laird paused, and bent his face over the hand he clasped, as though afraid to lose it. Some gray hairs, moved by the evening breeze, swept over it, and more than one small tear oozed out from the dim old eyes. The son could not — dared not — resist this kindly meant entreaty. The pang of disappointment that for a moment wrung his heart was manfully stifled. His scheme suddenly appeared to him to be selfish and unjustifiable; and when he retired for the night with his father's blessing and gratitude, he felt almost reconciled to live and die on his mortgaged patrimony, and in sight of Sandilee, with the lost treasure it contained.

The next morning he set out for Dumfries, and gladly exchanged, during a few days, the councils of the discomfited patriots, for the scenes that he had left behind him in his peaceful-looking home.

CHAPTER XIII.

Yes, give me but my choice, I'd be a bird;
But it must be an Osprey — a sea-king!
Wherever gale awoke, or billow stirr'd,
Breasting the tempest; ever on the wing!
Steering, when winter frown'd, to seek the spring,
By "vext Bermoothes," or some Indian shore.

Modern Orlando.

LAWRENCE meanwhile had been exerting his extraordinary energies in getting the Bonito ready for sea. In this, Partan's skill was greatly missed; but the absence of the poor fellow himself was of little interest to any one in the village except to Alice, between whom and Tinwald he formed a curious link. She, however, knew nothing of the mystery that attached to his fate. Since the hour that she parted from Lawrence, she had shut herself up in her room in sadness and sickness of heart. Tam made some few inquiries about his old comrade when he missed the key of the locker in the little craft that had so long served poor Partan as a home. And Madden Ray and young Swilltap, from curiosity, explored the adjacent shore, where it was supposed he had fallen in one of his drunken fits. Tinwald, no doubt, would have made a more energetic and wider search had he not been absent from home and ignorant of the sailor's

disappearance. But no trace was discovered of the lost sailor; and, after a day or two, his melancholy existence was forgotten.

The buccaneer had hitherto failed in procuring any seamen for such an ambiguous voyage as that to which the Bonito was destined. Young Swilltap, for various reasons, would fain have enrolled himself under his command, but his father would not hear of such a sacrifice. At last, Lawrence succeeded in discovering a couple of "run" sailors who were skulking about the coast, and with these men he declared himself ready to proceed immediately to the southward. His only avowed destination, as we before stated, was Bristol; but he was not the sort of man to lay down for himself any law beyond the hour. Tam endeavoured to expedite his departure by supplying all his needs with unwonted liberality. His regard for what was left of his reputation concurred with his greed of gold in wishing his guest well away. The good people of Sandilee tolerated freely their own smuggling seamen; but the irregularities of this "interlouping captain," as they called him, brought not a little scandal on his entertainer. For though the stranger himself seemed to be beyond the reach of the influence of any liquors, however potent, he took a strange pleasure in promoting intoxication in every one else. He was a prime boon companion; and under his spell the most simple act of good fellowship soon expanded into downright

orgies. Night after night, songs of by no means a serious cast, were heard issuing from Tam's domicile; and as often as the manly melodious strains with which Lawrence entertained his new followers were heard, a considerable number of villagers assembled to lament over them, and — listen to them.

One Friday night, Lawrence and his seamen, together with Swilltap and Madden Ray (who had been latterly seduced by the buccaneer into his revels) were assembled in the Peel-house for the last time. On the morrow they were to sail.

Tam's old parlour was once more lighted up by the fire blazing to the widest extent of the arched chimney; the oak table once more was furnished with all that mountain stills could produce of potent and fragrant beverages. At one end of the festive board sate Tam, grim and sententious; opposite was Lawrence, with his eyes of fire, and his ever-ready and impetuous flow of words — words that might have kindled dangerous resolves in better regulated minds than those which there bowed before him. He was excited at the prospect of enterprize that once more opened before him. He intended, for his wild sense of honour's sake, to be true in the matter of the treasure; but before and after it was reached, there was a wide margin of possibilities. Even the thoughts of Alice grew dim before the ambition that revived in his ardent heart. He had not seen her since his declara-

tion; he had been informed that he *was* not to see her, and he scarcely cared. But he flung open the window to let in the sea-breezes that he loved, not perhaps without a hope that some words of his parting song might reach her ear. Then, in order to inspire his comrades with his own spirit of expectation, he raised his voice, and sung nearly as follows:

"Come, comrades of right metal, with hearts and hands of steel;
Come swell one chorus merrily, though it be a parting peal:
For the voices trolled together now, must never blend again
Till we've won red gold and glory on the distant Spanish Main.

"Oh pleasant are the islands that stud those glorious seas!
Where spicy groves and honey'd flowers shed perfume on each breeze;
Where luscious fruits to meet us bend; and woman's fondest wiles
Woo us, in vain, to linger in those soft luxurious isles.

"There the wild bull bides our bullet, and the turtle waits our spear;
And the richest wines of plunder'd Spain inflame our jovial cheer.
But these are not the joys we seek beneath the tropic sky;
Or, when we've quaffed them for an hour, to fiercer sports we fly.

"For hoarded in those islands, and floating on those seas,
Is boundless wealth in fortress towers and well-mann'd argosies.
And the gold that has been garner'd thro' lives of slavish toil
Is the guerdon of one gallant hour, the rover's rightful spoil.

"Let the Spaniard man his fortress, and arm his brave galleon,*
The foeman's struggle to keep his gold enhances the bright boon:
For the prize that 's undefended, be it girl or golden gear,
Is like carrion to the eagle and repels the Buccaneer.

"But we lack nor strife, nor guerdon, for wheresoe'er we go
We 've the Spaniard for a booty and the world for a foe.
Then where's the life afloat, ashore — the calling, the career,
To suit brave hearts like the roving life of the gallant Buccaneer?"

* Pronounced "galloon."

The applause that followed this wild ditty was very subdued among those to whom it was addressed; whilst the listeners gathered round the window were as vehement in its condemnation as if it had been delivered for their approval. Young Swilltap alone ventured to uphold its merits, on the strength of his father being engaged in the Peel-house, and declared that it stirred up his "buzzom like a sow-wester did the Solway." But notwithstanding the reprehension of the villagers, the festivity continued until they were fain to retire; and through sheer weariness, to leave uncriticised the further proceedings of Tam and his guests. Just as they were about to withdraw from the post of observation, however, they saw their young laird enter the Peel-house; and great was the astonishment expressed at "a decent man like him joining sic campsteery doing." But when he entered, the orgies ceased. Soon afterwards, Tinwald and the Captain were seen strolling together along the moonlit shore; and the ire of the villagers was once more roused by the sailors, as they staggered towards their boat, roaring out a well-known song of the day:

"Each port and each town
We still make our own, —
Cape Breton, Crown Point, Niagán;
Guadaloupe, Senegal,
Quebec's mighty fall,
Shall prove we've no equal in man."

Once more Lawrence endeavoured to shake Tin-

wald's resolution. He tried in vain, for it was founded on duty; and besides the young laird no longer felt himself attracted by the stranger. Whether it was that the true character of the man and of his profession had discovered itself, or that a sense of rivalry had inspired an unacknowledged repugnance, Tinwald rejoiced when the hour of their separation approached. He had promised to see Lawrence once more before his departure; he had come at the last hour to keep this appointment.

"Well," said the Buccaneer; "if you are determined to stay behind, accept the deepest mark of confidence I can bestow. Believe me, that with my knowledge of mankind, there are few whom I could so trust under such circumstances. To your guardianship, my friend, I bequeath my Alice (Tinwald shuddered at the expression, but was silent).

"I love her," resumed the sailor, "with a devouring, unaccountable love. 'T is strange that I never felt a passion before that deserved the name! At this moment I would willingly forego, for her sake, the life I have so long led, the career I have so long gloried in. Nay, if I now leave her, it is only in the hope to win for her a more honourable name. Once restored to the Brethren of the Coast, and upheld by such a motive, I can look forward to any prize that valour ever won upon the seas. One or two dashing exploits may place me in a much higher position than

that lout Morgan, who received a government and a title from the people whom he had forced to fear him. If the fates befriend me, I shall soon have such a name to offer to Alice as may make men wonder, not at my presumption, but at my generosity."

All this grated sorely on Tinwald's ear; but he kept its bitterness to himself, and contented himself with gravely advising the rover to alter his habits and his character, (if possible,) as the first step towards qualifying himself to become the husband of an honest girl.

"That's all very well in talk, but impossible in practice," replied Lawrence. "Why, man, were I to join the Brethren with the cant and character of your long-winded preachers here, I should be laughed at, deposed from command, and have my throat cut before I was a week among 'em. No, no; carnal weapons (as your friends here call 'em) are the only weapons for carnal men. When the career is run and the battle done, we may strike sail and overhaul our conscience. Till then, the Red Flag must be our banner, and nailed to the mast-head. But I had need be gone; the moon will soon set, and we must haul out to get an offing before the tide turns. Your Solway is not to be trifled with, and it seems to have swallowed up that sour old Partan, who could have piloted us out in any weather."

"What has happened to him, poor fellow?" ex-

claimed Tinwald. "I have not seen him since my return."

"Nor any one else," replied Lawrence, coolly. "He has stowed himself away in Davy Jones's locker, I suspect. But here's the boat. Farewell."

The Buccaneer leaped on board, waved his cap theatrically towards the Peel-house, where, in the highest window, his keen eye could distinguish a female form, and the next moment he was cleaving the water towards the schooner.

Tinwald was too much shocked on hearing of Partan's fate to think much about his parting guest; and he returned hastily towards the Peel-house, where lights were still burning, to make some inquiries about the old sailor.

Alice had been watching all that passed from her window in the tower. The moon was then shining, bright and clear, and she could perceive the two men standing by the shore. She still thought that Tinwald was about to take his departure with the Buccaneer, and that he was only returning to her father's house for something that had been forgotten. She thought that it was even possible he might wish to see her, the companion of other days, once more before he went away: yielding to the happy delusion, and obeying its impulse, she went to meet him in the porch. Women, even the most timorous, are often more adventurous in such exigencies than stout-hearted men;

and Alice seemed now to have lost all sense of timidity: — poor child! she felt that it was the turning point of her destiny. Tinwald would have passed her by with a formal salute, but she laid her little hand upon his arm, and the touch arrested him like a spell. Her dark eyes, full to the brim of unshed tears, were fixed on his.

“And is it true?” she exclaimed; “and are you gangin’ awa’ ower the far seas and among bluidy-minded men, and a’ without one parting look — one little word?”

The unsophisticated girl drew nearer to her lost lover as she spoke; her tears spread over her long lashes, and at last dropped slowly and unconsciously, as she still gazed on Tinwald’s pale, unmoved countenance. He did not trust himself to speak, and she continued, as if she felt again reproved,

“Why should I be shamed to speak — I, who always told you my heart’s own truth? I know they have told you that I’m trothed to another. Waes me! it’s ower true. But it was words — words only, Tinwald, and few of them — that gaed to the Southron sailor; and sure there was some spell upon me, or he’d never hae got sae muckle as that. My first, last love, was ever where it was born, and must die.”

So saying, the ignorant girl in the abandonment of her grief laid her head, heavy with all its glossy hair, upon his breast, and sobbed to her foolish heart’s

content; too happy, she thought, if her grief, thus pillowed, could last for ever!

Tinwald loved; and the glow of unexhausted youth was fervid in his veins; but his chivalrous sense of honour had been formed from old books, rather than from living men. He came of the stern race which had furnished Puritans and martyrs, accustomed to prize a victory over temptation as dearly as ever did conqueror over a human foe. And then he could not and would not forget that Alice was the plighted bride of another. The very strength of the trial roused his spirit to battle with and triumph over it; he slowly — very slowly, it must be owned — disengaged himself from the too trusting and dangerous embrace; and his countenance maintained its unmoved though melancholy expression, as Alice recoiled into an attitude of pride that became her graceful girlish form well.

“Alice!” he said, gently, “I am *not* going away. I have just promised to stay and bide with my father, — and the hope of distant travel, with other hopes, is dead within me. But, Alice, I might as well be away, as far as regards all that has ever passed between you and me in the happy days of your free childhood. I thank you for your love; but it must be a sister’s love; so that when the Southron comes back, both you and I may meet him with honest faces. Yes, lassie! I would not see a blush of shame upon that cheek for all the joy that woman ever gave to man;

and I would rather know thee the spotless, true-hearted wife of another, than my own bride, if any wind of heaven could whisper a reproach of you."

The young stoic pressed the hand of Alice kindly, and turned to depart, forgetful of all his other purposes. Once more, however, he was arrested, not by the touch, but by the grasp of his lost love. Now no tear was in her eye — no supplication in her attitude — no pleading in her voice. She stood erect and proudly, and her eyes shone with indignant fire as she flung back the dishevelled hair from her brow, to set those glances free.

"Tinwald!" she exclaimed, "they always told me you were proud and cold-hearted, but I would not believe it. I am punished, — I am punished for my faith in you. I thought your gentle blood must give you gentle feeling; and never, never thought that you could triumph over, and trample on a poor, lone, motherless girl's feelings, and put her to shame at her own door. Go your way, now, — you'll hardly be stopped again by love as true as mine."

And Tinwald, strange as it may seem to some of us, *did* turn away; and the sound of his firm tread along the darkening shore was long audible. Then Alice sank upon her knees, and wept and sobbed as if her heart would break; and that poor forlorn heart loved Willie better than ever it had done before. She felt that he was nobly sustaining the heroic character

with which her imagination delighted to invest him; and though the thought aggravated her humiliation when contrasted with her own conduct, her consciousness scarcely amounted as yet to a sense of error.

Poor Alice now, indeed, felt the want of a mother's care. Her teachers had acted conscientiously in storing her mind with the usual amount of knowledge: they had trained her in most of the external proprieties of life; but from those instructions, all that relates to the government of the affections had been excluded as indecorous. In her father's home she had much leisure for solitary musing, and no friend to direct its tendency; thus, that insidious guest, "first love," found easy entrance into her unguarded heart: and it is no wonder that when a storm arose therein, its instinctive perceptions of right and wrong were for the time obscured.

The next morning there was no more trace of the schooner than of the scene that had taken place in Tam's porch. The little vessel was sailing away, nevertheless, cheerily dashing aside the waves that opposed her course; and Tinwald, equally invisible to Alice, was holding *his* course steadily onward, dashing aside every caitiff thought that interfered with its rectitude.

A month passed on, and the recollection of the Bonito seemed only to live in the avaricious hopes of Tam, the fears of Tinwald, and the remorse of Alice,

who wished a thousand times a day that she had never seen the pirate's face. Tinwald appeared to devote all his strong energies to agricultural pursuits and country interests. He cast aside the reserve and seclusion that had distinguished his youth, and now mingled freely among men, at a time when most people were withdrawing as much as possible into privacy, owing to the persecution that still raged. Then it was, as tradition represents, that he received a requisition from the Whig party to serve in the Scottish Parliament; but he refused, on account of the still declining health of the old laird, who continued to feel as cheered by his presence every morning that he rose, as on the day when his son first abandoned his desires for his duty.

One evening, as Tinwald was returning home, he heard the sound of a strange voice in his father's house. On entering, he found a youth, who had evidently just dismounted from his horse, and had been riding hard, standing by his father's side. The old man had covered his face with his hands, and was so absorbed in some sudden grief, that he did not perceive his son's entrance; but the stranger turned quickly round and embraced him affectionately.

"Ye'll scarcely remember me, kinsman," he said; "it's so lang since we met, and they tell me I'm something grown. Wae's me that I bring bad news; but a friend of yours, umquhile a cornet in Claverse's

dragoons, bade me ride for my life and tell you to fly; they've found some correspondence of yours with Fletcher of Saltoun, and they swear they'll make sure of *you*, though he has escaped them."

The laird raised his eyes to his son; full they were of undying love, that shone with melancholy light on his son's memory in many an after year, — in many a trying scene. Tears were trickling down the old man's wan and wasted features, but he spoke in a firm voice, for the agony of grief was over:

"God's will be done! My son, we maun now part indeed; but I thank Him that He has prepared me for the blow, and that yer heart stays wi' me still. Tak' my blessin', Willie, and bide not a minute langer."

This sudden revulsion of all his prospects might well have shaken even young Tinwald's self-control; but he had been long prepared for danger, and had made all his arrangements with Scotch foresight, having even laid aside a travelling fund out of his scanty resources. He did not hesitate to obey his father; for he well knew, by recent tragical examples, that if he was taken he was lost to him for ever. He was on his road towards the Border, therefore, in an incredibly short time. The sound of his father's blessing lingered still in his ear and on his heart, as he pressed rapidly along the dark but well-known path. His young kinsman rode by his side, but respected his silence, and it was long before he found himself addressed.

“Pardon me, good lad,” said the fugitive at last, “that I have given you such scanty thanks for the good service you have rendered me. And now let me ask you how you chanced to be a messenger to me, and whither you are bound?”

“You know,” said the youth, “that my father has many money transactions with all parties in these queer times; and latterly these Church-dragoons have had all their pay through him. I brought certain moneys this morning to Dumfries, to Drummond himself, and I had some business of the same sort to transact with Sir Standon, the young cornet, who is now a close prisoner waiting the king’s decision on a court-martial lately held upon him. As soon as he saw me, he called to mind having met you and me together in Edinburgh, and he said to me, ‘John Law, your friend Paterson’s life and liberty both are in danger. Hire a trusty messenger at any price for me, dispatch him on my horse, and tell him to spare it not.’ I said if the beastie were a good one, I would like the ride mysel’; whereupon he smiled, and bid me take his Yorkshire mare, and keep her for my trouble. So having settled beforehand what business I had, and sent my servant with notice of it to my father, I spurred off, — and ye may be sure, by the puir mare’s looks, that I thought more of you than of her. Now, for your second question; the reason I am with you still, is partly to keep you company,

and partly to learn of you, whether your intention is to gae beyond seas to the Indies. If so, I am determined to join you and take my chance; so long as I can see strange countries, and especially those lands of gold, I care nothing for danger or discomfort."

"Good lad," replied Tinwald, "you little know what you propose to encounter. And if your fourteen years were doubled, I would still refuse to let you follow me. Your father, John, is well to do and well respected in the world; you have quick talents with good promise before you in your own country. I solemnly adjure you to return to your home and duty. Remember that with your time before you, and your talent, you may be ANYTHING you choose to aspire to."

Much more of of the same import Tinwald added; but of all his wise words the last quoted were those that alone sunk into the boy's heart, and took root there, and afterwards bore wondrous fruit. After an hour's rapid riding, John Law yielded to his cousin's desire, and returned by bye-paths to his father's house at Lauriston.

Meanwhile Tinwald pursued his lonely way towards the Border. But fearing to be detected there, he stopped at a small village called Dornoch, to disguise himself. Its inhabitants were fishermen, who, preparing to go to sea, soon began to assemble on the shore. The persecution which then prevailed, involved

almost all the Border Scots in a common cause, and a fugitive was always sure of a kindly welcome, when there were no spies or troopers near. Tinwald in a few words explained his position, and his desire to change clothes with some of the poorly clad men whom he addressed. To this they readily assented; but as some question arose as to any of their coats fitting him, one of them proposed to take a doublet belonging to the "sick man, who was never likely to want it again."

"Puir fellow!" continued the speaker; "he's lain senseless this month, and ever syne we fand him on the stanes, there's scarce a glimmering o' life in him, but just eneugh to keep body and soul thegither, and that no for lang, I'm thinking."

This speech excited Tinwald's curiosity; for he had long and vainly sought for some tidings of poor Partan, and the time and circumstance now mentioned seemed to agree with those under which he had disappeared. He begged to be taken to the sufferer's presence, — and at once recognised in the spectral-looking figure before him, the wofully changed form of his humble friend. The worthy fishermen had found him lying on the rocks at high water-mark as they were coasting home against the tide. He scarcely seemed to breathe, but they took him carefully to their village; laid him in the best cottage's best room, and had since ministered o him as far as their small means and skill enabled

them. He had never spoken, and they supposed him to be some foreign sailor, whose ship had been lost among the quicksands.

Tinwald tried to make him speak, but he gave no symptom of intelligence; an occasional long drawn breath, and a quiver of the closed eyelids alone showed that he was not the mere corpse he seemed to be. Tinwald's own necessity was too urgent to admit of his remaining long to watch over him. With some difficulty he prevailed on the fisherman to accept remuneration for his care; he desired him to get the best medical assistance he could procure (which was no nearer than Carlisle), and as soon as he was able to be moved, to convey him to the Manor-house. At the same time he wrote a note to his father, bequeathing the old sailor to his care.

That was the last action that the fugitive performed for many a day on Scottish ground. In a few hours he had passed the border by a footpath, in disguise; a fisherman's lad riding his horse forward, to meet him in Carlisle.

Of his adventures thence to Bristol we possess no account. We only know, from an old pamphlet in the Bodleian, that he there lodged in the house of a widow, his mother's distant kinswoman. With her he remained for some months, no doubt exercising himself in good offices. It appears that soon afterwards his hostess died, and bequeathed to him her small posses-

sions. The next glimpse that we obtain of him is in a far-away land, under very different circumstances.

Here ends Book the First of this veracious history; still more veracious, let me add, as the plot proceeds; for now we are about to leave the transactions of private life, and enter upon scenes of which the world was once cognizant.

Having extracted the foregoing matters from the heterogeneous mass of dates, diaries, letters, and pamphlets that had fallen into my hands; and having, as I thought, displayed much edifying industry in their arrangement, I met my old highland friend at Tibbie Sheils's with some confidence. The attention with which he listened was very earnest, and made me begin to feel that my hastily-assumed responsibilities had been very inefficiently discharged. He heard me to the end, however, and then, with provoking benignancy, observed:

"I hae nae doubt ye hae written ye're best, Sir. But, besides minor faults which I will no stap to specify, ye hae twa major faults: ye hae ta'en up half the buik wi' the youth o' Tinwald — (or Paterson, as ye suld ca' him.) And, agin, yer Scottish dialect is vera imparfect."

"With respect to the first objection," I replied,

boldly, "I have but done my duty to the nature of the case. Man's real history is comprised in that part of his life of which we take least notice. What is manhood and age but a series of *dénouements* of the romance begun in youth, — a continued extrication of ourselves from more or less false impressions that bewildered and led us astray? As men emerge into manhood, their actions and experiences become their history, and their feelings show less and less upon the surface. The practical grows predominant over the ideal, and they become fitter materials for grave biographers than for us rhapsodists. For the future, you shall find facts enough; but let the fancies (if they deserve the name) stand as they are.

"As to your criticism of my Scotch, I have less to say. No candid critic (except yourself) would expect from a mere Southron perfect command of an undefined and ever-varying dialect, — a semi-barbarous language, which the magic of Scott's genius alone had power to render classical, and which even Burns could not render musical."

"Weel, weel," rejoined the highlander, "let it stand. But dinna ca' barb'rous that true Doric whilk has been the medium to the intellectual warld o' Burns' mind, o' Allan Cunningham's, o' Hogg's, o' the Border Ballads, — not to say o' the '*Noctes Ambrosianæ*.' Ye ought to be more 'shamed o' imperfection in that dialect', as ye ca't, than o' imperfection in the tongue

of the French, or ony ither o' our nat'ral enemies. But, to speak o' mair pressin', (tho' not mair serious things,) here are ye, after near two hundred pages, and ye hae not yet extracted Paterson from his ain hame — frae the cradle o' his real life, as I may ca' it."

"That objection," said I, in a very subdued manner, "will be soon removed. It is seldom that one of your countrymen can be accused of remaining too long in his own country. You know the old distich:

" 'Had Cain been a Scot, heaven would have altered his doom;
Not forced him to wander, but confined him at home.' "

Again my highlander returned to the attack: —

"Ye'll be makin' that Spaniard the chief man of the story," he objected, "whilk, after a', is no his, but Willie Paterson's. An' it seems to me there's mair true romance in that great man's simple story than in all the fictions that ye can gather out o' Marchants and Morescoes, (as ye misca' them,) to boot."

"My good friend," I replied; "I attempt to give you not only the history of your countryman, but as much as my poor memory and skill can furnish of his accessories — of the men with whom he worked out his destiny, and the scenes wherein his work was performed: something, in short, of all that makes up the complement of a man, instead of the few naked personal facts that may be found in any biographical dic-

tionary. Allow me, in passing, to observe, that Moresco is the term applied to the Moors of Spain, in contradistinction to those of Barbary."

"Weel, weel!" exclaimed the old man, "gang yer ain gait. The puir man that has patience to mak' a buik, has some claim to the patience o' him wha only reads it. But, for ony sake, when neist we meet, let's hear something o' auld Scotland, insted o' your pagans and papishes, and a' their ungospel doings."

I was obliged to postpone complying with this request in the few following chapters; which at our next meeting I proceeded with to my highlander, as follows.

END OF BOOK THE FIRST.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE NEW WORLD.

CHAPTER I.

Swiftly, through the foaming sea,
Shoots our vessel gallantly;
Still approaching, as she flies,
Warmer suns and brighter skies.

MEYRICK.

WE turn once more to Spain.

We left Alvarez in the house of Hamet, at Seville, forgetting his sorrows in sleep. His friend Reduan's corpse still hangs suspended over his funeral pyre, warped and blackened with the blaze from which it was yet scarcely cold. The officiating priests have returned to their spiritual functions or carnal refection in the city; and their edified flocks are dancing the fandango, and making love under the noble trees that line the Guadalquivir. Hamet has hastened away to fulfil his dying fellow-countryman's injunctions. He has learned from Edrisi of the Omarad the story that Alvarez will shudder to hear. Its import is as follows:

Reduan had still retained command of immense treasure, notwithstanding the seizure of his patron's castle. He had bribed his way to the widowed lady; but, beyond one interview, even gold could not avail him. He learned from her that she had been treated with respect, though daily threatened with the torture, being accused of Judaism, of unholy practices, and of defrauding the Spanish crown. All was to be forgiven, and her freedom restored, if she would send for her son: she had refused, and hourly expected to be put to the "Question," as it was called. Reduan knew, from dread experience, that to offer himself as witness, or as substitute for the poor lady, would only ensure his own destruction without benefit to her. He lost some precious days in vainly devising means for her escape; and the month, during which Alvarez had sworn to wait for him in the mountains, was nearly expired: the Moresco resolved to make one desperate effort to release the Señora before it ended. He had discovered, in a modest, inoffensive-looking brigantine at Cadiz, a daring captain, and a few resolute men who were ready to follow him "to the jaws of hell," as they expressed it, for the gold which he was equally ready to lavish on them if the enterprise succeeded. Their vessel lay ready to sail; they conveyed themselves to Seville: they followed Reduan to the walls of the Inquisition. Well mounted and armed, they were ready and willing to fight their way to San Lu-

car; once there, to reach their brigantine seemed to them an easy task. Reduan, disguised as a familiar of the Holy Office, conducted them at midnight to its great, gloomy gate. He was admitted on giving a certain signal and they waited for him for one hour.

They had then fulfilled their contract; they rode away to their boat, and dropped quietly down the river to their ship. Reduan had been betrayed: but the official, whose services he had purchased at an enormous rate, had kept his word; he had introduced him into the cell where the Señora was confined. Her spirit had already been released by a mightier hand. Nothing but her mortal form was left, and that had already resumed, in the repose of death, the exquisite harmony which the fatal rack could no longer distort. Her faithful friend felt almost relieved to see her thus; at last secure from all suffering, beyond the reach of all persecution. Wax tapers stood at the head and feet of the wan unconscious form, and Reduan gazed upon those changed but still lovely lineaments long and earnestly. At length he roused himself from his sad reverie, and turned to depart; but the familiar was gone; the door had closed silently behind him, and he, too, was in the grasp of the Holy Office!

After two days' imprisonment, one of his jailors gave him to understand that his days were numbered, but that if he could ensure him a proportionate reward, he would take a last message to his friends. A

scrap of paper, in peculiar cabalistic signs, was thus conveyed at a certain hour to the corner of a certain street, and dropped there in the dust. Crowds of people were passing to and fro; several picked up the bit of paper and flung it down again as worthless. Edrisi, by previous arrangement, was among the crowd; he, also, picked up the paper, and after a glance at its contents, he, too, flung it down, and it was soon trampled into fragments. But its purpose was fulfilled. Before entering on his desperate undertaking, Reduan had confided to his friend Edrisi all his arrangements, and a packet for Alvarez, containing advice for his future conduct, and statements of all the resources that yet remained to his once wealthy house. The brigantine was to wait for Alvarez up to a certain day; but should he come on board, she was immediately to put to sea, and convey him to the New World, whither she was bound. He was further to change his name as a measure of safety.

Such were the revelations of Edrisi: we need not follow Hamet to his home, or observe their effect on young Alvaro, as we shall henceforth call him; his despair, his vows of vengeance. No one, least of all he himself, could describe his maddening sense of helpless misery, of impotent wrath.

Hamet waited calmly until the first burst of his passionate feeling had exploded; and then, in the tem-

porary prostration that followed, he endeavoured to soothe and to direct his thoughts to safety.

The day after the *Auto-da-fé* was over, and midnight had come. The brigantine, — a large, slovenly-looking craft, with yards ill squared and sails half furled, — lay in the tideway, off the town of San Lucar. Her captain trode the deck with measured steps, now and then casting a searching look all round, and then with muttered curses resuming his walk. The clocks in the city chimed, and he called to a man who seemed to be the mate:

“Nick, turn up the hands,” he said, eagerly; “and see all clear to slip moorings as soon as she swings with the tide. Our time’s up, and we’ve been here long enough and to spare. Daylight would bring us trouble, unless my eyes deceive me.”

The fore-topsail fell slowly from the brails, and was sheeted home without a sound. The mainsail gently expanded, scarcely shaking in the gentle night wind. In a few minutes more the vessel swung lazily round as the tide turned. The mate reported, in a low voice, that all was clear; when the captain exclaimed, in the same suppressed tone;

“Hold on! there’s the green light at last. We shall have earned our money, after all,” he muttered to himself; “and we might fall in with many a booty worth less than ten thousand crowns.”

A small boat, with only two figures in it, now

grated against the ship's side: some countersign was given by one of the men, and then his companion stepped on board. Without another word, the boat shot away into the darkness. The words "Let go", passed in a whisper along the deck; and the brigantine glided away through the darkness, apparently the only moving thing in all that crowded port.

When morning dawned, Alvaro found himself fairly at sea; and though still stunned by sorrow, he was conscious of the strange sights and sounds about him. The captain and his crew no longer preserved any disguise, and the young man found himself among professed Buccaneers, notable members of the far-famed and dreaded Brethren of the Coast. Deadly and immitigable foes to Spain, they had dared to place themselves within her grasp. They had easily baffled her indolent and ill-paid *guarda-costas*, and bribed the corrupt officials of the port to allow them to refit and dispose of their cargo under the very guns of their most formidable fortress. There they had sold to Spanish merchants the contents of their own ships, whose delay upon the seas they never thought of attributing to the quiet-looking brigantine, ill-managed even in harbour by four or five slovenly-looking seamen. Scarcely, however, had the brigantine cleared the harbour, when a large *chassemarée* started out from the Santo Petri Rocks. It was crowded with men, who had lain *perdu* on the coast of Barbary, while

their comrades were disposing of the booty at Cadiz. They "tumbled in," as sailors say, on board their ship; and each of them, as he gained his footing on the deck, made a sort of obeisance to the captain, who surveyed them with an eager searching glance that appeared to see all that could be seen, and to inquire for something more. Fifty fierce seamen, all armed to the teeth, now swarmed on the pirate's deck, with a hum of many voices and many languages. Their captain had, before their arrival, descended into his cabin, in the unpretending habit assumed by him at Cadiz. When he reappeared from below, not only in dress but in aspect, he seemed to be a new man. Haughty and commanding in his looks, well appointed in his apparel, his very voice was changed. He gave orders, brief, loud, and rapid, for casting the *chassemarée* adrift, for hoisting up the guns from the hold, where they had been secretly stowed away, for bending larger sails, and, in short, for transforming the whole condition and character of his ship. The crew obeyed with a promptness and skill that proved their strict discipline and long practice: not an unnecessary word was uttered, every nerve was strained to duty, and Alvaro, the stranger, remained utterly unnoticed until the merchantman was changed into a dashing pirate. Then the captain gazed round him, below and aloft, with complacency; every sail was trimmed to a nicety, every spar was in its place, everything superfluous was

stowed away, the machine was perfect in its kind, and admirably fitted for its deadly purpose.

And now the brave ship rushed away towards the far west, with wonderful rapidity; the watch was set; the business of the hour was concentrated on the helmsman, who with anxious eye and steady hand guided his great charge along towards the invisible New World. The sailors wiped the sweat from their swarthy brows, and resumed their leathern doublets, thrown off in the heat of work; those who were not on duty then formed themselves into groups upon the decks, smoking, or sleeping, or drinking; dice began to rattle, songs and oaths were heard by snatches, and a general relaxation was apparent, contrasting curiously with the previous stern discipline.

Meanwhile, Alvaro lay reclined on the lofty poop, observing with grave and watchful eye his new companions. Bitter as was the sorrow that lay at his heart, he was diverted from it almost in his own despite by the new scenes in which he found himself, by the glorious element over which he was bounding, and, above all, by the warm young blood which ever beats responsively to nature's grand emotions.

At this period, the extraordinary "Brotherhood of the Sea," as they dubbed themselves — the BUC-CANEERS as they were called by trembling mariners — were in the height of their evil fame and power. They had virtually possessed themselves of all the

waters and the beautiful islands that bordered on the Spanish Main. They had even carried their ravages into the Spanish territories on the Continent of America, and laid the wealthy cities of the Isthmus under contribution. Their exploits formed the whole history of the region where they carried on their daring trade, and were the frequent theme of romance in all the sea-ports of the Old Continent.

Alvaro had heard something of these terrible rovers from the contrabandista sailors of the Mesquinez; their deeds of valour and ferocity could scarcely be exaggerated even by Spanish imagination, and the young wanderer now regarded them with intense though fearless curiosity.

He was almost surprised to find them much like other men in outward seeming. Instinct, indeed, told him that the stern looks, which for the most part they wore, must have been acquired in scenes that steel the heart and banish smiles; but many an honoured patriot looked as grim. Almost every face was either pale with dissipation or bloated with excess; but the imagination of the innocent youth referred such signs to the vigils and hardship of those who strive with stormy seas. Their dress (for it was Sunday, and fine weather) was strange, gay, and incongruous; silken and velvet doublets were worn over coarsest shirts; and gorgeous Indian shawls wrapped round the waistbands of tarry trousers. Many wore massive

golden ear-rings, and large pearls, cornelians, or agates as buttons. Every man was dressed according to his own fancy; and some of the buccaneers were as coarse and foul in garb as the others were magnificent, while their long hair, matted instead of being carefully curled, gave to them a wilder and more desperate appearance.

Their captain seemed to be one of the youngest of the company, but fierce passions and wild orgies had anticipated the work of years; his bright eyes were sunken, and his cheek was hollow; and toil, or exposure to weather, had dashed in some gray among his rich brown hair, and had bronzed all his face, except the high pale forehead, which was marked with a fearful scar. His glance was piercing, rapid, restless, and uncertain, except when now and then his eyes were fixed on vacancy, and seemed to stare on some abstraction until an approaching step startled him, or the flapping of a sail aroused his ready attention. He walked the deck with a firm but unequal tread, apparently unconscious of the presence of his crew. His dress was perfectly simple, and showed off to advantage his spare but powerful form; the only ornament he wore was a rich Indian scarf tied round his waist, and in this were a brace of pistols with which his fingers often dallied.

The attention of Alvaro became gradually concentrated upon the young adventurer whose genius had been able to assert supremacy over the desperate crew,

lately his mates, and now, by their own act, his slaves. Those who were not on duty, indeed, paid him little attention, except by keeping carefully out of his beat; but the men on watch, whenever they approached to ask or to receive an order, did so with the most profound respect. The man at the wheel performed his monotonous duty as anxiously as if the ship was among breakers; and well he might, for the man whose place he supplied was under the surgeon's hands; his attention being distracted for a moment, the ship had fallen off a point or two, and in a moment the captain was by his side, when a blow from his iron hand laid the helmsman quivering on the deck, with mouth and nostrils streaming blood: another hand supplied his place instantly, and the captain resumed his walk.

For some time, Alvaro had continued to follow the despotic rover with his eyes, as if he was fascinated. The latter, however, affected to be indifferent to his presence, though he betrayed some involuntary sense of uneasiness at being so closely watched. The young Moresco still kept his eye fixed upon him, whilst his thoughts began to wander back to the scenes he had so lately left: darker and darker they became; sorrow gave way to indignation, and indignation to a fierce thirst for vengeance on those who had left him lonely in the world. His passion for revenge long repressed, now broke out with redoubled strength; it became a

very madness, absorbing all other thought, and fear, and hope. He saw around him the sworn foes of Spain, and he felt as if destiny had repaid him for many sufferings by casting him among such associates. He pictured to himself these men, whose very repose reminded him of the crouching of a tiger. What terrible instruments they must be when let loose upon an enemy! What delight to see them bursting in upon a Spaniard's deck!

As these angry reflections passed over his expressive countenance, the Captain fixed his eyes upon him, and read its meaning, but misapplied it to himself. Suddenly he strode up to him, and with the fierce voice and aspect, before which the stoutest of his crew were wont to quail, he demanded to know the stranger's thoughts. Alvaro, sustained by the intensity of his own excitement, rose slowly from his recumbent posture, and fixed upon the Buccaneer a gaze as firm and almost as defiant as his own.

"By what right," said he calmly, "do you presume to interrogate me thus? I am your passenger, and not your prisoner."

"Sacre cochon de St. Antoine!" exclaimed the Captain, "you will find but little difference if you choose to wear that hang-dog mutinous look before me. What if yon infidel dog paid your passage handsomely, — which I don't deny, — he did not bargain that you were to cast the evil eye upon my ship's

company, or comport yourself as if you were in the presence of the black devil himself. Let me tell you, that you are the first Spaniard who ever trod this deck and lived. If you wish for other treatment, you must put off your countrymen's ill-omened scowl, and try to look like an honest man."

Alvaro indignantly denied the countrymen imputed to him, and the captain's brow cleared at once, with a look of inquiry.

"I was thinking of my debt to Spain at the moment you spoke," continued the young Moresco; "they have betrayed, and tortured, and slain my father, my mother, and my only friend. They have persecuted to the death, and almost exterminated the Moorish race whose blood I own. Give me but a chance of vengeance on these Spaniards, and if any man amongst you robs me of it, then spurn me as a tame and soulless slave!"

As he spoke, his eyes flashed and his form dilated; the Captain's dislike, suddenly converted into admiration, expressed itself in the kindest greeting; his coarse and disdainful manner changed into one of frank courtesy; and he expressed hearty pleasure in having such an acquisition to his ship's company. He then drew Alvaro into conversation, displaying on his own part a tact and wit that charmed the inexperienced youth. He first allowed the Moresco to pour out his wrongs and sorrows, and then gradually turn-

ed his thoughts into a new channel; described himself as a sort of naval knight-errant devoted to redressing all wrongs that the Spanish people had inflicted, and descanted eloquently on the glories of his profession.

“Ours is a life,” he continued, “in which all the old laws of the world are falsified, and in which romance becomes true. Ours are all the joys that earth can give, intensified by having *won* — not bought or begged them. The fairest regions of the globe are the scene of our adventures. We roam from isle to isle as the chase of our game invites us; and, like Nimrod, our game is Man — the Spanish man, — who has made a hell of the Indian paradise.”

The Captain paused, having gone thus far, and left his words and the attractions of a sea life to work their own impressions. He desired anxiously to make a recruit of the fiery young Moresco, but he thought it better not to propose it to him as yet. After making his guest welcome to his cabin he retired, and left him to his own reflections.

The reader will probably have recognized in this eccentric Buccaneer the Captain Laurent of Sandilee.

Lawrence had run the *Bonito* directly from the Solway to Dunkirk, where he had sold her without scruple, and his reputation had easily procured for him the command of a more powerful vessel and a numerous crew. With this equipment he had sailed for the Spanish Main; but having fallen in with a

prize near Cadiz, he had been tempted to send her, with the greater part of his crew, to Barbary, to be sold or broken up; whilst he, disguising his own brigantine, boldly entered the port of Cadiz, and there traded with the merchants for their own goods.

The first night at sea, when the weather was fine, was always celebrated by the Buccaneers as a festival. At sunset, one of their number came aft to invite Alvaro to join them, but he received a refusal without offence. The wild crew respected the stranger whom their Captain chose to honour, and they left him to such retirement as such a ship could afford. To his surprise and pleasure he soon heard the sounds of skilful music, and as the ship lay tranquilly on the quiet sea, it was delightful to hear the sonorous sounds of trumpets and violins spreading softly over the water. It was one of the fierce Captain's singularities to which we have before alluded, that love for music; and it was not the only taste he carried with him from a former life of refinement to his present outlawed condition. But the music did not last long; it soon gave way to less harmonious sounds, jovial songs, loud laughter, and wild jests.

How strange to Alvaro; — how strange to him in his solitude and his sorrow, appeared the bacchanalian revelry that began to rage below! The sea in all its solemnity was spread around, heaving slowly, as if its great heart were palpitating with the deep and

quiet pleasure of that glorious summer night. Above, the sky in sublime serenity was flooded with angelic light, like a visible heaven arching over this poor harassed world, a final and blessed asylum for those who have finished their life's long task. The ship herself, in her calm and swift progress over the lonely and fathomless floods, was in harmony with the scene. Her pure white sails, and tall tapering masts, and the whole contour of her graceful form made her look like a beautiful and meet inhabitant of the element that was her home.

And yet, from the very heart of her arose through the blessed evening air, such sounds of oaths and ribald songs, and angry altercation, and still more hideous mirth, as might have belonged to hell. — So passed the first evening that Alvaro spent among his fellow men at sea.

The ship steered south to fall in with the trade winds that tend to cool the tropics; and day by day she seemed to enter into a more delicious climate. Even the sorrow of Alvaro became softer under the powerful influence of a pure and constant summer air, and the soothing monotony of a life at sea. He had youth, too, on the side of his resignation, and the consciousness, ever strong in the oriental mind, that the past was irremediable. The world, and it alone, was before him. He had the proud conviction of all-mastering talent to cope single-handed with every

difficulty, and to wrest from it its prizes — such prizes as it had to bestow. Above all, he had for his nearest object revenge upon the Spaniards. He had never dreamt of its criminality; he knew not the god-like pleasure of forgiveness; he perceived in vengeance only a high duty, too much in accordance with the instinct of his burning heart.

As time sped on, he became more alive to the multifarious, though evanescent interests of the ship. He set himself diligently to learn the duties and discipline, and somewhat of the art of naval life. He was conscious, too, that he had much to learn in that most puzzling book of human nature, from which he had been so long secluded; and every man on board became a subject for him to study. Naturally, and by habit reserved, he was obliged to exert some force of will in order to expand himself, and to find objects of common interest with such associates. He tried, however, and succeeded. The inner citadel of his feelings was always well guarded and unapproachable; but on all outlying topics he soon became open and communicative, giving and receiving such knowledge as he might. His first questions naturally related to the order to which his new comrades belonged, and one sultry forenoon, as they lay beneath the awning with their pipes, he learned all that was to be said in favour of the wild BROTHERHOOD OF THE SEAS. Their story is now fading fast from men's memories, yet they

performed important functions in their time. They were the rude pioneers of independent commerce in the remote Western seas. They made the world acquainted with the intricate navigation of their rich and beautiful but most dangerous islands, and they vindicated for the world at large a right to those regions which the Spaniards having first reduced to unheard of misery, afterwards attempted to monopolize.

CHAPTER II.

Oh, they are wild and wanton men, such as the best will be,
Who know no other gifts of God, but to be bold and free :
Who never saw how States are bound in golden bonds of law,
Who never knew how strongest hearts are bent by holy awe.

MILNES.

THE greatest genius combined with the greatest daring that ever centred in the mind of man was exhibited in the magnificent enterprise of Columbus; it was crowned with such success as none before or after him can rival, and rewarded by the revelation of a new world: a world of such beauty and rare endowments as might now appear a tradition of Paradise, if the first discovery had not been so fatally followed up. The far-famed visionary "Islands of the Blest" seemed to have lain there, among the crystal waters of those unknown seas, happy from all eternity. The gentle, loving, reverential islanders, whose wants were all abundantly, yet without labour, supplied by their waters and their woods, were fit inhabitants for such a region. If, among their many people, were found some fierce and cruel Caribs, the contrast formed but a necessary shade to render the too-bright picture human, and to qualify the serene existence of the western islanders with a salutary dread. They seem

to have known no other. Cold, and hunger, and nakedness, had for them no more terrors than in Paradise; glowing sunshine or mellow night were always theirs: the richest fruits hung around them, fishes of all shape and hue swarmed in their waters; and for raiment, to use an eastern expression, "they were clothed with sunbeams."

The weather-beaten mariners of Spain, one and all, were astonished and fascinated by these islanders and their delicious country. Instead of the rewards and unprecedented glory that awaited them in Europe, they implored, as their best reward, to be left in the new-found land. It seemed to them as if they had attained to the Blessed Island, so long sought after; where Roderick and Sebastian, nay Enoch, Elijah, and Melchisedec had long been secluded in blessedness from mortal gaze.

If the triumph allotted to Columbus was beyond what any other man has known, so was the sorrow and disappointment. Perhaps it was necessary that his noble soul should be purified by trial before it could attain to, or return to the humility essential to its health. Every aspiration in which the great discoverer indulged, was defeated and trampled on. Thrice he returned in disgrace, and once *in chains*, from the New World that he had rescued from its obscurity among the distant seas. The island that he loved with especial fondness, its people whom he had

so cherished, alike were defaced and destroyed by ruffian violence. The exquisite beauty of Hispaniola on which he had gazed with such delight, was converted into a scene of ruin and desolation; the generous and gentle caciques, whom he had made his friends, were robbed and butchered; the women who had welcomed him as a supernatural being, were outraged and degraded by the refuse of Spanish prisons. He himself died in poverty, humiliation, and neglect, a vain suitor for the government of the glorious regions that he had won.

All history abounds with records of cruelty and wrong; but that of Spanish America is terribly conspicuous above all other in barbarity and crime. The most damning testimony against them is furnished by their own writers; in the complaints of the virtuous Las Casas, the confessions of Cortes, the apologies of Herrera, and the summing up of Prescott, we have a list of the deepest atrocities that were ever perpetrated under the sanction of a king.

Nevertheless, there was something chivalrous too, in the ferocity of the conquerors of the Indians. Though, in some cases, their victims succumbed beneath their destiny without a struggle; in others, they fought with a desperation worthy of their cause. Their numbers, too, appeared overwhelming; their climate was a formidable ally; the white men were enervated by licentiousness and reduced by famine,

yet still the white men triumphed. Mere handfuls of daring Spaniards overthrew ancient dynasties, put monarchs to the sword, and enslaved whole nations. They subdued the very soil itself, forced it to bear a foreign vegetation, to feed strange animals, and to produce perforce the crops prescribed to it, instead of the wild fruits that were wont to grow at their own pleasure, as nature planted them. By the same strong wills, the seas were rifled to yield up their pearls, the mountains their gold, and the forests their proudest trees.

But the price that the Spaniards paid for all these triumphs was a fearful one. Hundreds of them perished miserably — by pestilence, or poisoned arrows, or the most loathsome of diseases, — for one who prospered; if an unbridled range and power of sensual indulgence could be deemed prosperity. By such means and such men, the maritime cities of Central America were built and peopled. It was long before the increase of their white population exceeded its mortality, — but at length the Spaniards triumphed in this matter likewise; and as the red man withered away, the invader spread wide his borders. Maracaibo, Cartagena, Vera Cruz, and other towns arose. Commerce obtained a firm footing, and the gold countries beyond the Isthmus were brought into close relationship with Europe. Wealth accumulated rapidly, and the galleons and flotas in their annual

visit found still increasing abundance of all luxuries, to exchange for European necessities of life. Precious woods and gums and balsams, with great pearls and massive silver and the arch-treasure, gold, were poured in upon the Spanish decks.

The eyes of all speculators were soon turned towards those wondrous shores. All ranks and classes of men, from the pompous hidalgo, to the meek missionary, turned longing eyes towards the new land of promise. In vain they were told of its dangers, its fatality, its Indians, its pestilences, and its Buccaneers, — the deadliest scourge of all. Danger and difficulty are only stimulants to the classes of which such emigrants are composed. Spain was full of ardent and restless spirits whom the Moorish wars had evoked, trained to the use of arms, and by their cessation rendered idle and desperate. What the Californian enthusiasm is now, all Central America, through its traditions, was then. The New World became stocked with adventurers, who soon became wealthy, or else they perished.

As wealth began to accumulate, desperadoes came to prey upon its possessors. The Buccaneers were seen buzzing like wasps around the hives of the Spanish merchants. The chances against the fair trader became fearful. Scarcely so many chartered ships escaped to discharge their cargoes, as smugglers now get through the cordon of our cruisers. The

gains, however, when successful, were so enormous as to induce seamen to run these risks, and such seamen became proportionably adventurous and reckless. The change to buccaneering was simple and frequent; and those highwaymen of the seas grew into a formidable power.

Romantic stories of all these things were constantly brought to Europe, and soon excited a spirit of adventure in France and the British islands, as well as throughout Spain. There was a strong jealousy on the part of the English, the Dutch, and the French, against the great power which had arrogated to itself the monopoly of the golden regions of the west. This jealousy plausibly expressed itself in indignation against Spanish cruelty, Spanish bigotry, and Spanish ambition. Thus chivalry, religion, and patriotism were all evoked against the haughty nation that had converted the paradise of its new discoveries into a hell of crime, cruelty and oppression.

Hence, whatever the condition, whether peaceable or hostile, of Spain with respect to European nations; they all considered her American possessions as a fair field for predatory warfare. But the Buccaneers were by far the most formidable enemies; they were always on the spot, they were amphibious in martial exploits; enterprising on the land, skilful on the sea, and desperately daring everywhere. They combined all the cunning of the Indian with the strength and

hardihood of the most manful European races. They were insatiably avaricious and utterly remorseless.

It is curious to trace the origin of these men, or rather of this people, in whom human nature seems to have run wild.

Spanish cruelty and lust of gold had rendered the lovely islands of Hispaniola almost a waste. Out of a happy population of 80 or 100,000 Indians whom Columbus found there, not above 400 remained at the end of the first century of Spanish rule to curse their name. As man faded from the land, wild animals increased. The early discoverers and first settlers had introduced cattle and swine, and these creatures now multiplied rapidly, covering the green savannahs with herds, and filling the forests with wild boars. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, Hispaniola and the adjacent islands became yet further neglected, as the Spaniards turned their attention and their strength towards the Continent. Then ships of various nations began to touch at the Western Islands for wood and water. Sometimes their men deserted into the interior, sometimes mutineers were abandoned as a punishment. They soon found little reason to regret their fate. Their predecessors had learned from the Indians how to hunt down and dress the game in which the isles abounded. From time to time a European ship would appear and exchange the two grand necessities of their isolated lives — brandy and gunpowder — for salted

meat, wild honey and cassava bread. At length the islanders became strong enough to attract the attention of the Spaniards, who attempted to dislodge them. The Buccaneers came off as conquerors, and soon attempted reprisals, which likewise were successful. Finally, the Spaniards, wearied with the ceaseless and deadly strife, retired altogether from the Western and North-western portions of Hispaniola, and formed new settlements or increased their old ones on the Continent. Even thither, however, the Buccaneers, grown bolder by impunity, pursued them. Every nation that entered into hostilities with European Spain, encouraged the indomitable enemy of her colonies, and thus gave a sort of dignity to their warfare. From Drake to Prince Rupert, the English especially, emulated and imitated the "Brethren of the Sea," in plundering expeditions against the American Spaniards. Nevertheless, such was the vast wealth extracted by the Spaniards from their possessions on *Tierra Firme*, that they still flourished; and were able to offer every year fresh and stronger temptations to their spoilers.

About the middle of the seventeenth century, the latter made another step in advance, by taking possession of the little island of Tortuga; and then for the first time begun to be called Buccaneers by the English, and Flibustiers (a corruption of freebooter) by the French. The origin of these names will appear in the course of our tale.

CHAPTER III.

The soul oppress'd puts off its robe of Fear,
And warlike stands, in warlike armour dighted;
And whensoe'er the Wrong'd would be the Righted,
There always have been, always must be minds
In whom the Power and Will are found united.

Child of the Islands.

SUCH was the condition of the Spanish Main when Alvaro was approaching it. Gradually his mind had assumed something of the character of his associates, or rather his passion for revenge had been led into the same channel. The more he brooded on his wrongs, the more he became convinced that fate had placed him among the enemies of Spain in order to indulge his passion. His imagination was wrought upon by the stories of the great Buccaneers, who had become famous on those seas. Of the terrible Montbara, who, nerved to vengeance by the Indians' wrongs alone, had acquired the epithet of the "Exterminator," before he reached the age of twenty; of Pierre le Grand, who, with a mere fishing-boat, had fought and captured one of the wealthiest galleons of Spain, and returned to Europe enriched for life; of Alexander of the Iron Arm; of the subtle Rock; of the ferocious L'Olonois; and many other heroes of the Spanish Main, of whom the hardy Buccaneers spoke with respect and admiration.

Alvaro was at that age when the passions most easily take fire from the enthusiasm of others, and has least sense of what lies beyond the present hour, ambushed in the future. Secluded as he had hitherto been from all sources of excitement, his whole suppressed youth and boyhood seemed to burst forth at once. A thirst for action, intensified by vengeance, became hourly more stimulating to his fiery Moorish blood. In his eagerness to meet an enemy, he could scarcely rest. He would watch the horizon for hours, with straining eyes, and then resume his hurried walk along the deck, with downcast looks, and firm-set teeth, as if endeavouring to repress the passion which devoured him. At length one morning, just after dawn, a cry of joy broke from him. He beheld a sail, and it was such a one as a thousand questions had taught him to expect and long for. She approached rapidly, and her lofty spars and taut rigging soon announced her as a man-of-war. The excitement amongst the crew of the buccaneer became intense, as a black ball was run up to her mast-head, — and the next moment a broad bunting, of crimson and yellow, spread widely on the breeze. A cheer of triumphant defiance welcomed the well-known signal of a Spanish galleon. Instant preparations were made for action on board the buccaneer; the guns were loaded and double shotted, with a celerity which proved long-practised skill in the business of death. The lofty and lighter sails were

taken in, every impediment along the decks was carefully removed; and all this was done with a zeal and dispatch which showed that every man's heart was in his work. Alvaro, otherwise unoccupied, patrolled the deck with rapid and impatient steps; but when the enemy opened her fire, and her shot began to tell, the captain ordered every man but the helmsman to go below. Alvaro complied, however, reluctantly, for the Buccaneer's discipline was too stern to allow a moment's hesitation. He diverted his own suspense by observing how that of his comrades' acted on their several natures: some drank brandy, — though, for once, in moderation; some chewed gunpowder, and some even betook themselves to prayer; but none made any comment upon their neighbour's conduct, nor had they much time to do so. A blast of the captain's bugle made them rush on deck, and in an instant every man was at his gun. The captain sprang to the tiller, unexpectedly put his helm down, and ran athwart the bows of his enemy: by the same manœuvre the ship's topsails were taken aback, and she lost way. The Spaniard had also taken in sail, and came on but slowly, but still had way enough to run foul of his opponent, his bowsprit crashed in between the Buccaneer's masts, and remained fixed there; just before the ships joined, Lawrence poured in his broadside, raking the galleon fore and aft, and causing dismal confusion. The next moment the Buccaneers rushed

in by the bows of the galleon, which in those days were low and unprotected. When the word to board was given, Alvaro was the first to spring into the Spaniard's ship, frantic with excitement and deadly wrath: such leading never lacks willing followers; as fast as they could trample over the dead and dying, the invaders swept the Spaniard's deck. The captain of the Buccaneer quickly led on a reinforcement, battened down the hatches, — and almost in less time than it takes to tell, the Spanish ship was won! But the carnage did not cease, for the Buccaneers gave no quarter, and the Spaniards asked it not; each man fighting with desperation until he died.

By slow degrees, at last the infernal clamour ceased; shrieks of agony and shouts of triumph, and parting prayers, and angry oaths were hushed. Out of ninety stalwart men who, but an hour before, had moved in life, and strength, and hope, nothing now remained except their blood upon the deck, which they had defended to the last. Their mangled corpses were flung into the sea, and their ship was as thoroughly clear of them as if they never had existed.

Then the Buccaneers fell to pillage with wonderful ingenuity and dispatch; shouts of exultation from time to time announcing that some rich and rare discovery was made. The spoil proved to be magnificent: not only was the hold of the galleon filled with the richest silks of India, and velvets of Italy, and

barrels of rare incense, but many iron chests were found, secured with bars and bolts, and filled with gold ingots and diamonds of immense value.

The prize was a very treasury of wealth and luxury; her arrival would have been welcomed with sensation in the richest city of the world. But now, all belonged to a set of homeless desperadoes, who rioted with fierce glee on the produce of laborious art and honest industry.

Alvaro alone stood aloof from the pillage. Not only did his vengeance seem as if it would be tainted by touching blood-money, but a reaction was already at work within his nobler nature. As long as the maddening excitement of the strife had lasted, he was as unsparing as any buccaneer. Not only the memory of his desolated home and his murdered parents filled his brain and steeled his heart, but visions of hospitable caciques roasted alive by the Spaniard for cursed gold; women impaled on the same spears with their nursling infants, whole villages of generous and trusting Indians treacherously destroyed, — all these thoughts swarmed in his mind, and seemed to him to render vengeance righteous. But when resistance ceased, he could no longer strike: battle became suddenly changed to murder, and he had eagerly striven to arrest its course. In vain; he became himself an object of attack, and had enough to do to defend his own life. One Indian alone he had rescued

from death; and, with this poor creature cowering at his feet, he now stood aloof, with folded arms, scornfully contemplating the work of pillage. It was accomplished in a wondrously short time, and all the treasure was piled up along the deck in rich confusion. The division of the booty, according to custom, took place upon the spot, for the captor and her prize were about to separate. A hundred lots were ingeniously made by the captain and the ship's clerk: they were as evenly adjusted as possible, since the rejected shares fell to the lot of those who had arranged them. The captain had ten shares — the officers five, four, and two, according to their rank; the common seamen had only one share each, but the wounded had additional shares according to the severity of their wounds: a lost leg was repaid with ten shares, an arm with six, a hand with two, and so on. In an hour all was done, and the different properties disappeared in detail as rapidly as they had been procured collectively.

Then arose a stormy discussion as to whether they should continue their cruise or proceed at once to the general rendezvous at Tortuga. The argument waxed warm; and at length it was decided that the captain, who, for reasons of his own, desired to reach Tortuga, should proceed thither with the prize. The brigantine, under the chief mate, was to continue her cruise, and Alvaro decided to continue on board of her. All this

discussion had been carried on with the most democratic freedom of debate; but the moment it was ended, the captain resumed despotic and unquestioned authority. With the same rapidity and energy that characterized all their movements, the ships were cast off and towed apart, the weather being still quite calm. The damages on board of each vessel were repaired; the decks were cleansed from all stains of gore; the wounded were carefully tended; and, before the sun went down, the ships separated, and slowly stood away in different directions.

The sails being trimmed, and the watch set, the Buccaneers on board the brigantine began a fierce carouse. But first, to the astonishment of Alvaro, they knelt upon the deck with uncovered heads, and offered up what seemed a fervent prayer of thanksgiving, and ended by entreating the blessing of Heaven on their future cruise!

Once more Alvaro resumed his accustomed isolated position on the poop, gazing on the star-spangled sea, which he was never weary of beholding, so deeply did it harmonize with the vague, unbounded aspirations that filled his yearning soul. But now a change had come over him. He had drank deeply of revenge, and he sickened of its fearful satiety. The lofty pursuits to which his young mind had been accustomed; the noble study of the sciences which are inseparably connected with philanthropy; the dreams of a happier,

holier world, and his hope to be instrumental in the welfare of humanity; — all these thoughts came back upon him with redoubled force in the silence and beauty of that glorious night. In the fervour of the new resolutions that followed on his meditation, he seized his sword to fling it in the sea; but it stuck in the scabbard — glued there by the Spaniards' blood. The Indian whose life he had preserved, alarmed at the movement, attempted to creep away; and that trifling circumstance recalled to him other considerations:

“Rest there, then,” he exclaimed, as he unhanded the hilt; “this poor creature and I may yet require thee for self-defence; but if ever thou art drawn again for a baser cause, may the arm that wields thee wither!”

Having partly satisfied his conscience with this vow, he called to the Indian with a voice of gentleness that astonished the poor slave: he gave him some of his own refreshment, which had lain by him almost untasted; and having assured him of protection, he resigned himself to sleep in a quieter mood than he had known since the fatal evening on which he sailed from the old palace of the Retiro.

CHAPTER IV.

High o'er their heads the rolling billows sweep,
And down they sink in everlasting sleep!

FALCONER.

PROFOUND silence now settled over the *Bonne Esperance* and all her desperate crew. The stern vigilance of Lawrence had given place to the license claimed at first from a new-made captain. The watch having drank almost as deeply as their comrades, were all asleep at their various posts. Even the helmsman nodded at the wheel, only startled now and then into wakefulness as the neglected ship came up to the wind and her sails were shaken. But the wind soon died away: the very heavens seemed to be asleep and the stars to twinkle drowsily. A vast dark curtain of clouds rose slowly up the northern sky, and soon, but imperceptibly, wrapped the ocean in a double night. Still, the drunken freebooters slept on; it might have seemed a ship of death, with a black and universal pall spread over it. The white sails towered up into the darkness like gigantic ghosts, and ever and anon small tongues of lambent flame would hover, spirit-like, over the mast-head. The sea began to heave and swell portentously, with a long and measured motion, that lulled the sleepers into a yet deeper slumber, and

all the while a strong current bore the ship swiftly and helplessly along, as in a dream.

Suddenly, the wild storm of the Tropics awoke and burst upon the world of waters with terrific uproar. Thunder shook the heavens with prolonged roar, and sheets of lightning wrapt the gleaming sea in one wide flame: the waves were roused instantly to fury; but, ever as they rose, their crests were whirled away by the tornado, and scattered into clouds of spray.

The best prepared ship could scarcely have endured that fierce and sudden storm: — but the brigantine had every sail set to the previous gentle breeze, and every hand that should have helped her was relaxed in sleep. As the hurricane assailed her, she was struck down on her beam-ends: the sea rolled over her in all its force: the decks had been strewn with the drunken revellers, who were now helplessly drowned as they lay: even the watch were only awakened by the wave that carried them away into the raging waters. Almost instantly all was over; and but two living creatures interrupted the sublime loneliness of the stormy sea.

Alvaro, like the rest of the ship's crew, had been asleep; his dreams haunted by the loud brutal songs and impious jests of the pirates. Suddenly, in his dream, it seemed to him as if those shouts of revelry were changed to shrieks, and at the same moment that he had become, he knew not how, involved in their

orgies. He seemed to reel and stagger, and the bowl of wine that they had been sitting round, seemed to gush up like a great fountain, and pour down upon him and all the revellers, washing them away in its red torrents: startled by the sudden sense of drowning, he awoke to find himself in the angry sea, with wreck and ruin and destruction all around. Too paralyzed to swim, he almost abandoned himself to death; but at the same moment he felt himself seized by a vigorous grasp, and dragged through the seething waters, within reach of a floating spar. There, clinging desperately, but still blinded and half-smothered by the waves, he felt gradually propelled onwards, until a comparative lull allowed him to look round. He was under the lee of the wrecked ship, whose masts had been snapped asunder like twigs, and were floating alongside her in a confused and tangled mass. With incredible vigour and address, the Indian steered the spar between the ship's hull and her floating masts, and then, having made it fast to the former, he relaxed his efforts and looked round him with an air of triumph. To him the water was as natural an element as the land; to him, those who had perished were so many enemies destroyed: his preserver alone remained alive, but the order of obligation was reversed; he was now the patron — the deliverer of his deliverer; — and that proud consciousness swelled his broad breast with manly triumph. And yet all this time he and Alvaro

were holding on for their lives under the lee of the wreck, while the storm still shrieked over and around them. The waves, risen to mountain height, now threaten to roll the sheltering hull right over, and now to jamb them against the mass of tangled masts and rigging which floated only a few spars to leeward. Suddenly, some shrouds from above parted, and the ship righted so violently, as to snap the line that held their spar, and the next moment they were drifted to the timbers that formed a sort of rude and struggling raft. But now Alvaro had recovered his strength and presence of mind, and having divested himself of his cumbrous clothes, he made almost as good use of his opportunities as the Indian. They soon struggled along the shrouds that still attached the floating spars to the ship's lee-chains, and then they found themselves on board and sole masters of the ship. Dismembered of her spars, and buoyant as a cork, she rode the waves gallantly, and the sea-beaten survivors felt themselves in comparative safety.

Daylight soon burst forth from the stormy east with tropical suddenness, and Alvaro could not, in all his misery, but admire the splendour of the scene. The tornado was already subsiding, and the waves assumed a purple hue, here and there dashed in with gold colour from the dawning sunshine, and flecked with the silvery foam that still sparkled on each breaking wave. Ten thousand scattered clouds, like

spirits of the storm, bespread the blue field of sky with their broken battalions in tumultuous but gorgeous confusion, as they fled away before the dawn.

But the exigency of the moment soon diverted the attention of Alvaro to other objects. The ship's deck had been washed clear of every moveable. Nothing but stumps of the masts remained: even the wheel was gone overboard, although held on to the ship by one of the tiller-ropes, in which the drowned helmsman was tangled and still seemed to struggle in the vexed waters. No other remnant of the crew was to be seen: the wounded in the late action had all gone to the rendezvous in the prize, and every man who could rattle a dice-box, or raise a goblet to his lips, had been on deck where he had fallen asleep when the revel ended.

Alvaro was, therefore, the sole owner of that wealthy ship, which he would then gladly have exchanged for the meanest galley out of Spain. But he soon roused himself, to make the best of his situation. With great labour he and the Indian contrived to get a top-gallant mast and sail on board, with such cordage as they thought might be most necessary. They then cut away the masts and rigging which encumbered and endangered the ship's side. Their top-gallant sail was soon rigged on its jury-mast; a long tiller was fitted to the rudder; the breeze came fresh and strong from the eastward, and Alvaro had soon

the happiness of finding himself once more borne steadily along the waters.

The delight of the Indian knew no bounds; and when Alvaro called him his preserver, and declared him free, he danced wildly about the deck, shouting and singing, and making such extravagant demonstrations of delight, that Alvaro was obliged to reassume all his authority, in order to restrain him.

The day passed swiftly by — each hour becoming brighter, and the air more redolent of the delicious climate they had run into. The wind blew steadily. Provisions of all sorts abounded in profusion, and Andreas (as the Indian called himself) declared that he only wished his present life to last for ever. By the time night came, he had learned to steer with intuitive quickness, and he and his patron relieved each other thenceforth every two hours.

The next morning they saw land under their lee; but it was only the little island of Anegada; and Alvaro determined to hold on for the Island of Haiti, if not for Hispaniola. Many of the lesser islands were reported to be inhabited by Caribs; and the appearance of a lonely Spaniard, or indeed of any white man, would have been the signal for his slaughter.

Three days were thus passed, when Alvaro saw with delight the blue peaks of mountains rising above the watery horizon. He steered for them as directly as he could with a single sail, and by the following

morning he found himself only a few miles from one of the loveliest islands in the world.

A balmy breeze wafted him over waters of the most crystal clearness. Many a fathom down he could perceive the rich landscape of the sea, enlivened with myriads of strange fishes glancing to and fro among the coral cliffs, and feathery foliage, and broad waving leaves of gigantic sea-weed. Here and there, breadths of golden sand intervened, with huge shells of all lovely colours gleaming in the watery light. But this paradise of fishes seemed, like all others, to have its demons too; for now and then the huge shadowy form of a shark would glide athwart the subaqueous scenery, and the hideous cat-fish, with its great quivering spiky fins, would steal from a coral cave, and disperse some glittering shoal in all directions, or a mantle-fish spread its wide, black, bat-like fins, and clasp a captive to its stomach-mouth. But all these events only increased the interest with which the young stranger gazed on the watery world, for the first time laid open to his view.

Nor could he long allow his tranced attention to rest upon the scenes below. He had to choose his home in the magnificent island before him, and where he first touched he must remain: but so great was the beauty and the richness of all the country that he saw, that he scarcely cared where his lot might be cast. He left his ship to take her chance, and she drove on

gently towards the land, while her careless pilot drank in with greedy eyes the beauty of the land before him. The sea shone on either hand, from far, like molten silver, gleaming out in many a tiny bay from the dark bases of the purpled promontories. Emerald valleys spread away from the water's edge, and suddenly curved up steeply into palm-covered hills, overtopped again by piny mountains, reaching far away until their blue summits almost melted in the bluer sky. Groves of lofty cocoa-trees were grouped among the meadows, each thick with creepers, from whose tangled verdure hung clusters of purple blossoms. Among the tufted steeps of the hills, sparkling cascades were bursting through the verdant gloom, and hidden again by foliage or gray rocks, until they shone revealed in quiet rivers stealing to the sea. As the ship approached yet nearer to the shore, the mariners could see flocks of parrots and blue doves fluttering from grove to grove, and the air was musical with the songs of innumerable hidden birds, and laden with the fragrance of myriads of flowers. Trees grew to the very water's edge, over which hung tempting fruits making beautiful shadows in the sea.

Still Alvaro held on his course, as close as possible, by this enchanting shore. At one time rocks, at another too thickly matted woods, induced him to keep away. At length a well-sheltered nook, with deep water and silver sands, and high overshadowing

rocks, determined his capricious choice; and there he ran his storm-beaten vessel in, fortunately when the tide was at the full.

Days of anxious labour followed. The coast thereabouts appeared to be quite uninhabited, and Alvaro expected that the first gale of wind would dash his ship to pieces. He believed himself (as indeed he was) in the Island of San Domingo, and he knew that there must be some buccaneers in the neighbourhood, or not very far off. Though he looked to them for future assistance, he was not quite sure that they would respect his newly-acquired property, and he determined to hide away the cargo of the brigantine, so that he might hereafter have recourse to it, if necessary. The Indian, always grateful as at the moment when he was rescued from the pirates' swords, exerted himself, however reluctantly, to the utmost of his power; and in a few days a limestone cave had been cleared out and rudely fortified, hung round with silk and velvets, and its recesses filled with the more precious articles. All the provisions that would keep were carefully stowed away; and then the cavern was closed up, and the ship made fast to the shore.

CHAPTER V.

Have Carbonaro cooks not carbonadoed
The flesh enough?

Age of Bronze.

ALVARO at length felt himself free to sally forth from his fortress and his labours, and to explore the wondrously beautiful world upon which his destiny had thrown him.

His heart bounded as he moved along. Almost a man in years, he was still a child in feeling and experience. Everything was new to him; above all, the rapturous sense of perfect freedom, which he then, for the first time in his life, experienced. His humble friend, the Indian, felt almost equal though graver pleasure in being restored to liberty, and to wilds which reminded him of his ancient home. He was one of the Bravos, as the Spaniards called the natives of Darien; a gallant race, which had alone successfully resisted the conquerors of Mexico and Peru. He was the chief man of his tribe, and had been treated by the Spaniards as an independent prince as long as he remained in his native fortresses, surrounded by his unconquerable people. But in an evil hour he had trusted to Spanish faith, which, though chivalrous towards Christians, was never held binding towards

Pagans, — the anathematized of the Pope. On visiting the Spaniards at Portobello, he had been arrested for some imaginary crime committed against the Catholic king. The Spaniards, desirous of securing so formidable an enemy, had demanded a ransom far beyond his power to pay, and had ultimately condemned him as a slave. This man is a historical personage in that time, and must have possessed character and talents beyond what are usually conceded to savages. He was respected, even among the Buccaneers, for his probity and courage; and he could speak Spanish, French and a little English, besides his own language. He now devoted himself to Alvaro, with the most faithful but not servile friendship; and long afterwards, in his native mountains, he proved that he did not even then forget what he owed to his preserver.

With this companion, Alvaro set forward to the westward; his pathless way led through scenes of exquisite beauty. Steep ravines, with rushing streams, sometimes impeded his progress; but everywhere he was surrounded by richly flowering shrubs, and often shaded by majestic trees. Verdant valleys were intersected by tall rugged rocks, rendered more picturesque by thickly-clustering parasites, round the pensile blossoms of which myriads of beautiful insects hovered; the woods and the very air above him were populous and vocal with sweet-voiced birds of brilliant plumage. All this was as delightful to the unvitiated taste of the

young recluse, as it was new. His love for Nature was virgin and unsophisticated; her mysterious loveliness was to him as a revelation, and he enjoyed it with passionate delight. Nor did his expedition fail in many an adventure that gave life and animation to every step he took. But these we must omit for more practical details.

On the morning of their third day's march, the explorers were descending a thickly-wooded hill, when Andreas suddenly stopped, laid his finger upon his lip, and listened attentively:

"It is the horn of the Flibustier!" at length he exclaimed; and moved on as if quite satisfied. As they emerged upon the plain, they beheld the buccaneer in his primitive and most innocent character — that of a hunter.

There were half-a-dozen of these people gathered round a huge wild boar, which lay still gasping in the agonies of death. Wild, fierce men they seemed, with beards unshaven and faces bronzed almost to a negro's hue. A leathern cap, with a long peak in front, — a blood-stained leathern tunic, worn loosely over cotton drawers, which reached only to the knee, — with buskins made of undressed leather, composed their whole attire. A long musket, and a formidable hunting-knife, with a powder-horn and bullet-bag, and a small bugle suspended from the neck, constituted the remainder of their equipments. Three huge

bloodhounds, such as used to chase the Indians, even through running water, by the scent, lay upon the grass, with outstretched tongues, and eyes glaring on the dying boar.

Alvaro paused for some time to contemplate these strange beings, whose story was so rife in European ears. He then advanced fearlessly from the shadow of the trees. As soon as he showed himself, the hounds started up, and rushed towards him; the hunters, too, sprang to their feet, and instinctively looked to the priming of their muskets; then, observing that the strangers were but two, they called off their hounds, in a voice like the roaring of a buffalo; and when the brutes reluctantly desisted from their meditated onslaught, the men flung themselves once more upon the ground, and resumed the appearance of careless ease. Alvaro addressed them in French; explained in a few words his relationship to their comrades; described the battle, the separation of the two ships, and the wreck of the brigantine. He did not, however, think it necessary to speak of the safety of the ship's cargo, but declared that he was able and willing to pay liberally for their services and assistance in procuring him a passage to Carthagená.

The Buccaneers welcomed him cordially. Every man on board the brigantine had been well known by them, and they briefly and emphatically regretted their loss; but they spoke of the catastrophe with a charac-

teristic apathy or stoicism which they seemed to have derived, with other habits from the aborigines of the island. They proposed to Alvaro to conduct him to their boucan; and leaving four of their number, with their *engagés*, or slaves, to convey the carcass of the boar, the other two proceeded towards the sea, at a pace which tasked the utmost powers of Alvaro to maintain. At length they reached their village, consisting of a few rude huts and light tents; these, however, in that genial climate, were sufficient to furnish them with all the shelter they required. One of the largest of these sheds was a store-house, where they kept provisions ready to exchange with passing ships for brandy and gunpowder, — their only foreign necessities. Wild honey, and cassava, and cocoa-nuts, were collected there in considerable quantities; but their chief articles of sale, as well as of diet, consisted in long strips of wild bull and boar flesh of a vermillion colour.

A tent was immediately allotted to Alvaro; the Indian was sent into the woods to pull fresh fern for his bed; and meanwhile the buccaneers proceeded to prepare their dinner. The wild boar had now arrived; it was flayed with wonderful despatch; its flesh was then separated from the bones, cut into long strips, and laid upon the *boucan*.

This Indian grate, from which the formidable freebooters derived their name, was very simple. It con-

sisted of four upright stakes, about six feet apart, and four or five feet high. Upon these a number of green poles were fixed crosswise; and thereon the meat was placed. Then a fire was kindled beneath, and, when it was well lighted, the bones and offal, and sometimes the skin of the animal, were gradually added to the fire, so as to keep it low and steady, and to fill the smoke with ammonia, the meat being turned from time to time, to insure its thorough saturation with the effluvia. The flesh thus roasted shrunk slowly, and assumed the desired vermilion hue; when, after some hours, the fire was allowed gradually to expire, the meat was fit for use.* It was about the thickness, and twice the breadth of a harness-trace; the savour was admirable; it remained good for almost any length of time.

This meat, with wild fruits, and some Indian corn, was the only diet of the buccaneers.

The life of these men was spent in the open air; they were free from care and the anxious thoughts that bend the frame far more than toil can do. Their life was one continued enterprise: they were incredibly strong, hardy as the wild bulls they hunted, and desperately daring. When compelled by wrong or

* In the same manner, it is said, the Caribs used to roast their prisoners, binding them alive upon the *grille*, and tempering the fire with such devilish care that the torture was prolonged for hours. The cookery was then considered perfect, and a "*jeune femme, bien boucannée*," as the French translated it, was the most recherché of cannibal luxuries.

want, or induced by the spirit of adventure, to take up arms and scour the seas, they became the scourge of the Spaniards, the avengers of the Indian.

In the evening, when half a hundred of these strange islanders were collected round their watch-fire, blazing up among the lofty cedars, their groups were fearfully picturesque. Their leathern frocks were deeply stained with the gore of animals slaughtered in the chase; their visages, half covered with untrimmed beards and grim moustaches, were browned and hard as leather; their hands, still begrimed with blood and gunpowder, were busy portioning out the meat, or arranging beakers and bottles for the supper. Their fierce eyes glimmered in the flame, as they passed and repassed before it. Wild jests and oaths were bandied about, and angry orders to the *engagés*, who were pitching the small light tents of newly-arrived Brethren in the back-ground, or cleaning muskets, or feeding the hungry hounds. As the sun sank redly in the sea, they all rose gravely, and the next moment they were on their knees, praying fervently to the Virgin, and chanting the vesper hymn! Some few, who were English and Protestants among them, turned away, perhaps contemptuously; but they respected, by silence at least, their comrades' piety.

No sooner were the vespers ended, than the meal began. Few of the hunters were absent, although

two of them had received wounds that would have been thought severe by other men. A wild boar had ripped up the thigh of one; but he had closed the seam, and bound it up with withes tied lightly over palmetto leaves. Another had had his leg crushed by the horns of a bull; but having bathed it in the brute's warm blood, he had been carried to the feast, and now lay upon the ground as contentedly and with as good an appetite as the rest. These were trifling things, but they showed Alvaro what sort of stuff his companions were made of. They now fed fast and furiously, drinking brandy plentifully at the same time; and at the end of an hour they were all prostrated in drunken sleep. Alvaro gazed upon them with astonishment and interest, not altogether unmingled with respect. He could not sleep. The prospect of his future life rose up before him. Sometimes he was almost tempted to join these wild men, to endeavour to humanize them, and to found an empire by their prowess. Soon after midnight, however, his meditations were interrupted. A grisly hunter (the oldest of the party) began to stir, and at length, with a muttered imprecation on himself and all mankind, staggered to his feet. He kicked the dying embers of the watch-fire, which suddenly blazed up, and fiercely lighted his ghastly face and blood-shot eyes. He threw a hurried glance around him, — and seeing Alvaro awake and watchful, he nodded kindly to him, point-

ing contemptuously to his comrades lying round, whose drunken sleep he had so lately shared. He then moved to a little spring that gushed up through the rocks and mosses beneath the cliff; and having drunk amply from a calabash, he bathed his face in the water, which dropped crimson from his bloody hands. Having completed his scanty ablutions, he shouted to his comrades that it was time to be upon the move, in order to reach the hunting-grounds by daybreak. Alvaro now learned that a great hunting-match had been determined on by the buccaneers, in order to provide meat for one of their ships, which was almost daily expected to arrive for provision and recruits. The man who had addressed him was held in respect by the freebooters, on account of his experience and audacity; but they acknowledged no authority on shore — unless, indeed, they were attacked by the Spaniards, or on a freebooting expedition, when they patiently submitted to the sternest exercise of discipline, which experience had taught them was alike essential to safety or success.

Their captains were then elected by vote; and, once chosen, their authority was unbounded. Always the most daring and subtle of a daring and subtle crew, these captains performed wonders with their scanty forces. The wealthiest and most populous cities of the continent were laid under contribution or plundered by them. For thousands of miles, over land

and water, around their stronghold, their flag was held in terror.

The old Buccaneer now sounded a loud blast of his bugle, and his wild comrades started to their feet with wonderful celerity, looked to their muskets, kicked up their unfortunate *engagés*, and unshackled the bloodhounds; then, after a short conference, they broke up into parties of five or six men each, and disappeared into the forest in different directions. Alvaro wearied and footsore with unaccustomed travel, determined to remain where he was for the present. Before long he heard shots, shouts, and bugle calls, and the deep voices of the bloodhounds among the hills. He could even hear the thundering rush of the wild cattle, as they were driven through the narrow passes, where the bullets of the Buccaneers fell fast and true among them.

CHAPTER VI.

Then look'd they to the hills, where fire o'erhung
The bandit groups, in one Vesuvian glare;
There came of every race the mingled swarm;
Far rung the groves, and gleam'd the midnight grass;
With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm,
Sprang from the woods a bold athletic mass,
Whom freedom leads and brotherhood combines.

CAMPBELL.

FOR the next few days the hunters and their boucans were kept busy. Alvaro tried the sport. The chase of the wild cattle proved only too exciting; he almost feared to become a buccaneer in spite of himself. There was, indeed, a strange charm about the life they led. The perfect absence of all care and responsibility, — the labour just sufficient to make repose welcome, — the high health that again stimulated to labour, — the stormy and frequent excitement alternating with periods of unbroken calm to which the delicious climate lent a double enjoyment; all this seemed delightful to the young Alvaro, new to him as were all such pleasures. As time passed on he made wider excursions, and visited the Indian villages, where the few remnants of that ill-fated race still preserved all their attractions, though they had lost, alas! most of the virtues that their first discoverers had found

amongst them. Their glowing sun, (no wonder they worshipped it as a god — a god of tremendous power as well as of beneficence,) which infused into all lower nature such luxuriance and brilliancy, had so perfected the human form that Apollo might be proud to own them as his children. An untaught grace and natural dignity resulted from their symmetrical proportions. The light that shone within their large dark eyes was an effluence of the exuberant life within. Even to this hour those Indian islanders have transmitted to some of their posterity a type of the most perfect beauty known.

On one of the hunting-excursions into which Alvaro was drawn, he received a severe wound from a wild boar. A buccaneer might have laughed at it, and dragged his maimed limb back to the boucan fire-side and the evening's carouse; but the untried nature of Alvaro could not bear up against his agony. He caused himself to be carried to the nearest village, and there he was received with all the generous hospitality that characterized the gentle savages of Haiti. They hastily built for him a hut of canes, covered with palmetto leaves, apart from the noise of the village; and when the terrible fever of that climate came upon him, he was supplied with every luxury and anodyne that simple Indian skill afforded. The freshest, juiciest fruits were ever ready for his parched lips; calabashes of spring water were constantly poured on

the broad leaves that formed his shelter, and on the grass around, in order to cool the air; and when at length consciousness returned, he observed a youthful female form ever moving softly round him, and ministering to his slightest necessities with a soothing gentleness, to which only woman, — whether saint or savage, — can attain.

Avooa was the daughter of the village chief; she was conspicuously beautiful, even among her beautiful race, and her loveliness took the warm unguarded heart of the young Moresco by surprise. Woman was as yet an unknown danger to him, and he braved it until it was too late. He recovered from his fever, but he still lingered round Avooa's home; and the young Indian was ever watching for him, having given up her whole heart — her very soul to him; for the poor savage knew no other heaven but that which the presence of the white stranger revealed to her.

At length the Rubicon was passed: Alvaro married her, after the fashion of her people, and took her away to his tent by the sea-side, leaving her father such a dowry for her that the Indians talked of it in other islands, and all the people looked up with respect to a girl who had brought so high a price.

The same spell that the artful queen of Egypt exercised on Antony, this simple savage wrought upon her accomplished lover: Alvaro gradually found his magnanimous visions fading from his mind. Time fled

by unnoticed as he hunted in the primeval forests, or rested under the shadow of a vast banyan-tree, where he and Avooa had made their home. The sea was close by, swarming with fish for food, and gorgeous shells and fantastic sea-weeds to make gay their verdant bower. The light labour that was to be done was performed by the faithful Andreas, who thought no office beneath him. The Buccaneers, though some distance off, afforded from their stores the few European necessities of life.

Alvaro would have been but too happy in this dreamy-life, if he could have forgotten altogether his early aspirations, — if the training of his mind had not imbued him with a longing for enterprise, — a grasping appetite for action.

During the illness of Alvaro, the expected ship had touched at the island and departed, leaving her sick and wounded to recruit their strength. She was now expected to return, after a long cruise among the bays of the isthmus, and her arrival was anxiously watched for. At length she was signalled; and, instigated by curiosity, Alvaro and his young Indian found themselves among the crowd upon the shore. The proud Moresco, however, could not tolerate the bold admiration that the assembled Buccaneers bestowed on Avooa, and he soon withdrew her from their gaze; but it was too late.

When the first boat landed from the ship, Alvaro

was again upon the shore, and shared in the general interest with which the islanders regarded the unusual appearance of a prisoner, — for quarter was rarely given by the Buccaneers. The captain stepped ashore, and motioned to this prisoner to follow. He then announced that he had spared him on board a Spanish prize, because he was an Englishman; but that as he refused to join the Brotherhood, any buccaneer who chose, might buy him as an *engagé* for a hundred dollars. The prisoner looked upon the buyers who crowded round to examine him with a calm unconscious air of superiority that struck Alvaro forcibly. He was of a commanding presence, though his blue eyes beamed with philanthropy, and the strength of character impressed on his countenance bespoke great power of endurance rather than any more active passion. He was young, but he wore an appearance of resignation and deep thought and anxious care, as with folded arms he endured the scrutiny of the Buccaneers: they examined and discussed his capabilities as they would have done those of a horse or hound. Alvaro, who felt irresistibly attracted to the stranger, and proportionably annoyed at these insults, at once stepped up to the captain, paid him the hundred dollars he demanded, then extended to the prisoner his hand, and told him he was free. The buccaneers looked upon this bargain at first with curiosity, and finally with indignation. Innovation of any kind was very unpo-

pular amongst them; but an assumption of generosity and condemnation of slavery, above all in a mere interloper, was not to be endured. Moreover, this reformer had evidently great wealth, which had not, they thought, been shared according to buccaneering principles. Wherefore then should he enjoy buccaneering privileges?

While they were thus angrily debating, Alvaro led the stranger to his home beneath the banyan tree, gave him such refreshments as he could procure, and then requested from him an account of his adventures.

An Oriental, whether he be Moor or Spaniard born, dearly loves a tale; it suits his imaginative but dreamily indolent mind, to set it flowing along the current of another's thought, and find it wafted into new ideal regions without an effort. The evening hour, too, was come; the glorious evening of the tropics, when a meditative tone steals over the spirits, as the "starry influences" spread along the sky. The two Europeans lay upon a bank sloping towards the glittering sea; the blue smoke from their pipes rose straight upward in the motionless air, fire-flies gleamed and flashed round about them and above them, and the waves broke softly in phosphorescent foam upon the sand below.

Avooa, gracefully crouched beneath the columned foliage of their roof-tree, watched every movement of Alvaro with her intense and loving eyes; and a brace

of bloodhounds prowled, or rather patrolled, about their master's sylvan home, in a grave and conscientious sort of manner.

Thus the stranger began his story under the most favourable auspices. Would that the reader's interest could be increased or conciliated by some such pleasant influence!

As with national caution, the narrator of the following particulars suppressed much that afterwards transpired, and as the French in which he spoke was far from perfect, it seems better to relate what is now matter of history, historically, than to do so, as Alvaro might have heard it.

The stranger was one in whom I must hope that the reader already takes some interest. He was the Willie Paterson, locally called Tinwald, of Sandilee: he is now three years older in point of time, but "very much his own senior," (as an Irishman once observed of himself,) in point of experience. We took leave of him at Bristol, where he remained for some time, finding abundance of occupation for his active mind. On hearing of his father's increasing illness, he had returned in disguise to Sandilee. He was [in time to fulfil the old man's prayer, that he might see his son's face once more, and that it should be the last earthly object visible through the gathering mist of death.

He found that Partan had almost recovered from

the injury he had received. There had been pressure on the brain, which, when removed, left few dangerous symptoms, except those which weakness and former intemperance superinduced. He had been carried, according to Tinwald's directions, to the old Manor-house, and, as Tinwald learned from the house-keeper, Janet, the laird had found great interest at first in nursing him, as his lost son's legacy; and, ultimately, in his society. Of his fall from the cliff, Partan could give but a very confused account. Being at the time flustered with strong drink, and so suddenly rendered insensible, he could not swear that Lawrence had thrown him down, and he would not even assert it on suspicion. Nor did Tinwald seek to remove the doubt; though it struck him as remarkable that the captain affected ignorance of any accident having befallen the old sailor. There being no assignable motive for such an outrage, however, and no clue to its commission, he thought it better to search no farther into the case. Perhaps, after all, it was a hallucination of Partan's, caused by the wandering of his brain, and his enmity to the Buccaneer.

Old Tam was still smoking in his chimney corner, grown very old, and perpetually gloating on the gold which he expected by every tide. Alice was away with her aunt at Annan. Her friend, Isobel, had been left an orphan, and was to return with her to the Peel-house in a few days: for that arrival, Tin-

wald had no desire to wait. He did not wish to trust himself with another interview, as he considered that her troth was binding as a marriage vow. Therefore, as soon as he had performed the last duties to his father, he longed to leave the Manor-house.

No living departure ever leaves such a sense of loneliness behind it as the departure of the unconscious form of our still cherished dead; and sadness and sorrow always revive an innate desire for change of scene. Paterson had now no tie to home; for that sacred word applies to hearts not hearths. He turned his thoughts once more to the western islands, of which he had heard so much; he felt as if called to exercise a sort of missionary profession there, as he had already done among the smugglers of his own coast. He thought his efforts might, perhaps, avail something even among the Buccaneers, whose romantic history interested him; and among the Indians, whom the touching story of Las Casas had taught him to compassionate. Dwelling on these and such like thoughts, he brought himself to believe that it was no longer his vocation, even if permitted by the government, to remain in his own home — to speed his plough, or haggle about sheep at lowland fairs.

Accordingly, having, after his own fashion, held a solemn fast and vigil with much prayer, he commended himself to a new career. He sold all that he possessed, except the old Manor-house and garden;

for a Scotchman always loves to have a "bit ingle he can ca' his own" in the land he is always prompt to abandon and to which he longs to return. Having, therefore, confided his household goods to the care of his foster-mother and housekeeper, Janet, he bade adieu to his home for long, long years.

He proceeded first to Hamburgh, then the greatest mercantile city in the north of Europe. There he applied himself to acquire the most recent geographical information, and to study the French and Spanish languages; neither did he omit researches into the principles of trade, notwithstanding his higher object.

Here he again met with his kinsman, John Law, of Lauriston, who was already employed in a place of trust. This young man's keen, intelligent, inquiring nature, found in that of Paterson something kindred in spirit, though very different in sentiment. The ambition of the youth was soaring but selfish, that of Paterson was magnanimous and disinterested, founded on the character of the old worthies and ancient sages, with whose writings and histories he had been familiar since his childhood. Nevertheless, the boy's enthusiasm unconsciously ministered to his kinsman's; and while giving it, perhaps, a more worldly turn, kept it continually awake.

After about a year's residence, he passed on to Brussels, in hopes of obtaining there some introduction

to Spain, which country he next proposed to visit, as initiatory to its Indian colonies.

Passing on to Paris, whence the fame of Colbert had filled his ears, he made a considerable stay in that voluptuous city, the splendour and misery, extravagance and poverty of which were then unequalled. Here his cherished plans were kept alive and enlightened; for Louis XIV. patronised the Buccaneers, whom, notwithstanding his own connection with Spain, he was pleased to see in the heart of his great brother's colonies. At this period the Flibustiers were in almost tranquil possession of great part of Hispaniola, St. Domingo, and the whole of the little island of La Tortue. From Paris, Paterson proceeded across the Pyrenees to Bilboa and Seville. He found the Spanish nation already in a state of such decline, as appeared to him could only have fallen on a lately great and prosperous people by a special judgment of Providence. The Indians' wrongs seemed also, to his ardent imagination, to be visibly avenged by the terrific storms, floods, and famine that were then desolating the fairest provinces of Andalusia.

Full of eager expectation, he set sail in a galleon for Carthagená, but encountered so many adverse winds, that the crew were prostrated by fatigue and illness, when they were encountered by the Buccaneers. To them the galleon fell an easy prey; all on board of her, except Paterson, were put to the sword,

or forced to "walk the plank." He was, we have seen, spared, being an Englishman, and belonging to a people with whom the Buccaneers affected to be on good terms. But when he refused to enter "The Brotherhood," and to take the oaths required by them, he was condemned to slavery, and as such, had formed part of the captain's booty, and been sold accordingly.

CHAPTER VII.

Hush'd were his Gertrude's lips, but still their bland
And beautiful expression seem'd to melt
With love that could not die! and still his hand
She presses to the heart no more that felt;
A heart, where once each fond affection dwelt,
And features yet that spoke a soul more fair!
Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt, —
Of them that stood encircling his despair,
He heard some friendly words; but knew not what they were.

CAMPBELL.

THE story was ended; very different in its details, and doubtless far more graphic than ours. The narrator suppressed, as unimportant to his hearer, many of the facts here set down; but he impressed, upon what he did relate, much of his own character and peculiar sentiments. Alvaro was struck with observations which, though new, seemed familiar to him; and with many high-hearted thoughts to which he proudly found an echo in his own breast. He listened to Paterson as to some eloquent lecturer on humanity, rather than as to a mere narrator of some of the humblest events of life.

When the speaker ceased, the ripple of the waves and the rustle of leaves began once more to be heard in the deep silence that ensued.

Alvaro at length found words, and expressing, at

the same time, admiration and sympathy for the stranger's sentiments, concluded by saying, —

“It would seem that we are the only two Europeans in all this beautiful island-world, who are not leagued as robbers. Let us be friends: let us look upon our meeting as decreed by some favourable fate; and henceforth accept me as a fellow-labourer with you, willing to strive for good against the great evil that is everywhere manifest around us.”

“It is bravely said,” replied Paterson; “and brave, kind thoughts were never meant to expire on the words that uttered them. It may be, that my captivity, like that of Joseph, has been sent in unsuspected furtherance of my prayers. But, hark! Hear you not something like the stealthy motion of a canoe through the water? Did I not know that yonder fierce Buccaneers were well able to keep their own coast clear, I should feel inclined to fear a surprise from hostile Indians.”

Alvaro, also, had caught, as he fancied, the sound of a paddle, but he knew that all the natives were his friends; and the bending foliage of the mangrove trees, drooping over the water, prevented anything beneath them, or in their shadow, from being seen. He resumed the easy attitude from which he had been roused, on finding that the silence was undisturbed.

But the Indian girl's attention was not so quickly lulled. She had been long listening with rapt atten-

tion to the unknown words of the stranger, which appeared so deeply to interest him who was all in all to her. Her heart was very sad, with the foreboding that a summons had now come to bear him far away from the happy island that had always been her home, and had lately been her heaven. She watched with deep, womanly instinct the upturned future-seeking glance, the resolved look, which Alvaro gradually assumed, as he listened to the dreams and plans that had brought the northern stranger from afar: she read, in his unusual aspect, changed thoughts rising in his mind. Vague feelings of fear rose, at the same time, in her heart. She had heard of wondrous worlds beyond the blue seas that surrounded her, but they were as the land of spirits to her imagination; she trembled when she saw that a thought wandered from her and her island home.

And all this time, as she looked and listened, another undefined sensation was stealing upon her. Her ear, attuned in her wild solitudes to the faintest sounds, now detected something unexpected on the evening breeze. We can see the group in imagination, though so long since past away. The sea, all glittering in the full abounding moonlight, which likewise tinged with its silveriness the plummy palm trees and the forests far away; and the blue mountains, that shut out whole regions of the starry sky. On the verdant, grass-grown shore, fringed, except on one sandy spot,

by mangroves, reclined the sunbrowned Moresco, — his countenance radiant with awakened thought, his eyes upturned to the stars, listening in rapt attention to the fair-haired stranger, who puts into words the ideas that so long had haunted his heart. The Indian girl, with eyes sometimes fixed upon the speaker, and sometimes with far deeper watchfulness upon the listener, and sometimes glancing nervously all round into the darkness of the surrounding forest. The bloodhounds, half subdued by the soft, enervating languor of the breathless air, yet disturbed by some restless instinct. Hark! again that stealthy ripple in the water. A boat emerges from the shadow, touches the sands, and an Indian draws it upon the beach, and approaches them swiftly and cautiously. It is Andreas, who whispers in his master's ear. He has been listening, from a place of concealment, to the buccaneers. Inflamed with drink, they have spoken aloud their hatred of Alvaro — their foul-mouthed admiration of Avooa. Alvaro heard the Indian's story unmovedly: he had already experienced enough of the Buccaneers' wild life to have acquired something of their recklessness. He knew that they hated him: it was well; he hated them in return, — and was even then meditating how to free himself for ever from their association. He listened with impassive features to the Indian's information; and then, repeating it to his new friend in an unmoved voice, waited for his counsel. Whilst he

spoke, the waves still rippled on the gravel with a soothing, quiet sound, the night-birds sung cheerily in the woods far off, and the lights of heaven shone softly down, as if they would permeate the earth with their divine influence. But he had scarcely ceased, when the hounds, with a wild, fierce yell, spring from their lair. A shriek — a woman's shriek — is heard, and, before Alvaro could snatch up his weapon, Avooa is clasped in the arms of a Buccaneer, and borne away. Half-a-dozen muskets are levelled at Alvaro, and the hounds' gallant challenge subsides into a sullen moan of agony.

Paterson would fain have reasoned and expostulated; but Alvaro was already gone. The musket-shots, uncertainly fired by startled and drunken men, plashed through the trees, and far off into the sea; two of those who fired them lay prostrate — struck to the ground by the tiger spring of the young Moor. The shrieks of Avooa led him on, up by a steep path, where the precipice hung beetling above the sea. The ravisher is reached, — his throat is in the spasmed grasp of the Moor, — he reels upon the narrow path, and totters over the precipice, but still he clings to the Indian's lovely form. In the recklessness of rage, Alvaro spurns him from the cliff, as he attempts to snatch Avooa from his grasp, steadying himself by holding to a young tree. The bough gives, — it breaks. — A moment, and they are all gone — to-

gether hurled down, over crag, and bank, and crushed trees, until they reach the shore, and lie huddled, a mere human heap, upon the sands below.

Meanwhile Paterson and the Indian, concealed by the smoke of the muskets, had rushed to the boat, and reached the shelter of the mangroves. The drunken Buccaneers lost sight of them, fired a few shots through the trees, and then returned to their tents and boucan. They had not intended to destroy Alvaro and his *protégé*, but to take them prisoners, and sell them as *engagés* to the "Brethren" in Cuba. Paterson and the negro pulled swiftly round to where they heard the boughs crashing underneath the cliff. They found those whom they sought still motionless; the Buccaneer had fallen undermost, a rock had laid his skull open; they left the caitiff's corpse to the mercy of the rising tide, and carefully removed the inanimate forms of Alvaro and the poor Indian girl to the canoe. Then they pulled silently along the shore to the eastward. As soon as they had reached a safe distance from the buccaneers, they laid down their oars and attempted to revive the sufferers. Both still breathed: Avooa only gave a few deep sighs and turned towards Alvaro, as if seeking refuge; her head rested on his neck, almost covering his pallid face with the masses of her rich black hair. When Alvaro recovered consciousness he laid his hand upon her heart — it was still for ever. The Moresco bent over her prostrate

form; he shed no tear — he covered his face with his hands and sank down beside her.

Andreas motioned to Paterson to take up his oar, and they pulled away rapidly, still to the eastward. Before morning, they reached the rock where the ship had been stranded the year before. Scarcely a fragment of her remained, but her boat had fortunately been laid high and dry upon the beach. Alvaro in silence carried the corpse of Avooa towards the cavern, where they had left their stores. There he fondly and tenderly laid her on piles of the softest silks, and his comrades left him kneeling by her side. In about an hour they returned; they had made a grave beneath a tall palm-tree which served for a landmark many a mile at sea. And there they laid the poor Indian girl in her silken shroud, to take her last long rest.

For some days, they remained near the cavern, fitting the boat for a long sea voyage as well as they were able. Alvaro slowly recovered from his wounds, and, after his deep prostration, gave such symptoms of revival that his companions thought it would be a relief to him to return to activity. After some council, it was determined to sail to the eastward, weather the island, and bear away for Jamaica, where they were sure of shelter from the English who were settled there. The dangers of so long a voyage in an open boat were considerable, but nothing compared with

the chances of falling into the hands of the Buccaneers.

Having taken from the spoils in the cavern such jewels and other matters as could most easily be concealed about their persons, and having victualled their boat from the ship's stores, they launched her at sunset so as to be unobserved by any chance stragglers, and rowed till morning, relieving one another by turns at the oars. Their little vessel was curiously fitted up. In herself, a mere fishing-boat, and rudely built, within she was furnished as gorgeously as Cleopatra's barge. In the absence of iron, they had been obliged to use silver and golden plates and fastenings, hammered rudely out at night, with rocks for an anvil and cedar fires for a forge. In the absence of canvass and thread, they were compelled to make their sails of satin and their cordage of silk. Their mouldy biscuits were secured in a chest of sandal wood, their junk was laid up in ivory cabinets. Crystal vases held their brandy and fresh water, and velvet cushions formed the seats of the anxious seafarers. So they sailed away through darkness and danger, surrounded by signs of wealth and luxury, and by the raging indomitable sea!

CHAPTER VIII.

But 't is not mine to tell their tale of grief,
Their constant peril, and their scant relief;
Their days of danger and their nights of pain,
Their manly courage e'en when deem'd in vain:
The incessant fever of that arid thirst
Which welcomes as a well the clouds that burst
Above their naked bones, and feels delight
In the cold drenching of the stormy night.

The Island.

AFTER many hardships and dangers, our adventurous mariners weathered Cape Engaño, and ran ashore at the little island of Saona to replenish their precious water-casks at its fountain. They then stood boldly out to sea, and after a run of one hundred and fifty miles, touched again at the islet of Alta Vela, giving the coast of Haiti still a wide berth. Another long stretch brought them to Point Gravois, whence, though in want of water, they were deterred from landing, by observing the well-known fires of a boucan. A strong wind drove them out of their course to the northward, where the currents of the windward passage tried their little craft sorely, and the sun of the tropics burned down upon them, inflaming the thirst that already was consuming their parched throats. They began to look eagerly for land, but in vain. Just as the moon rose above the horizon, they observed

what seemed a speck in her bright orb — she rose and it was gone. It must be land they thought, and stretching towards it with sail and oar, they found themselves close to the little island of Navasa before sunrise. But it mocked their hopes; it was a mere mass of rocks; there was neither stream nor fountain there; nor, as far as eye could reach, was there any other land. The sun shone in all his terrible might, and nothing but the most dreadful death appeared to await them. They returned to their boat, and looked on one another in despairing silence. At length the Indian chief murmured in accents almost inaudible from his swollen tongue and parched lips.

“Senor! you saved my life, it is yours. Indian veins have much blood, the heart it flows from is yours; drink from your own fountain.”

So saying, he plunged his knife in his arm, and held the crimson welling stream to the mouth of his master.* Who can tell how great was the horrid temptation to the dying Moor — how heroic his abstinence from that unnatural draught! He seized the brave arm and bathed it in tears, as he hastily bound up the wound with a strip of his own sleeve. Then silently he took up his oar, and without a word being spoken, he and Paterson pulled out to sea once more. But the sun still shone with terrible power upon the waters; the very breeze seemed scorched to death; the

* A fact.

arms of the feverish men became more languid at each stroke of the oar, and at length they ceased their apparently unavailing labour. Thus they floated for some time in the silence of despair; when suddenly the boat was stirred, though there was no breath of air. Strong bubbles danced about on the surface of the sea, and the water that came welling up from some great depth was of a different colour from that which surrounded it. Alvaro dipped his hand into it, — it felt cold. In almost delirious, doubtful joy he plunged overboard, and his companions with surprise beheld him swallowing copious draughts of the water. They quickly filled a goblet and drank too. Was it a miracle — or was there indeed a well spring of sweet water in the salt wilderness of ocean? Pure, fresh, and sparkling as the diamond fountain that rises on the Dead Sea's shore, that fountain shone and sparkled, and such it is to this day. The mariners were saved. They filled their water vessels once more, but still they lingered by that wondrous fountain. At length a breeze springing up, they set their silken sails and bore away to the westward.

The next morning the summit of a lofty ridge of hills was visible. They were the Blue Mountains of Jamaica, and the boat was steered for the nearest point of land. The beauty of this "Land of Streams"*

* *Xaymaca*, or "stream land," is the Indian name of this island, from which our appellation is derived.

is exquisite, as you approach it from the northward. Even now, when its very name is associated with ruin, disappointment, and decay, you are impressed with a sense of its smiling prosperity, which nothing but the universal voice of its inhabitants contradicts. It was then in its youth of promise; just rising into consideration. Its exceeding fertility, as well as beauty and fortunate position for commerce, had already procured for it many enterprising settlers. Plantations and fair gardens bespread the beautiful and well-watered plains that lay between the mountains and the sea. The Anglo-Saxon language gave voice to Anglo-Saxon feelings there, and inspired that energy of which the world has felt the effects even to its utmost bounds. There English homes began to smile, and English chapels rose, and the noble Liturgy of England's Church gave to her prayers an inspired form.

One of the first of these settlements was the little town of Manoa, long since deserted and crumbled into ruins. Its relics, which now alone greet the seafarer's eyes, and harbour only dangerous and loathsome reptiles, once formed the abodes of striving, industrious men, and sheltered all that made their now-forgotten lives then dear to them.

The weary mariners gazed with delight upon that favoured land. They had ample time to observe its beauties, for the breeze that had wafted them so far began to fail as they approached the shore, within

twelve miles of which the air at noon is almost always still. All around is calm. No tide is felt upon that coast; the heat is tempered by the lofty mountains, and the exhalations of its many streams. Those exhalations, hovering in the quiet atmosphere, catch the sunshine, and seem to retain it; tinging the light with lovely hues of violet and orange-colour as the sun declines. And from the depths of those coloured mists and emerald lawns, stands out in strong relief dark masses of wide-spreading cedars and cocoa-trees, as if planted with most artistic skill to make the lovely landscape altogether perfect.

At length the sandy shore was visible, and its very shells; and thereon were groups of the settlers watching eagerly the strange-looking craft, with sails of purple silk, and velvet awnings over its sea-washed, weather-beaten crew. They landed, and Paterson knelt reverently down upon the shore in prayer. Alvaro and the Indian stood by in silence, perhaps respecting the feelings of their Christian comrade, but betraying no outward sign of sympathy, whatever vague feelings of devoutness may have swelled within their breasts.

They were soon surrounded by eager inquirers, who straightway gave them warm welcome, and the chief Magistrate claimed them for his guests, ordering his slaves to transport the contents of their little bark to his cottage. A banquet was given in their honour,

and in the evening, when the cool land-breeze began to fan the lofty trees, they sat under the broad verandah that screened them from the dangerous dews, and all the English inhabitants assembled round them to listen to Paterson's relation of their escape and perilous voyage. He of course suppressed all that related to the immediate cause of their quarrel with the Buccaneers; nor would it have been prudent in that assembly to denounce the Brethren of the Coast, who were looked upon in rather an honourable light. Their dealings at Jamaica were always transacted in a fair commercial spirit; they were the scourge of the Spanish enemy; and, by the sale of their spoil, the chief promoters of the island's prosperity. Paterson took care, therefore, to dwell upon the fact, that it was with the mere hunters or matadores they had disagreed; and that the only ship, frequenting the coast they came from, was manned by flibustiers, and not by Buccaneers.*

His narrative was very favourably received, therefore, and some days were passed at Manoa pleasantly enough by the adventurers; at least by Paterson and

* FLIBUSTIER was a corruption of the English word *Freebooter*, unpronounceable by Frenchmen; BUCCANEER was a corruption of the French word *Boucanier*; and, by a singular perversity, the English adopted the French appellation, and the French assumed the English one, calling themselves Flibustiers. Therefore, Paterson cannily availed himself of the old national prejudice by pointing out that his enemies had belonged to this latter denomination.

the Indian; for Alvaro wandered away into the woods from sunshine until dark, nursing his deep uncomplaining sorrow in solitude. They next resolved to proceed to St. Jago, then the chief city of the island. There they expected to obtain information as to the state of Terra Firma and the Isthmus of Panama: Paterson agreeing with his friend that they could no longer remain in countries frequented by the Buccaneers. He thought it was necessary for Alvaro to adopt some pursuit that would occupy his mind and give employment to his energies. Commerce then offered the best and worthiest, if not the only honest career that was possible to an adventurer and a stranger; besides the constant excitement and boundless prospect that it opened. He had lately devoted much attention to the principle of trade, and Alvaro, by his early education, his generous nature, and the large capital at his command, appeared well adapted to develop its resources in a useful and brilliant manner.

The friends finally resolved to repair in the first instance to Carthagená, where a merchant, named Don Felipo Martinez, held large sums in trust for the house of Medina. While waiting for a passage thither, they were informed that the Governor, Sir Henry Morgan, desired to see them, and to hear from their own lips a narrative of their adventures. This singular man had himself been a Buccaneer of the highest renown to

which ferocity, ruthlessness, and daring could attain. He was originally a Welshman, of a humble family that claimed very long descent. He had run away to Bristol, embarked for Barbadoes as a common seaman, was sold at Jamaica as an *engagé*, became a Buccaneer in the natural course of events, was soon chosen captain, and finally appointed "Vice-Admiral" by Mansvelt. He was more feared than any rover of the seas, except L'Olonois. The whole Isthmus stood in awe of him; and after his successful sack of Panama, he might, with common honesty, have banded the entire Brotherhood of the Coast under his standard, and reduced all Spanish America. But his avarice prevailed over his ambition. He cheated his followers, and sailed away from the fleet with by far the greater part of the plunder he had acquired. And yet — the infamy of dishonesty being superadded to the atrocities of his former life — he was made a knight, and appointed Governor of Jamaica by the ministers of Charles II., the basest Government that ever disgraced England. But their policy seemed justified by the result. Charles at that time desired to be on good terms with Spain, and in order to conciliate that kingdom, he resolved to disown and discountenance the Buccaneers. Morgan, as Governor of Jamaica, was in a capacity to annoy this Brotherhood severely. He felt for his former comrades all the hatred of an apostate, and the malice of an informer. He was as inexorable to their appeals

as he had formerly been to those of honest men; he never spared those who fell into his hands; and though in all other parts of the island they were welcomed, a brief examination and a halter was the sure fate of those who were detected at St. Jago.

The ex-buccaneer, however, had now assumed a serious character; and who can venture to say that his conversion was not, in its way, sincere? After the fashion of several ancient and illustrious evil-doers, he moreover built a church and endowed it.

It naturally takes some time to undo the ruffian habits acquired in a life-long apprenticeship to crime, but Morgan appeared to have begun the task when he was recalled to England. There he soon afterwards died of consumption, and the worry attendant upon constant accusations against him for acts sanctioned by the government. Thus, having been rewarded for his crimes, he was persecuted to the death for his honest conduct.

Paterson was summoned to the presence of the Lieutenant-Governor of Jamaica, at the period when his authority was highest. He found the ex-buccaneer seated in great state, surrounded by his officers. He was a portly person, with a broad face, especially in its lower parts: he had a projecting under lip, a mouth and chin expressive of great determination, a small straight nose, moustaches short and bristly, eyes very wide apart, shaded by lowering eyebrows

and very fat lids — a countenance, on the whole, devoid of ruth, or fear, or grace; the possessor of which must have found it a harder matter to reform himself than most men would have done.*

This redoubtable Governor received Paterson very graciously, and listened with interest to the brief detail which the prudent Scot alone considered necessary. He inquired with greater curiosity about the Buccaneers than his informant found it quite convenient to satisfy. He then asked Paterson abruptly what opinion he had formed of his government.

“Your Excellency,” replied the Scot, “will perhaps excuse my frankness in questioning one of its acts, while with equal frankness, I express my admiration of it in others?”

The Governor nodded assent.

“It excites my curiosity,” continued Paterson, “to observe that England, the most powerful of colonizing states, appears to keep her negroes in a darker state of oppression and ignorance than any other. If I am not misinformed, the slaves here are forbidden on pain of death to attend any divine worship or listen to any instruction.”**

* I subjoin an account of his dress, for the sake of those who may be curious in such matters: “He wore a doublet of rich orange brocade, slashed at the sleeves to show the purple lining. A broad embroidered sword-belt, with broad fringes across the shoulder, a laced cravat round his short neck, and a huge wig curling down his shoulders.”

** A fact.

The church-founding Buccaneer smiled grimly as he replied, "Good fellow, do not meddle with matters above your comprehension. Those scoundrels are dark without, and let 'em remain dark within. If once they become Christians how could we treat 'em like brutes, as they are, and as they must remain for the prosperity of the colony? Your congregations for low people are mere excuses for plots and insurrections."

"Well then," persisted Paterson, "the Buccaneers are already Christians. Perhaps if some lenity and encouragement were shown to them, they might improve and become honest subjects. At the island of Cayenne they have settled down and become good colonists."

The Governor upon hearing this, grew earnest. He said that Paterson must be a bold man to talk thus to him who knew them so well. He maintained that they were worse than hopeless, as was any prospect of turning them from their evil ways; that to go amongst them to preach to them would be an immediate step to martyrdom, without any other result. "It is true," he said, "that many of them are much kiven to brayer; put it would pe less awful to hear their natural curses. They will bray to all their saints pefore they pegin to trink; and when they are trunk they will call one another py names of tevils, and imitate hell for bastime. I was opliged to but a stop to it on poard my ship at last, for I lost some of my

pest hands by shutting themselves up in the hold, and purning sulphur and trinking purning prandy, to make themselves, as they said, merry after the fashion of tevils."

Paterson observed that perhaps if some better course of life were open to them, they would take refuge in it; instead of having recourse to such demoniacal orgies as could only be suggested by despair.

"Ach yes," rejoined the Governor; "if there was an English city, like Carthagená, on the Isthmus, that would build, and puy, and sell, and make ships, and man them, and make a constant healthy stir of pusiness, instead of stagnating, like those pestilent Spaniards; then the puccaneering pusiness would soon cease. Pad times make pad men. A large and honest open trade would do up the piracy fery soon. Put, till that is made, breaching is no use to them."

Paterson saw much force in the Governor's observations, and they increased a desire on which his mind had long brooded, which was, to establish a great colonial city on the Isthmus, which should communicate with a similar one on the Pacific side, and thus join the commerce of the two worlds in that one spot. Alvaro caught at the scheme, and the two friends resolved, in the first instance, to establish themselves at Carthagená. Thither they soon proceeded in a smuggling vessel; by means of which, both

Spaniards and English obtained all that was obtainable of their respective neighbours' forbidden produce.

This smuggling vessel was a fast sailer, as was very needful for her safety. Sometimes, in her voyage from the English settlements, she was pursued by the Spaniards; sometimes, on returning from the Terra Firma, she was chased by the Buccaneers. Like the Flying-fish, whose name she bore, everything that moved upon the waters was her enemy. But her speed had hitherto defied all pursuit, and she now transported Alvaro and his friend to their destination. Andreas, of course, accompanied them. He had, in former times, guided Sir Henry Morgan to the sack of Panama; and he now carefully kept out of his sight, fearing that this reformed Governor would hang him for his former services.

The ambition of Alvaro was to put into execution the plans he had long dreamed of, and which Paterson had matured, concerning a vast system of commerce; — a system which was to embrace all countries and their produce; to acquire a knowledge (without reference to distance) of where any article was to be most cheaply procured, and in what part of the world it could find the highest price. These points ascertained, the intermediate questions of the cost and risk of transport was of minor interest. The system was to have its centre at Carthagená, and gradually to branch out into the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans, and

along the sea-board of both continents, until it comprised the world.

In furtherance of this great design, Alvarez had considerable wealth at his command; Paterson great knowledge and experience. The former was too generous and too just not to acknowledge in his friend's qualifications an equivalent to his own capital; and the latter was too conscious of his own disinterestedness and high object, to feel the obligation as a burden. Indeed, but for him, their commercial career would probably have been very brief. Alvaro would fain have bounded forward, and attempted to grapple with all difficulties at once: the more cautious Scot insisted on carefully pioneering, by deep thought, before action was allowed to follow. Even among the generous and frank mercantile community of Carthagená, Paterson would feel his way, step by step, until he found each path that they were to tread was secure; and then he would freely allow Alvaro to rush forward in it with an energy that astonished the languid natives, and carried all before it. In stirring and incessant action, the Moresco sought oblivion of the many sorrows that preyed on his young heart. In intense thought and speculation, the Paterson of Carthagená endeavoured to forget the Willie of the Lowlands, the temptation that had almost shaken his plighted faith, and the manful absorption of his deeply-seated love. He always thought that he saw a truer impulse of the heart

of Alice in her acceptance of the brilliant stranger, than in the effort she had made to win back her first love, when he had been forced to renounce her. He knew little of the sex; indeed, he knew but one; and from such slight experience, how could he divine the truth in the contradictory workings of a woman's fitful emotions? He could not understand, or even suspect, under what various disguises love will hide, or how pride will induce it to deny itself.

Perhaps it was well, in a business point of view, for the two young partners, that their affections were thus anchored on distant objects; for otherwise the luxurious society of Carthagera, and its proverbially beautiful and genial women, might have unnerved them for devotion to the great task they had set themselves, and which was now fully entered upon.

Alternately, Alvaro and Paterson made long excursions into the interior, and along the shores of the Pacific; no dangers daunted them; no hardships could subdue their energy. The jealousy of the Spanish king had hitherto restrained all foreign enterprise, and preserved for Central America all the mysteries that shroud an undiscovered land. The old Indian roads were falling into ruin, and becoming choked up with the rank vegetation that the alternate heavy rains and powerful sun engendered. Mighty forests had already buried the magnificent old cities of the Aztecs. The cacajou and the balsam-tree now harboured brilliant

flocks of the harat and the tulcan, in the court-yards of Palenque and Copan. The cedar-tree grew up through the cedar roofs; the wild balsam, the tamarind, and the cassia-tree, filled the ancient gardens, and restored the reign of the forest, where it had long been overthrown. The scorpion, the lizard, and the serpent alone inhabited the palaces.

But neither forests, nor rivers, nor untamed savages could bar the progress of Alvaro and his friend. Wherever they went, they left a link behind them, — a connecting interest, that ramified for thousands of miles, and found its centre in Carthagená. The wealth which Alvaro had brought with him into America, was laid out with liberal and wise lavishment. Not in mere mercantile articles for immediate profit, but in subsidizing all the jealous but corrupt authorities, and rendering them unconsciously liberal in turn. Naturalization was easily obtained, with all the privileges of Spanish citizenship. Other advantages, which the true-born Spaniard was too indolent to seek for or turn to account, were still more easily conceded. Armed and well-disciplined bands already waited the commands of Alvaro; and escorted his emissaries and their merchandize in safety through savage tribes and savage wildernesses.

The intelligent and active mind of the young merchant did not confine itself to the accustomed route of Carthagená affairs. The gold of Mexico, the silver

of Peru, the pearls of the Gulf, indeed, found their way into his treasuries, as well as into those of other merchants, who prepared such costly stores for the great fair of Panama and the galleons of Spain. But the most remote and incongruous treasures were as eagerly sought and brought together by one who acknowledged precedents only as finger-posts for bolder enterprises.

Cinnamon from the Caraccas; ambergris from the Baltic; fish from Newfoundland; spices from the Moluccas; ivory from Ceylon; diamonds from Golconda; — nothing was too remote, or too mean, or too costly, to be transferred to the great merchant's stores. Gradually he extended his spheres of action, and made all the great commercial capitals of the world arenas for his enterprise. In some he failed to procure the mere profit calculated on; but his very failures were sure to suggest some greater scheme, and, ultimately, some grand success. In other instances, a new fountain of wealth at once was opened, and began to pour its streams into the ever-expanding reservoir of Carthagenæ.

The prosperity of Alvaro became proverbial; his slightest words were treasured as affording some clue to wealth; his movements were imitated, his ships were sought for. Many a bold hand, however, was paralyzed in attempting to wield the smallest of his gigantic enterprises; he stood alone, unrivalled and

unapproachable in his power of combination, and in the enormous wealth which resulted from it.

Meanwhile Paterson, with a mind as active but of yet wider speculation, was restlessly exploring the cities, solitudes, seas, savannahs, shores, and mountains of the Tierra Firma. He had built a summer-house on the spot whence Balboa

“Silent on a peak of Darien,”

first beheld the Pacific Ocean. There he gazed on it rolling beneath him in unbounded grandeur — in sublime significance; opening a wider sphere of action and enterprise than yet had been conceived by mortal man. Beyond its waters lay a great continent, and scattered richly amongst them were innumerable islands, pregnant with all that can render earthly life prosperous and resplendent. There, — sleeping beneath the waters, couched beneath the earth, waving upon the trees, roaming through plains, or forests, or snowy wildernesses, — were all the richest and most luxurious spoils of earth — the means of diffusing wealth to many, comfort to all.

One rocky ridge there is, which has not in recent times been re-discovered, which commands a view of the shores on either side of the isthmus. There the entranced speculator stood and gazed. Primæval forests, it is true, with impenetrable brakes and pestilential swamps, swarming with terrible reptiles, barred

the one ocean from the other. But the barrier was not insuperable. What is insuperable to the mortal brain and hand that raised the wall of China, that built the pyramids, nay, that summoned up among the abysses of those very forests on which Paterson then gazed — the magnificent lost cities of the Aztecs? His eagerly dreaming eyes could already see two kindred ports on the two great shores, with a broad causeway between them, over which the commerce of two worlds rolled along in stupendous ebb and flow. That lone and dreamy stranger saw also in his vision, lines of quays extending along the crystal waters of the tropics; forests of masts reflected in the waves, clouds of rich argosies, making populous the horizons of both oceans. What was the Alexandria of arid Africa compared to what the new emporium of two worlds might become?

The mind of the dreamer expanded over such thoughts; it moulded and remodelled them until they became plans; those plans became a purpose; and, finally, the object of a life.

Nor let us think that in the midst of a worldly success, which far exceeded the most golden dreams of his early youth, Paterson neglected the philanthropic mission that had first induced him to cross the seas. But in a bigoted country, where his own presence was barely tolerated, he found it impossible to attempt any of the reforms that he aspired to. These he was

obliged to refer to the period when his schemes upon the Isthmus were carried into effect, and that thought lent a new stimulus to the project. Even at Carthage, he endeavoured, with national caution and courage, to ameliorate the condition of the slaves; and there came a day when even that abject people had an opportunity of proving that they could be grateful.

CHAPTER IX.

I know a lady fair to see,

Take care!

She can both false and friendly be

Beware! beware!

Trust her not

She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown

Take care!

She gives a side glance and looks down

Beware! beware!

Trust her not,

She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom white as snow,

Take care!

She knows how much it is best to show

Beware! beware!

HYPERION.

THERE are few scenes more interesting to an observant mind than those which occur daily at the great wharves where foreign ships are laden; and we can imagine its picturesque effect at a tropical port, such as Carthagená, where several ships belonging to Alvaro are now lying. No longer those great dark floating fabrics beat back the ocean's continual assault; no longer those tapering masts bend and creak under the weight of the storm. But internal commotion succeeds; the hold is thrown open to the warm air; blocks creak and cranes groan beneath the weight of

great bales dislodged from their long resting place. Half-naked sailors heave at the wheel or windlass; swarthy porters stagger to and fro, with bended backs; yellow-faced clerks, with broad-brimmed hats and nan-keen jackets, note down the goods as they emerge from the ship, and are borne away. Scents of all kinds, with all their associations, fill the air — musky odours and briny smells; even iron, and silk, and leather, are thus invisibly announced, and insensibly excite attention. Within the narrow-windowed storehouses, also, there are sounds of life; tramping feet, straining arms, commanding voices, scratching of pens; there, though unseen, is also life, and life's lot — work, taskmastership, and slavery.

In the most remote part of the storehouse sat a tall, pale, noble-looking man — the master — THE MERCHANT PRINCE. There was the living centre, the moving spirit of all the busy crowd without; of many a ship still far away, struggling with distant seas; of earnest bargains, at that moment being made, and grave arrangements, in many languages, and in many a remote city of the earth. The sun never set upon the business of his agents. In every hour of the twenty-four, in some part or other of the world, men were writing or speaking the name of Alvaro, the princely merchant of Carthagera.

His house was always open to travellers. In the times we speak of, their visits were but few and far

between. We do not often meet with accounts of *amateur* wanderers in the west in those days of danger. Among those whom accident first sent adrift there, and whom a natural love of travel instigated to persevere in its pursuit, the names of Wafer and Dampier occupy a conspicuous place. The "voyage" of the former seems now more like a romance than most fictions that assume the title.

This enterprising man was welcomed heartily by Alvaro, and Paterson seems to have formed a lasting friendship and esteem for him. In after years, when the publication of his travels had given him a name and fame, Wafer was consulted with respect to the details of the great Darien scheme, and he then bore out, to the letter, all the statements made by Paterson. His arrival with Dampier was a great incident in Cartagena. Wafer had lived for a long time among the native Indians; Dampier had lately investigated the Isthmus, and declared it could even then be traversed in three days by way of Chiapo and Santa Maria.

The intelligence thus communicated gave a fresh impulse to the schemes of the partners. The great fair of Panama, held at the end of every eighteen months, at Portobello, was approaching, and Paterson resolved to take that opportunity of exploring the country between the Pacific and Atlantic sea-ports. He inquired of Wafer if he knew in what condition the buccaneers stood there, and whether they were

likely to attack the Spanish galleons then on their voyage to Portobello. Wafer replied, —

“I think they are in low condition at present; they have been denounced both by France and England, and many of them have given up the trade. One of their most daring and skilful leaders, too, was lately caught by the Indians and fly-blown, in revenge for some acts of violence he had committed on their coasts. We saw him after that terrible execution; a miserable sight. They had bound him and a companion of his to two cedar trees, and anointed them with honey: myriads of flies soon settled upon them, blackening them from head to foot; these flies and other insects slowly ate their skins away, and depositing their eggs within, these were soon vivified, and the poor fellows died in fearfully prolonged suffering. The one was said to be the celebrated Lawrence, or Laurent, as the French call him, and the other was a Scotch sailor, who had only lately joined the Brotherhood.”

Paterson was deeply moved with this intelligence, and inquired how it happened, that a man so powerful and subtle could have fallen into the Indians' hands.

“I heard the story very indistinctly,” Wafer replied; “but I understood that Lawrence had gone in a canoe to one of the Caxones, it was supposed in search of buried treasure: they were caught by a tor-

nado, and driven upon the coast, where they were too well known. They say, however, that there were three of them, and as only two were put to death, one must have escaped."

Paterson was shocked and ashamed to find that a strange sense of pleasure, mingled with, and, as it were, shone through the dark horror that this story inspired. But death is a sure shelter for the faults of those whom it has deprived of erring sense and senses; and Paterson only thought of the murdered Buccaneer as he appeared at Sandilee, brave, brilliant, generous, and full of life. He seemed to him, too, to have fallen in the attempt to discharge a trust; for he well guessed that it was in search of the fatal treasure that the pirate lost his life.

It was not till after a long debate with himself, that he resolved to write to Alice. He informed her, as gently as he could, that her betrothed was dead, and that he had died in endeavouring to discharge (he did not say how tardily) his promise to her father. He then added some few lines regarding himself and his own position. He did not venture to make any suit to her, but he gave her to understand, as well as his timidity would permit, that his affection for her had never altered; but that, without presuming on any occurrences of the auld lang syne, he should always consider it as a first duty, no less than the highest privilege, to render any service to her that his utmost

efforts could perform. And so he ended; and committed his letter to Wafer, who was waiting for the first opportunity to return to Europe.

Meanwhile, the house of Alvaro prospered, and advanced daily in wealth, consideration, and power. The superior education and youthful energies of the two partners more than atoned for their want of experience. They could afford to commit some errors, and their talents often turned even mistakes ultimately to good account. The great scheme concerning the Isthmus was never allowed to slumber, but it was necessary first thoroughly to explore the destined scene of its operation, and hence it was, that Paterson had resolved to visit Portobello, and was now making preparations for his voyage. His even and regular mode of life presented a considerable contrast to that of his equally energetic but more mercurial friend.

Sometimes Alvaro would entirely seclude himself from society, and devote all the great powers of his mind to private study; at other times he applied himself solely to the advancement of his business, which he looked on rather as a curious problem than as a means to greater wealth. Sometimes, however, his restlessness would take a social turn, and vent itself in festivals, whose magnificence was long remembered by the pale ladies of Carthagená with wonder and delight. In all his moods, his staid friend and partner could so far sympathize as to prevent estrangement;

though, at the same time, he acted as a sort of pendulum to prevent excess on one hand or the other.

It was on the occasion of a marriage between a young Peruvian merchant and the daughter of his brother merchant, Don Felipo, that Alvaro gave an entertainment which involved the young Scot in a romance that he little contemplated. The bride was rich and fair, but a mere child; her kinswoman, who for some time had supplied the place of her lost mother, was also young, but she enjoyed the great privileges of a widow; combining the independence of a matron with the attractions of a maid. Marina Gonzaga was her virgin name, which she had resumed after her very brief and not very happy wedlock. This last, however, was only presumed, for nothing was with certainty known of her earlier days, except that she then lived with an old uncle at Campeachy; on the sack of that city by the buccaneers, she had escaped, after long wanderings, by great courage and ingenuity to Carthagená.

Her admirable beauty, together with her romantic reputation, her wit, and her inaccessibility, had gained her numerous admirers. The ladies of Carthagená were seldom accused of coldness, but Marina had hitherto kept at a distance every individual of the sex which her experience had perhaps warned her to eschew. Alvaro himself, as well as most of those who beheld her, had at first been attracted by this superb

and haughty beauty, but his very superiority of mind and person seemed the more to pique her disdain. The Moresco, proud as herself and a good deal pre-occupied, resigned her service with a careless smile. During his first acquaintance with the widow, he had offered to arrange some affairs for her at Portobello, and he now recommended his grave friend as his substitute in her confidence. The beautiful widow accepted the change with apparent pleasure, and Paterson was introduced to her dangerous presence.

The young Scot had, perhaps maliciously, been left uninformed by his friend of the sort of person whom he was to serve. His secluded habits had kept him a stranger to society, and except for the puzzling page of Alice Graeme, he was utterly unread and inexperienced in the mystic book of woman's nature. He had simply understood from Don Alvaro that he might be useful to a widow lady, in whom his friend had taken much interest, and it was with a mind full of philanthropy and attuned to sympathy with an elderly widow's woe, that he ascended the white marble steps which lead to Marina's apartments.

Even the languid and dangerous climate of Carthage had been rendered luxurious by the sensuous Spaniards of that time. Wide spread verandahs, with gay-coloured awnings, shaded the windows, and left a space where the sea-breeze might cool and become fragrant, tangled in the petals of a thousand flowers.

In the court-yard a lofty fountain flung its spray into the sunshine, and the evaporation caused a gentle current of air to flow through the surrounding apartments. The palmetto spread its branches over the roof, and rustled with every breath of wind created by the musical fall of waters below.

Into this deliciously cool retreat the young Scot passed from the scorching atmosphere without. A slave-girl, black and beautiful as an ebony statue, received his name and message; and in a few minutes more, a wide curtain of curiously woven cotton was drawn aside, and the man of business passed through a screen of myrtle and orange trees into the presence of his client.

Her apartment resembled a pavilion rather than a room; being on three sides supported only by pillars of polished cedar. Facing that by which one entered from the vestibule, rose the fountain before described, which shed its moisture on the white porcelain with which this parquet was paved. At each corner stood a crystal vase, containing gold and silver fish, and in the centre played a jet of perfumed water. It was open towards the sea on one side and the court-yard on the other. The upper end of the room was furnished with a small marble table, and a very low and wide couch, after the eastern fashion, placed against the only solid wall, and this was lined with a great mirror; so that the occupant of the divan could behold the sea

and all its shipping reflected without any glare, through the jalousies opposite. In that land of the sun, to overcome his tyranny and enjoy all the products of his power, seemed the greatest exercise of taste and skill.

Far different from his old haunts by the Solway's stormy shore were these scenes, and all the sensations they awakened in the young Scot. Even in Carthage, his own dwelling was of the simplest and least luxurious construction, and it was now, for the first time, that he felt the enervating influences of such appeals to the sense as surrounded him in Marina's fanciful abode. Every air he breathed was laden with odours, every sound was musical, every sight was beautiful.

As he gazed around him, a female figure glided in. It was enveloped in a cloud of white and almost transparent gauze, but the gracefulness of the form within was revealed by its ease and majesty of movement, — the true Andalusian gait. It was Marina herself. As soon as she had sat down, or rather sunk into the cushions of the wide divan, she unveiled and fixed her brilliant eyes in astonishment on the Scot. She had expected to see an English merchant of the usual sort, with a bald head, wrinkled and sallow cheeks, and huge spectacles. She found in her new adviser a figure tall and upright, crowned by a comely head, that had never been bowed even in thought by

one unworthy consciousness. Abundant but fine hair fell away from a white expansive forehead, and finely-arched brows shaded eyes of the clearest blue. Energy was legible in the nostril, but the almost feminine sweetness of the mouth showed that it was energy rather of a passive than of an active kind.

Such was the aspect of the young Scot, who stood for some moments gazing on the beautiful Spaniard with a simple and unaffected look of surprise and admiration, which was far more flattering to her than the most courtly compliments. But soon her visitor's prepared expression of countenance changed to something like anxiety and trouble. That woman's glowing beauty fell on him like a sun-stroke; a vague idea of delightful danger, of painful pleasure seized him. He averted his eyes, and with the blood mounting to his pale forehead, he expressed some faltering suspicion that he had made a mistake, — that it was with a widow lady he sought the honour of an interview on business connected with her bereaved situation. Marina smiled half scornfully, but seeing her guest still standing in embarrassed silence, she burst into a peal of laughter, that rang like merry music in the young merchant's anxious ears.

“Señor Escocoz!” she exclaimed, at length; “you expected to find in me an old woman in black weeds; I expected to behold in you an elderly cavalier, with bent back and horrible bald head, or still more horrible

peruke. I suspect that your magnificent friend, Don Alvaro, has prepared us for this mutual mistake; let us revenge ourselves on him by acting on our original belief, instead of our present discoveries. Draw near then, kind old friend, and repose upon this sofa; my sense of hearing is not what it used to be, and your venerable limbs no doubt require rest."

The Scot, for the first time in his life, felt bewildered, but passively and in silence obeyed. After a short pause, the Señora tapped his arm with her folded fan, and demanded abruptly, —

"When do you sail for that horrid Campeachy?"

"As soon — as soon as possible," faltered the merchant

"Nay, nonsense," rejoined Marina; "Don Alvaro's grand banquet, and my cousin's marriage are not to take place for two days. You can't go until after that."

"Lady," replied the Scot, solemnly, "I have little to do with such things. I am but a humble man of business, not of pleasure; and I set myself certain tasks which it is my only and undivided object to accomplish."

"And is it possible, Señor Escossez, that you, so young, have a heart so entirely devoted to the acquisition of mere wealth?"

The Scot now looked up boldly into the Señora's face. "I do not care for wealth, Lady," said he;

"else I were indeed unhappy. Even as that fountain is cold amidst the burning sunbeams, I am poor, though the medium of golden millions."

"Nay, now I *know* you jest, for Don Alvaro told me that you were his dearest friend and only partner."

"I will not force my confidence upon you, Lady; but what I say is true, whatever may be the generous and mistaken belief of Don Alvaro. I came to this Western World with far different views than those of avarice. I brought hither many hopes and many resolutions; but the strongest of all these last was to touch no farthing of this damning gold, save such as had been purified by honest earning, and purchased by my own exertions."

"Very strange!" exclaimed Marina, almost in soliloquy. "He talks more like one of the old romances than like a rational creature; and yet it pleases me. — Señor," she added, with a short pause, and with some feeling, "have you left no one in your own country for whom, if not for yourself, you desire to win wealth?"

"None, Lady!" replied the Scot, with a sigh. "But I have left there thousands of my countrymen for whom I hope to obtain a nobler benefit, — an honourable path from penury and care to prosperity and ease. But, pardon me, I have no right and no desire to intrude my private concerns upon your ear. I wait to learn your commands for Portobello, whither I must soon depart."

The lady sighed and was silent; she was not thinking of Portobello or of dollars just then. She had heard, for the first time in her life, a man speak nobly, loftily, and earnestly of others' welfare. In the depths of her heart she found some echo to that strange language; but still, she felt more interested in the thinker than in his thoughts.

"This climate is really too oppressive," she said, "for prolonged visits of ceremony. Excuse me if I try to obtain a little repose for my frame, while my mind attempts to grapple with business."

So saying, as she rose, one of the living ebony statues presented her polished shoulder for her to lean upon, as she moved towards a sort of hammock, such as sailors use, but very different in texture, and richly fringed with silken tassels to divert the flies. Reclined at full length on that moving couch, and rocked by her slaves to and fro with an almost imperceptible motion, the Señora seemed to find the repose she sought; her large lustrous eyes alone betrayed restlessness, as they sometimes pensively gazed upon the sea, but on the slightest pretext beamed full on her embarrassed visitor. He stood with folded arms, leaning against an adjoining pillar, endeavouring to look upon the floor, though occasionally thinking himself obliged to turn his eyes towards the undulating hammock, when its fair occupant addressed him.

"I think I can now give some account of my

affairs," she said, languidly and carelessly. "At the time that those terrible buccaneers plundered Campeachy, about three years ago, I was living there with a dear old uncle, who fell a victim to their barbarity. When the assault first took place, and our troops were beaten back, we saw from our terrace the pirates pursuing them. An attempt to parley was made, but it was too late. The wild sailors, begrimed with dust and blood, were already clambering over the walls with their swords between their teeth. My poor uncle exclaimed, 'Santa Maria! it is all over — we are lost! My child, I have only life to lose, and not much of that. You are in yet greater danger, and I charge you to fly by the Vega gate, towards the Logwood stores; they will leave them to the last.* If you ever escape to Carthagená, you will find some property of mine in Don Felipo's hands; it is yours. But my chief wealth lies buried at Portobello, in the spot indicated by these tablets; it also is yours. Now fly, and leave me to my prayers.'

"I tried to stay with him, but he sternly drove me forth; and I soon found myself borne along by a crowd of fugitives through the streets, and away into the country. Before we had got far, I could see the smoke and flames rising from the ruins that lately

* This, in effect, the buccaneers did, and afterwards made a bonfire of the logwood in their drunken orgies, in honour of Louis XIV. This fuel was worth half a million of money.

were our homes. I need not tell you through what trials and disasters I passed; having been captured at last by the leader of the buccaneers. After a long detention, however, I escaped, and found the refuge I now enjoy with my good kinsman Felipo."

Here the Señora paused, as if she hesitated how to explain something. But she soon went on, and thus concluded: — "I cared little for the buried treasure at Portobello as long as my property here lasted; but it is now almost gone. Felipo recommended me to consult the all-powerful Don Alvaro as to the recovery of my poor uncle's treasure, and he, it seems, has referred me to you. Now, therefore, my fortunes are in your hands: my kinsman would not, if he dared, go to that fatal place, where the demon of pestilence seems to guard its treasures. Not for worlds would I revisit those scenes of horror. There are few whom I could trust with unknown treasure; but if you will generously undertake my cause, I need only to look in your countenance to be assured that it is safe."

The Scot only bowed to the compliment, and saying that he must then retire, begged to know when the Señora would favour him with further information on the subject of his intended search.

"At Don Alvaro's fête," replied the lady, with a languid voice but earnest eye; and the merchant no longer objected to that arrangement.

CHAPTER X.

There, where your argosies with portly sail, —
 Like signors, and rich burghers of the flood,
 Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea, —
 Do overpeer the petty traffickers
 That curtsey to them, — do them reverence
 As they fly by them on their woven wings.

SHAKSPERE.

Soft eyes look'd love to eyes that spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell.

Childe Harold.

THE day of the Fiesta was come. Many a fair bosom beat high as its owner thought of the coming pleasure; to some, perhaps, not pleasure only, but the fate of a life seemed involved in that event. "There would *he* surely be; and in so wide a space, and so great a crowd, and with so many attractions round, surely there would be opportunity" — for what? Ah! such questions are only to be answered by the future. — That future is now impending, now close at hand. Ruby lips are murmuring, "How can we lull our senses into indifference, and subside into the soft siesta? Impossible! We shall look pale, very pale to-night; but then our eyes will light up the brighter; and who cares for aught but the passionate thoughts that they reveal?"

So thought many a Señora and Señorita on the day that ushered in Alvaro's fiesta.

The palacio of the Merchant Prince was arrayed with all ~~that~~ the brilliance that a cultivated oriental imagination could dictate to unbounded and unstinted wealth. The sun was not to look upon the festival, for who could dare to encounter aught but labour under his tyrant reign within the tropics? But evening came, with all the magnificence of the starry sky which is only displayed in that glowing climate. Then care and business go to rest, and pleasure wakes.

The palacio was but one story high, but it was proportionably widely spread. From the garden entrance an alameda, or avenue of stately trees led to a wide circular space, in the centre of which a fountain scattered its vanishing diamonds over a border of fragrant flowers. A coloured awning, extended from tree to tree, made one vast aisle of the whole avenue; and coloured lamps, not confusedly scattered, but each assembled in masses of kindred colour, gave every variety of changing hues, while millions of fire-flies glanced to and fro, as if ministering to the more stationary lights. From the alameda ran quiet passages, scarcely lighted, or left altogether to the moon: some of these led out upon the open garden, some into small kiosks, paved with porcelain. Gigantic slaves, magnificently dressed, carried about vases of iced sherbet and snow, sweetened with every delicate flavour, from the perishable mangosteen to the familiar vanilla. Wines from every precious grape in Europe presented

themselves on rustic tables. Music, in subdued tones, was heard, now here, now there; but never in the more shadowy places, where many guests reclined on Persian carpets, reposing their senses to enable them to take fresh draughts of delight. Within the palacio, no one could recognize its former state. Some of the spacious apartments were converted into bowers of beautiful flowering plants, woven together with Indian art. Some rooms were hung with rich crimson draperies, and lighted with warm coloured lamps, whose glow made the palest cheek look lovelier than the roses that festooned the marble pillars. Other apartments, pervaded with a greenish lustre, suited those whose thoughts were pensively inclined. Beyond these, a vast saloon was draperied with shadowy silks of uncertain hue, set off with the plumage of the flamingo and the tulcan, which seemed to nestle in its folds. Yet farther on, in a perfect blaze of light, was the banqueting hall, open all round to the evening breeze, and supported only on cedar pillars, and domed with invisible gauze. Beneath it, gold and silver gleamed and glowed in every conceivable form over a great circular table, covered with snow-white porcelain instead of damask; and in the midst of it, among fruits and flowers, a fountain of iced and perfumed water flashed and sparkled in the gold-reflected light. Meats, the most delicate, set off by the most refined art, and wines of all sorts, from the rich vines of Shiraz to the

native "pulque," were abundantly spread and constantly renewed. All round, outside the banqueting hall, the full moon shone down through tall cedar and palmetto trees, affording a deeply striking contrast to the splendid glare and glow within. All along, through the suite of various apartments, music from no visible lip or instrument floated on the fragrant air, and afforded, as it might be, an accompaniment to the thought that each scene inspired, from soft sentimental flute-breathings, to the loud fanfaronnade of shawms and kettle-drums and trumpets. Yet so vast was the palace, that neither sight nor sound of one description interfered with the harmony of all.

But words are wasted on such scenes, and only display their own poverty in attempting the most feeble sketch of that, which, seen blended in one magnificent mass, might have won admiration from Simeon Stylites.

No Simeons or ascetics, however, were the Carthagenians who thronged the palacio of Alvaro. Warmhearted imaginative Epicureans rather, whose alternately ardent and languid natures now lent themselves freely and unreservedly to the pleasure of the passing hour; plunging into enjoyment like a sea-bird among the waves, and revelling there with a serene sort of *abandon* such as no northern host has ever been able to inspire in his guests.

Some were masked, some undisguised, some were

magnificently arrayed, some dressed in the most perfect simplicity; some danced the majestic but expressive dances of Old Spain; others, roused by excitement into activity, performed the more lively dances introduced from other countries. Many sat round the gaming-tables, forgetful of all but the fleeting chances developed by cards or dice. Some lounged slowly away towards the quiet gardens in couples; and often might be seen the wide-cloaked Spaniard, like a great vampire bat, hovering near his Inez, and no doubt, like that subtle phlebotomist, lulling all apprehension by soothings that converted any vague sense of pain into pleasure. Some guests were formed into parties, asking for news, and congratulating themselves that there was *none*. The lord of the feast moved about from group to group with graceful courtesy at kindly greetings; making each guest feel more at ease, and as if he himself were the most honoured, or she the most admired. All were occupied, all social, except one. Tinwald wandered with folded arms alone through the fairylike scenes; he felt that he had no more in common with them, than had the disturbed birds in the gilded aviary which bounded one of the broad garden walks. As the dying gladiator from his pain, so he was from his pleasure, wiled away to thoughts of his humble home by the sad Solway's distant waves. His sombre thoughts led him insensibly towards the arcades of trees which, though sil-

vered by the moonlight, seemed dark contrasted with the brilliant glare that lighted up the dancing groups and the gaming-tables close to the palacio.

“Truly,” he muttered to himself, “we rather convey our impressions *to* the things around us than receive from them a colouring. In yonder soft music I hear the voice of Alice; in those fountains I hear the wash of the Solway on the shingles; nay, in those shrieking shawms and stern trumpets, I find recalled the fate of poor Lawrence — Rest his soul!” As the Scot thus communed with his own thoughts he sauntered slowly on, gazing at the stars, the quick rustle of a fan aroused him from his meditations; it touched his arm — the Señora Marina stood before him.

Beauty is never so beautiful as by moonlight; the voice is never so sweet and subtly penetrating as in such softly stilly nights; especially if there be the vague hum of crowds and confused faint music afar off to contrast with it. Marina knew well her power, and knew it to be most powerful at such a time. She felt attracted towards the melancholy Scot, cold or diffident as he seemed to be. She had resolved to make him feel for *her*, if he had never felt before, and she was not displeased to see him start when he beheld her.

“Señor Escocoz,” she said; “I see I do not interrupt you in any hospitable duty. You remember you promised to take some instructions from me; your ex-

cellent kindness cannot have forgotten it. And they tell me you sail to-morrow?"

"Yes, lady, as soon as the morning landbreeze will fill our sails."

"So soon!" exclaimed Marina, in a tone that lingered longer in the Scot's ear than he conscientiously approved. "Well! let us rest on this mass of carpet. Yonder magnificence, and all such pageants, weary, if they do not intoxicate one. I have gone through it all, too, with the bride and bridegroom of to-morrow. I have eaten and drunk and danced and played faro (how recklessly that tall black mask does fling about his gold, and how coolly he piles it up all around him!) I am tired, and for sympathy sake I want to tire you. Sit down, I tell you. You call yourself a man of business, yet you hesitate to receive your instructions. There; you need not sit quite so stiffly, or you might as well be standing. Now; here, in the first place, is the tablet containing the clue by which you are to find this poor treasure. And if you lose it, remember there is a path leading behind the church of San Lorenzo, up the hill, by a fuchsia hedge, to a ruined fountain. North of the fountain — Ah! did you hear some one near? — No? — Well, never mind; you have the tablet, and we will talk of something better than this sordid treasure. Ah me! — it is to be so sought. Do tell me, dear Escociez, have you ever sought for anything more precious still?"

Nay, don't be frightened. I did not mean to be inquisitive; it was only to give you an opportunity of talking."

"Lady," replied Tinwald, timidly, but with awakened interest, "I know not how to talk in words suitable to you. I am but a plain man —"

"So much the better; then speak plainly. Do people ever love in the cold country that you come from?"

"They do, Lady!" rejoined the Scot, with an earnestness that, alas! was not all for Alice, though he thought it was; "they love in that cold distant land, Lady, with a fervour and truth and faith, that it would be well if they felt for things on high."

"I don't believe it. I don't believe it!" said the Señora. "At least, I don't believe it of the men. Man ever seeks to economize his passion, and keep it within due bounds, and all that. But woman, in the warmth of her noontide love, scorns such cold calculating reserve, and delights to lavish upon him she loves, all, all that she possesses — far more than man could ever, even if he would, bestow! With woman, love is indeed a passion; with you it is but an art. Is it not so? Do not wait to make phrases about it, but tell me. Is it not — is it not so?"

"There never was any art in mine!" replied Tinwald, with truthful simplicity.

"Then you *have* loved!" exclaimed the Señora,

fixing her large dark lustrous eyes on his, with a power of expression that made him turn away, as if he could not bear their intense brightness.

"I dare not answer such a question here," he replied, with an instinctive attempt at gallantry that surprised himself. At the same time he rose and declared that he must take his leave: the stars were already fading in the sky, and he had much to do. Marina, too, rose languidly, and accompanied him towards the gaming-tables, then an indispensable accompaniment of every merrymaking. It seemed as if the tall black mask, of whom Marina had spoken, had only just resumed his seat as they drew near the table; for immediately there was a renewed stir among the players, and pocketed gold was once more dragged into action to renew its dangerous vicissitudes. The mask played as before, almost recklessly—he lost largely, but he won still more. At last, rising from the table suddenly, he bowed courteously to his late companions and withdrew, without having uttered a word in Paterson's hearing. Soon afterwards, most of the other guests took their leave.

Tinwald and Alvaro were walking apart in deep and earnest conversation. Two or three groups still held together and strove to persuade themselves that it was yet too early to depart; and Marina, who had joined the pale and weary bride-elect, endeavoured to convince her that she ought to remain to the latest;

especially as her intended bridegroom was still just finishing a "last game," which had apparently been renewed a dozen times. But the festival was over; — over, with all its triumphs, bitterness, joys, and sorrow. Every such fête, however carelessly spoken of, may be considered a pitched battle in the campaign of life. To the veterans it makes little difference; but to the young recruits of the social army it is a great event — ushered in with heart-beatings, and high hopes and latent fears; encountered with an excitement that renders deaf to danger; everything unregarded until everything is gone by; the sound of music deadening every sense of pain; bright eyes flashing, words dealt out recklessly — all is over now!

Marina, who thought that she had triumphed, felt like a conqueror on that bloodless field of battle. She moved among the decaying flowers, the sunk and glimmering lights, with slow steps and thoughtful brow. On the confusedly chalked floors, an hour before, bright bounding life had swarmed — the beautiful, the plain, the high born and the plebeian — had gathered there. There, the long desired silk had gleamed beneath its precious but unnoticed lace: there, the gauze had spread its finely woven nets, and not in vain; there eyes had gleamed with an expression that words did not dare to utter, and hands been daringly clasped that did not know whether to shrink from, or return the magnetic pressure. There, in that

familiar room — in the morning to be trodden as usual by the feet of slaves — had hearts been given, and hearts been betrayed, — all the most eventful incidents of woman's life had there found an arena. But the struggle was now over. Even she, the conqueror, must withdraw: and the palacio of Alvaro was left in all its picturesque confusion to its usual occupants.

As the day dawned, Alvaro and his friend were still pacing up and down a broad walk that looked out upon the sea. A slight rustle of the awnings told that the land breeze had awakened, and warned Tinwald to depart. His ship, the Buenaventura lay with loosened sails near the palace walls, like one of Claude's exquisite creations, half-light, half-shadow in the dawn: and already, through "the Bocca," a small 'Mudian* vessel was seen steering for the sea, while the sounds of awakening life were heard along the shore.

Tinwald hastened on board; Andreas accompanying him, to be restored to his native hills. The ship moved slowly from her station, and gradually, as she felt the breeze, assumed a livelier motion and passed out into the sea; the little 'Mudian looking already like a mere speck on the horizon. Tinwald's first impulse was to examine the tablet that Marina had com-

* A name applied by sailors to very fast-sailing boats of the Bermuda rig, viz., one tall raking mast, stepped in the bows: the sail sets almost in the form of a pyramid; it is admirably adapted for navigation in those seas.

mitted to his care. Enclosed with it, was a beautiful miniature of its giver, set with diamonds, on which the Scot gazed long and steadfastly, only, as he thought, to see if it was really like. It wanted nothing but life and size and fragrance, and a warm breath and sweet words, to be herself. He at length turned to the tablet. The directions were given with great care; in those days, when there were no banks and scarcely any security, vast quantities of treasure were thus buried. As the life of its owner was also so uncertain, and the clues to the burial places were kept profoundly secret, the greater part was probably lost. There are few islands, or remote places on the shores of the Isthmus, that have not legends of wealth lying hidden in the earth. The directions ran thus: —

“Behind the church of San Lorenzo, path towards the north, fuchsia hedge; broken fountain; carved lion in a line with two palmettos; one hundred paces on, triangular stone; from sharp angle, through the jungle, three hundred paces; a fallen tree; a copper ring.”

CHAPTER XI.

Full oft I trode the magic scene, and marked the wondrous hoard
Of works of arts and industry from every region pour'd;
I saw from earth's remotest bounds the way-worn traveller come,
To scan the treasured stores, and bear the news to distant home.

The Exhibition. — A. STODART.

PUERTE-BELLO, or the Beautiful Harbour, was also, by a dismal antithesis, called the "Spaniard's Grave," from the deadly influences that lurked beneath its loveliness. Nevertheless this whited sepulchre was once stately and proud in its prosperity, as it is now picturesque in its ruin and decay.

Columbus himself selected the site of the future city — a natural amphitheatre on the declivity of a mountain, embracing in its bold sweep a magnificent harbour which is almost calm in the wildest tornado. It is so clear that when leaning over its waters, you can discern sea-monsters roaming through their subaqueous groves, and among the coral cliffs that project from the silvery sands far down below; while on the surface are reflected every feature of the varied landscape around, the remains of the old city, and the scattered dwellings that compose the present village.

Portobello has now, as ever, an evil name. No European lingers there an hour longer than his necessities compel him. No child born beneath its fatal

sky survives: domestic animals perish under the same influences, and even flowers transplanted hither soon fade and die; the native reptiles alone voluntarily inhabit these shattered haunts of men, the ruins in which Vernon's artillery have long since laid the city.

At the time when Paterson visited Portobello, it had already lost much of its original importance and strength. Morgan's sack of the city in 1670 had proved fatal to its prosperity; and it was now only repeopled once in the year, for the great fair that received its title from the Isthmus.

The fair of Panama was very singular in its origin, organization and the appearance it presented. It was the great mart of the "Spanish Indies;" and into its brief space was compressed all the commercial transactions of the year between Spain and her flourishing colony. By great foresight and careful arrangement the produce of Peru and the Pacific shores was conveyed to Panama, so as to be transferred by mules and the river Chagres to Portobello, about the period of the arrival of the Spanish galleons from Europe. These ships, strongly armed and richly laden with the produce of the Old World, arrived with wonderful regularity at Portobello. In a long sequence of years, there appears to have been no failure, and but few delays in their passage westward. Not so, however, on their return homeward, when they were the favourite game of the Buccaneers, and the many other

enemies of Spain. The course of the galleons was bound down by the strictest orders; and that course was better known to those who waited for them, in such ambush as the seas afford, than to their own pilots. Therefore every precaution was taken to render these great merchantmen formidable; and they frequently not only defended themselves successfully, but took prizes on their homeward way.

Paterson's object in visiting Portobello was, as we have seen, twofold; the exploring of the route thence to Panama, in furtherance of his great Isthmian scheme; and the secondary purpose of securing such articles brought by the galleons from Europe as the Panama merchants were not prepared to buy, according to the law provided in such cases. To these two objects was now added the Señora Marina's delicate commission. For this reason he did not share in the disappointment of his crew, when entering the noble harbour of Portobello, they found its surface unbroken by a single ship. Everything, however, betokened expectation of their arrival. The shore was covered with temporary buildings. New awnings were stretched over mouldering houses. The ruined castles that commanded the narrow entrance to the harbour were manned for the occasion, and guns peered through their broken embrasures. The gaudy banner of Spain flaunted its scarlet and gold over the dilapidated castle; and a suddenly-created village of tents and huts,

roofed with broad palmetto leaves, almost filled up the circuit of the old city.

It was the hour of siesta when Tinwald landed. The sun was fiercely blazing on the varied scene, where there was no sign or sound of any living thing. Even the banners hung motionless, for the very air was asleep. But the hardy Scot strode on through the echoing streets; on by the church of San Lorenzo, beneath the motionless foliage of the trees; on through the scorched unrustling grass, and up the mountain's steepy side, with a still quickened step. What could instigate him to such unnatural exertion? Earnest he always was in every action, but he was calm withal. Now there was passionate energy in his gait and bearing.

Oh, subtle power of beauty! hadst thou, lightning-like, struck that heart whose very steeledness had attracted the fatal fire? Was it thine electric spirit that thrilled through every fibre of that strong man's frame, and every organ of his imagination? If so, he was unconscious of the spell that was upon him. In his own belief, there was but one woman upon earth who could influence his soul, and she was far away; distant but distinct; pure, and bright, and cold. How was it, then, that those dark eyes, full of gleaming, dreamy light, were so often before him? Why did those crimson lips, yea, and the very warmth of their breathing, intrude themselves on his memory, when

he only tried to remember the commission that they gave? Why, when he looked round for the broken fountain, did he almost expect to see beside it that softly-rounded and majestic form?

Answer thou, whose fidelity has never been tested; thou, who knowest not whether it be weak or strong. Such a one as thou mayest say that the young Scot had found a new love. If so, it was such love as the sailor bears to the storm that speeds him forward, it may be, to his doom. If a suspicion ever crossed his mind, that Marina's dark spell was upon him, he shuddered, and prepared himself to wrestle with the danger.

Whatever was his motive, he still pressed up against the mountain's side; zealous to accomplish his task in this, the stillest hour, perhaps, that might elapse, before the world beneath him awoke to pleasure, or business, or curiosity. He now found himself by the fuchsia hedge; its perishable blossoms were still hanging there, as noted by the dead merchant long years before. Beyond it lay the designated path, and then the slow trickle of water soon met the traveller's ear. The fountain was still living; still shaded by tall palmetto trees. The lion, carved in stone, still lay in a line with two of those trees. Measuring a hundred paces by that line, the seeker found a triangularly-shaped stone, quite overgrown with rank vegetation. Thick jungle surrounded the spot, and it was

with difficulty that the searcher pressed on in the direction assigned by the acute angle of the stone. At length he reached the withered stem, and close beside it was the prostrate tree, beneath which he discovered the copper ring.

Beyond this, there was no attempt at concealment. The ring was attached to a circular lid of the same metal, about a foot and a half in diameter. It appeared to cover a cylinder of the same dimensions; which proved, on farther inspection, to be constructed in sliding pieces, like a telescope, doubtless to facilitate its carriage. It extended to the depth of several feet, and was filled to the very brim with packages of cotton, each sealed, and inscribed with certain cyphers.

Having carefully replaced the lid, and rolled over it the withered trunk, Tinwald rose to depart, congratulating himself that he had Andreas to rely upon to assist in the transport of the treasure. As he turned, however, from his task, he heard a rustle in the jungle; instinctively he grasped his pistol, but perceiving that it was a human figure, he returned the weapon to his belt. It did not require a moment's hesitation to decide him whether wealth was worth a human life. The stranger now stepped forward, masked as he was at Don Alvaro's fiesta (for it was the same).

"Yours," he said, quietly, and in Spanish, "is true courage; and like true courage it has proved your

safety. Had you presented that pistol you had died. We must have another look at your treasure, however; and if only for your satisfaction, we will count it."

So saying, the stranger kicked away the fallen tree, plucked off the lid, and soon tossed out thirteen of the cotton packages.

"Look you," said he, — "there are no more. Now, I shall take one as my commission, and I want it urgently for the present; the rest is entirely at your Excellency's disposition."

Paterson, though backward to shed blood, was not without some Scottish ire, after all; and he now boldly confronted his unwelcome visitor.

"That property," he exclaimed, "is not mine to dispose of, nor shall you touch it whilst I live!"

He stepped towards the stranger to lay hands upon him, but the latter retiring more quickly, snatched a lasso from beneath his cloak, and cast it with a sudden jerk. Its inevitable coil circled for one moment round the Scot, and quickly was drawn together with strangling tightness. The stranger then easily flung him to the ground, secured his arms with half a dozen knots, and politely assisted him to rise. Red with shame and anger, the Scot was thus forced to remain passive, whilst the stranger leisurely replaced the twelve packages, the lid, and the fallen tree. Tinwald was then conducted out of the jungle, down the mountain, and close to the city suburbs. There his persecutor

unbound him, warned him, in a mocking manner, not to give notice of his adventure to the Governor of Panama, or his officers, and then disappeared in a crowd that was passing by with a procession of some saint.

The Scot stood still for a moment; he had self-command enough to reflect whether the advice he had just received might not be good, and he decided in the affirmative. The police of those times was seldom resorted to, and was corrupt in the extreme. Even by law, however, the governor could claim for the Spanish crown one-fifth of the amount as "treasure-trove," and doubtless would deem it his duty to involve the whole in the meshes of the law; and the law, as then administered in Spanish America, was almost as much dreaded as the Court of Chancery is in England.

On the whole, therefore, and to his great disgust, the Scot decided that the best thing he could do was to take the robber's advice; and meanwhile watch over the treasure that remained, until an opportunity should occur for him to remove it to his ship.

As he was thus considering, he was arrested by a guard of soldiers. His name was demanded, and he was removed to prison, without being able to ascertain the nature of the accusation against him. Spanish justice is notoriously dilatory, and he might have lingered in jail for months, but for the exertions of Andreas, who was now, by Alvaro's means, furnished

with a "letter of protection." That faithful friend bestirred himself among the merchants, who were all-influential just then. One of them, for the sake of Alvaro, offered himself as security for the Scot; and the next morning he was set free. It appeared that he had been denounced as a spy of the Buccaneers; but the name of his accuser was kept secret. He had little doubt as to the identity of that personage, however, with the masked stranger; and he returned to his ship, oppressed by the saddest misgivings as to the safety of the treasure entrusted to his care.

On ascending the ship's side, the skipper communicated to him, that "an unpleasant, or at least a suspicious, circumstance happened this morning at day-break. A periagua," he continued, "was rowed alongside us by two Indians. In the stern was a man, closely muffled in his cloak, who put yonder cask aboard us, said it was for your excellency, and pulled off again. I did not like to reject it; but I fear it may bring us into trouble with the authorities on shore; as all loadings, without the governor's authority, are so strictly forbidden."

The cask was taken down into the cabin; and within it Paterson found, to his great surprise, the casket containing the twelve cotton packages, with their seals unbroken. He carefully replaced them in their receptacle, marvelling greatly at the sort of robber whom he had encountered. The cask was, by Pater-

son, secured, directed to Don Alvaro's private care, and without placing any suspicious value upon it, was stowed away in the hold, where the expected cargo was to follow.

This interlude having concluded satisfactorily, the Scot proceeded to the chief business that had called him to Portobello. The sun was now set, and was succeeded by a brilliant moonlight, notwithstanding the vapours that at the same time began to rise from the fatal shore, and floated in thin clouds just above the temporary but picturesque village.

The sounds from the land now told that the hour of business and enjoyment was arrived. The Scot betook himself to his boat, and on presenting the Governor with the customary presents (not *then* called bribes), was honourably received. Apologies for his arrest were at the same time made, and an assurance that his false accuser should be sought for. Then the Scot strolled forth upon the shore, dreaming the reveries that his soul most lived in; and finding harmony to his thoughts in the gentle music of the sea, which scarcely murmured against that sheltered shore. The hum of men sounded pleasantly in his ears, too distant to distinguish the many evil words of which it was composed: it spoke to the philanthropist only of energies honestly employed, and the communication between man and man which was essential to the welfare of all. Those men were strangely lodged; striped

tents, log huts, booths of palmetto branches, bent down and covered with their own wide-spreading leaves: these were the dwellings of the great merchants of the west, and these the storehouses of their enormous wealth. To them it was necessary for the dreamer soon to return, but still he lingered by the shore; for the sound of a guitar, and the notes of a woman's voice accompanying it, had fallen upon his ear. Swiftly gliding among his dreams came that beautiful image that he had dismissed so often from his fancy, but in vain. Why should he fear her? What was there to complain of in her confidence, her marked preference, her matchless form, her eloquent words? Was he not alone, utterly alone in the wide world? Was not his heart made to love? Was not this woman altogether lovely?

She was *not*. Radiant as were her eyes, regular her features, satin-soft her skin, august her form — the tempter had endowed her with all that he could bestow. But the aspect of purity was beyond his power; and *that* the young Scot felt to be wanting, slight as had been his intercourse with woman-kind. Strange it is, how manifest in woman's look is woman's sin, however secret, however unsuspected! It is apparent to the simplest instinct, provided that instinct itself be pure, and sufficiently unclouded by prejudice to be impartial.

Therefore it was that the Scot feared Marina, and

the very thoughts of her that were daily making for themselves a place within his mind.

He turned away from the solitude whose Egeria she had become, and dived among the haunts of men. There, in their various and fantastic dwellings, he saw the pale Spaniards, lounging on carpets beneath coloured lamps, playing at dice, or sipping chocolate, or comparing books; every mouth was furnished with a cigar, which was smoked almost vehemently, not only as a luxury, but as a protection from miasma. Few emotions were visible on their grave bearded faces, even when sudden ruin rolled out from the dice-box, and lay written on the ivory in those black little spots that have cyphered despair to thousands. Not seldom, too, was their apathy tested by some scorpion or gleaming snake crawling into the folds of their long robes, attracted by the warmth. But the influence of national character and climate (and perhaps of tobacco) made those multitudes wonderfully calm, and languid as the lotos-eaters.

Suddenly, however, there arose a great commotion in the camp. A gun from one of the castles was fired, and a vast beacon shot up at the same time, tinging the sea far and wide, with its ruddy glare. The galleons were in sight, and every one was roused to the greatest excitement that the year afforded.

A fair and steady north wind was blowing, and by the time the shore was fringed with the eager ex-

pectants, the light of whose cigars glimmered like countless fire-flies, the leading Spanish ship entered the harbour; her wide sails looking blood-red as they glided by the beacon. Salvos of artillery then rent the heated air; bonfires blazed up through the smoke as it slowly rolled away; boats and canoes shot out from shore, and the water glowed with the phosphorescent light that flashed around their bows, and oars, and paddles.

That night there was no sleep in Portobello. The news from Europe, — the old home of many; the amount of cargo, of momentous interest to all; the landing of old friends and new adventurers — all these sources of excitement roused even Spanish languor, and created almost a European stir, busy and tumultuous.

But this state of things soon settled down into the peace of regularity. The excitement was rather caused by imagination than by any real uncertainty. Owing to the admirable arrangements then usually made, the European ships brought exactly what the merchants wanted and expected to receive. The Scottish merchant was struck by the calm decorous manner in which the great traffic was carried on; and still more by the high spirit of honour and corresponding confidence that prevailed between the merchants of Eastern and Western Spain. Sacks of dollars were accepted without counting their contents, and ingots of gold were received at their stated weight. Demands made from Spain by

mere word of mouth were as duly honoured as if demanded by all the authority of law; and consignments were made to men four thousand miles distant, whom the consigner had never seen.

All these details may appear dry and uninteresting to those who only glance over these pages for amusement; but they are not without importance and deep meaning to those who disdain not to have trains of reflection awakened even by the novelist. The sentiments of honour that prevailed in these transactions was the life-spring of Spanish commerce in those times: it was the chivalry of the merchant — ennobling his search for gold, as the chivalry of the warrior redeemed the bloody trade of arms.

How the concerns of our Carthagenan partners fared in this remarkable mart is now of little moment. Wherever great foresight and activity have great capital and credit to work upon, they seldom fail to achieve great triumphs. In Paterson's mind, however, all things, save his duty to his partner, were subservient to the Isthmian scheme; and in the conjunction of the trade between two worlds, he naturally found inexhaustible matter for inquiry and examination. The world is wonderfully ready to assist any man who wants to borrow nothing of it but advice and information. No one, comparing the value set on these two gifts with the value of two dollars, could guess at their relative importance. Thus Paterson, who

would have starved rather than have begged a peseta from the merchants of Panama, was neither ashamed nor refused when he begged for information relative to the coast, the rivers, the produce, and the inhabitants of the country in which his hopes were garnered. The one subject of gold mines he did not dare to inquire about; nor, indeed, did he consider it of importance, compared with the establishment of a colony, and that colony's facilities of trading with its mother country. Nevertheless, even of those mysterious mines he obtained most of what scanty information was to be had. This was accomplished by leading the native merchants to debate upon the subject; they naturally betrayed that, in support of their opinion, which they would not have revealed under any torture — less than that of having their argument undervalued.

At length the fair was nearly ended. Some of the merchants were gone; others were dead of the marsh-fever and the vomito; many sailors had died of the same, intensified by debauch. The merchants who survived were packing up; and the sailors who were sober were preparing for sea. The Scot prepared to return to his partner, intending to examine the coast carefully as he sailed along. The cargo that he had calculated upon had been supplied, and he now only waited until the departure of one of the galleons, with which he purposed to sail for some distance in company.

As he was waiting for his boat one evening, a figure

muffled in a cloak approached him. He soon recognized the stranger who had robbed him, yet rendered him such good service.

“Good evening, amigo mio!” said the stranger, “if to couple such a blasted evening with good does not sound ironical: one might as well breathe the air of a slave-ship’s hold; infernal climate, that it is!”

“Señor,” replied the Scot, “though I have to thank you for one good deed, there is enough of offence over and above the balance of your service to render our future acquaintance as scant as may be convenient.”

The stranger knocked the ashes off his cigar, and was silent for a minute before he thus rejoined, —

“We have a proverb at Cadiz, Señor Mercante, that the sailor who wants to caulk his boat mustn’t turn up his nose at pitch. Now, you are afloat in a craft that won’t hold water, and I come to offer you a caulk that may be worth all the cargo in yon ship of yours — which is, let me see, as *per invoice*, ‘Genoa velvet, double pile, forty bales; *item*, fine Malaga wine, (true Falernian, eh?) fifty hogsheads; *item*, two caskets of Arabian emeralds, one hundred in each, &., &.’”

The Scot was by no means so much pleased, as he was surprised, to hear the contents of his ship thus accurately specified; but he felt that he had no right to quarrel with a person professing friendly motives, and evidently so well-informed. He muttered, half in soliloquy, —

"*Timeo Danaos*," — when he was interrupted by the stranger, who carried on the quotation, —

"*Et dona ferentes?*" and then paused for a reply.

The Scot was mollified, in spite of himself, by this unexpected display on the stranger's acquaintance with his favourite "humanities."

"I must know what the donation is," he said, "before I either promise to accept it or feel grateful for it."

"As you please," replied the stranger: "I am summoned hence, and can only give you one word of advice: make sail as soon as you can get your anchor a trip, and steer as straight as the winds will carry you for Carthagena. I give you this advice not from any romantic regard for you, but because it is my wish, for a certain lady's sake, that you should arrive there safely. And, hark ye, hoist your colours at your main-top instead of the mizen-peak."

So saying, the stranger withdrew, and left the Scot to exercise all the habitual debativeness of his nation upon the suggestion he had so singularly received.

It was a period of great danger; and the wildest adventures, especially at sea, were then credible. The Scot was as devoid of personal fear as any adventurer that ever left his gallant country, but he felt that he had no right to jeopardize his friend's property. Moreover, his Isthmian scheme might be delayed, if not defeated, by any accident that befell its contriver. He had himself determined to land at Chagres, in order to

explore the Isthmus; but he determined to adopt the stranger's advice, by despatching the *Buenaventura* straightway to Carthagená. He, therefore, sent orders to his ship to prepare for sea; and in the meantime he sought the captain of the galleon, to give him an account of his immediate departure, and his reasons for doing so.

The skipper was a brave old Spaniard, of great experience on those seas; and, somewhat to the Scot's surprise, he received his communication with great gravity.

"You are quite right, Señor," he exclaimed, after some thought. "I would to San Joachim that I were ready to sail with the midnight's tide, and I would be away also. But 't is impossible; and, besides, might be useless. I do not like your accomplished stranger: I am afraid I have heard of him before. However, I must sail to the hour my orders specify — that is a point of honour: and you know, Caballero, that honour is the breath of a Spaniard's nostrils."

The skipper having thus spoken, took snuff, shook his head, and made a profound salutation of farewell to his companion. That night the *Buenaventura* sailed, and sped safely to her destination. Twenty-four hours afterwards, the galleon also put to sea. She was attacked by Buccaneers, after she left the harbour; she fought stoutly, but was taken, and every soul on board of her was put to death.

END OF VOL. I.

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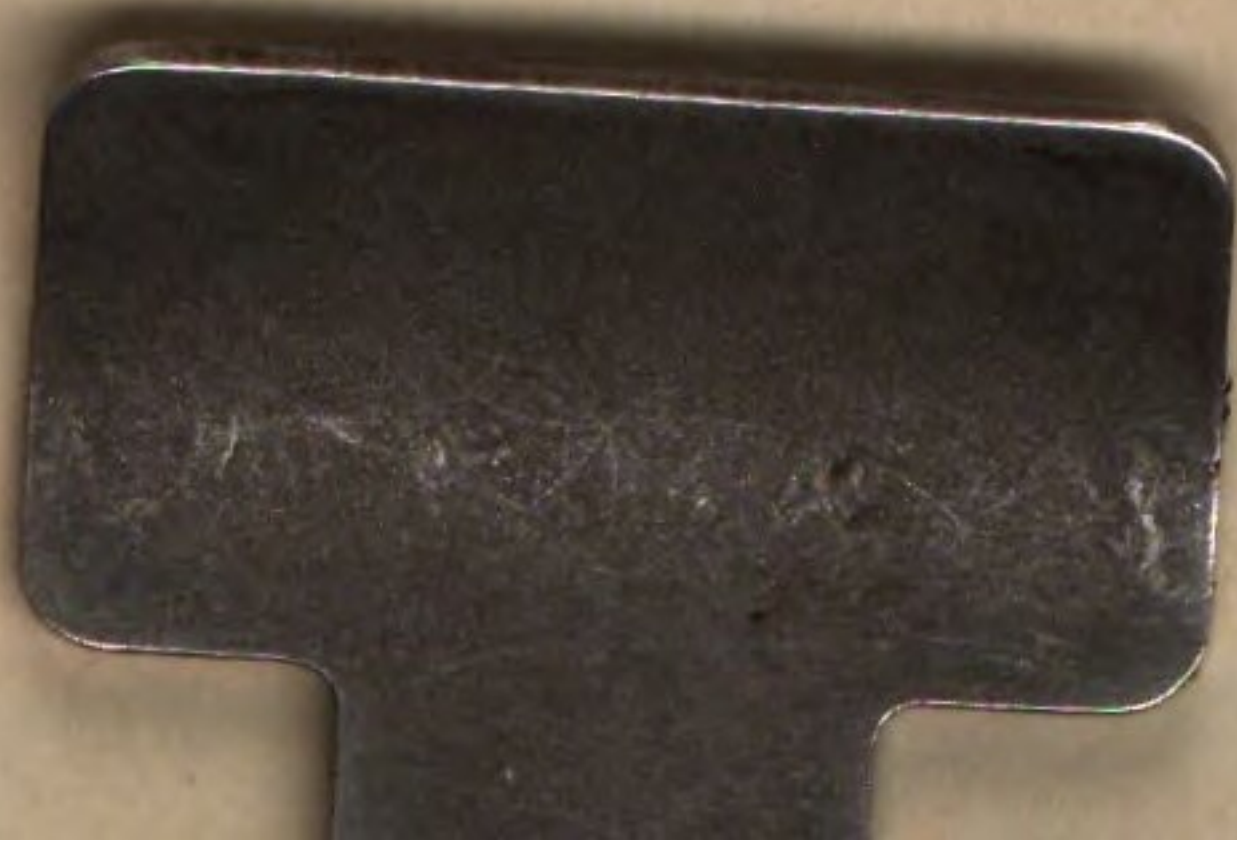
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